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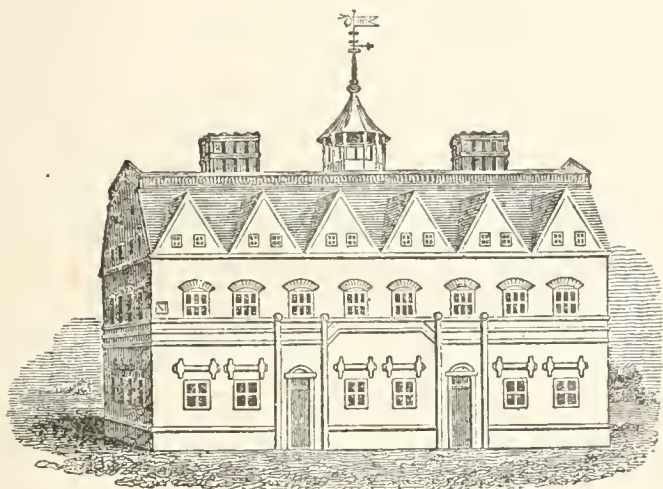
Charles W. Eliot

HARVARD COLLEGE BY AN OXONIAN

BY

GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL, D.C.L.

HONORARY FELLOW OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD



"There is a world elsewhere"

— CORIOLANUS

New York
MACMILLAN AND CO.

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1895

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ERRATA.

Page 28, note 1 : after "Peterborough" insert "formerly"; after "fel-
low" dele comma.

- " 30, line 6: for "pleasure-spot" read "pleasant spot."
- " 33, " 13: for "northern" read "mother."
- " 40, " 14: for "serving" read "saving."
- " 72, " 6 from end: for "chair" read "dais."
- " 78, note 5: dele "*Ib.*" and insert "*Harvard Reminiscences.*"
- " 83, line 3 from end: insert comma after "commencers," and dele
comma after "Corporation."
- " 101, line 12: after "number" insert comma.
- " 105, " 3 from end: for "anarchist" read "anarchists."
- " 110, " 5: for "overwork" read "overlook."
- " 117, " 4 from end: for "when" read "where."
- " 131, " 8 from end: for "more" read "those."
- " 142, " 6 from end: for "end" read "view."
- " 302, " 4: for "could" read "would."
- " 319, " 5 from end: for "these" read "their."

Odd Characters. — Changes of Names of Places. — Commencement
Day. — Lafayette. — Russian Naval Officers. — Oxford Commem-
oration. — The Association of the Alumni. — The Classes. — The
After-dinner Speeches 77

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TO
Justin Winsor, LL.D.
LIBRARIAN OF HARVARD COLLEGE
AS A SLIGHT TOKEN
OF
MY RESPECT FOR HIS LEARNING
AND OF
MY GRATITUDE FOR HIS KINDNESS
TO MY WIFE AND MYSELF
DURING OUR RESIDENCE IN CAMBRIDGE
MASSACHUSETTS
This Book is Dedicated.

CHAPTER I.

The Growth of Harvard. — The Infant College. — Early Gifts and Bequests. — “A Constellation of Benefactors.” — Grants of Public Money. — The Revolutionary War. — Modern Benefactors. — Founders of Families and Founders of University.

IN the summer and early autumn of last year, I spent in all nearly two months in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the seat of Harvard College, the first and the oldest of American universities. A young graduate of the College, with whom I had fallen into talk on my outward voyage, as we paced the deck of the *Cephalonia*, had begged me not to keep Oxford in my memory when I visited the American Cambridge. Oxford's ancient towers, her chapels and cloisters, her halls, her quadrangles and her lawns, High Street and Broad Street, Magdalen Bridge, and the massive ivy-mantled city walls, all made his heart sink within him when he thought of his own beloved *Alma Mater*. Dear as she was to him, how could she be dear to one in whose mind there always lived the image of the most beautiful and the most venerable of all universities? “‘Oxford,’ Southey once playfully said, ‘is a place to make an American unhappy.’” Some touch of this unhappiness seemed to have fallen upon my companion as he then spoke to me. There was no need for it. If Oxford has ever made a single American unhappy, Harvard on many a summer day has made at all events one Englishman happy.

In a fog on the Banks of Newfoundland I had caught a

heavy cold, and for nearly a fortnight after my arrival I kept to the house. When at length I ventured out, I found the "Yard" of Harvard as pleasant a place to stroll in as the garden of St. John's and the walks of Magdalen. One thing only was wanting — there was not a single bench to be found. There was shade, and there was beauty, and the hurrying to and fro of young and eager life ; but there was no place for a weary man to sit and rest himself, as he watched the flickering of the light and shadow upon the grass, and the student's strong and rapid step. In my journal¹ I recorded : —

"On a hot June day I strolled with great pleasure in the Yard. The lawns were beautifully green, and the tall, graceful trees cast everywhere a delightful shade. It was surprising how green was the grass and how fresh, overshadowed though it was by trees. There is no quadrangle in Oxford more delightful on a hot summer day. Harvard surely is a College that a man can love." The old red-brick halls which enclose two sides of the Yard recalled to my mind not so much Oxford as the Courts of the Temple. Much of the beauty of the scene was due to the freshness of the foliage, for the New England spring is late. I had spent the winter in Switzerland. When I left Clarens on May 2, the lilacs had already faded. Ten days later I found them in full bloom in the parks of Liverpool. On the twenty-second, the day on which I landed, they were still in bud in Cambridge. In June, therefore, the trees were in their first freshness. In the winter, when they were stripped of their leaves, and when the lawns were hidden beneath the snow, the Yard would not bear a comparison with Oxford. I was fortunate in seeing it at its best ; when the

¹ In the few extracts which I give from my journal I have not strictly followed the text ; sometimes I have thrown two entries into one.

red-brick halls, half-revealed through the green leaves, half-hidden, with a sky above them blue as the skies of Italy, have a beauty of their own.

One pleasant sight I unfortunately missed. In the summer evenings it has long been the habit for the Glee Club to sing in the Yard, while the students lie about on the grass, or lean out of the windows of their rooms listening. I went there once or twice in the hope of hearing the songs, but I chose the wrong time or the wrong day. The Yard was silent. This pleasant custom, I fear, is not so well kept up as of old. *The Crimson*, the undergraduates' daily paper, laments its decay. So long ago as Emerson's young days, singing was cultivated in the College. He presented himself with some of the other freshmen to the singing-master, who, "when his turn came, said to him, 'Chord !' 'What?' said Emerson. 'Chord ! Chord ! I tell you,' repeated the master. 'I don't know what you mean,' said Emerson. 'Why, sing ! Sing a note !' So I made some kind of a noise, and the singing-master said, 'That will do, sir. You need not come again.'"¹

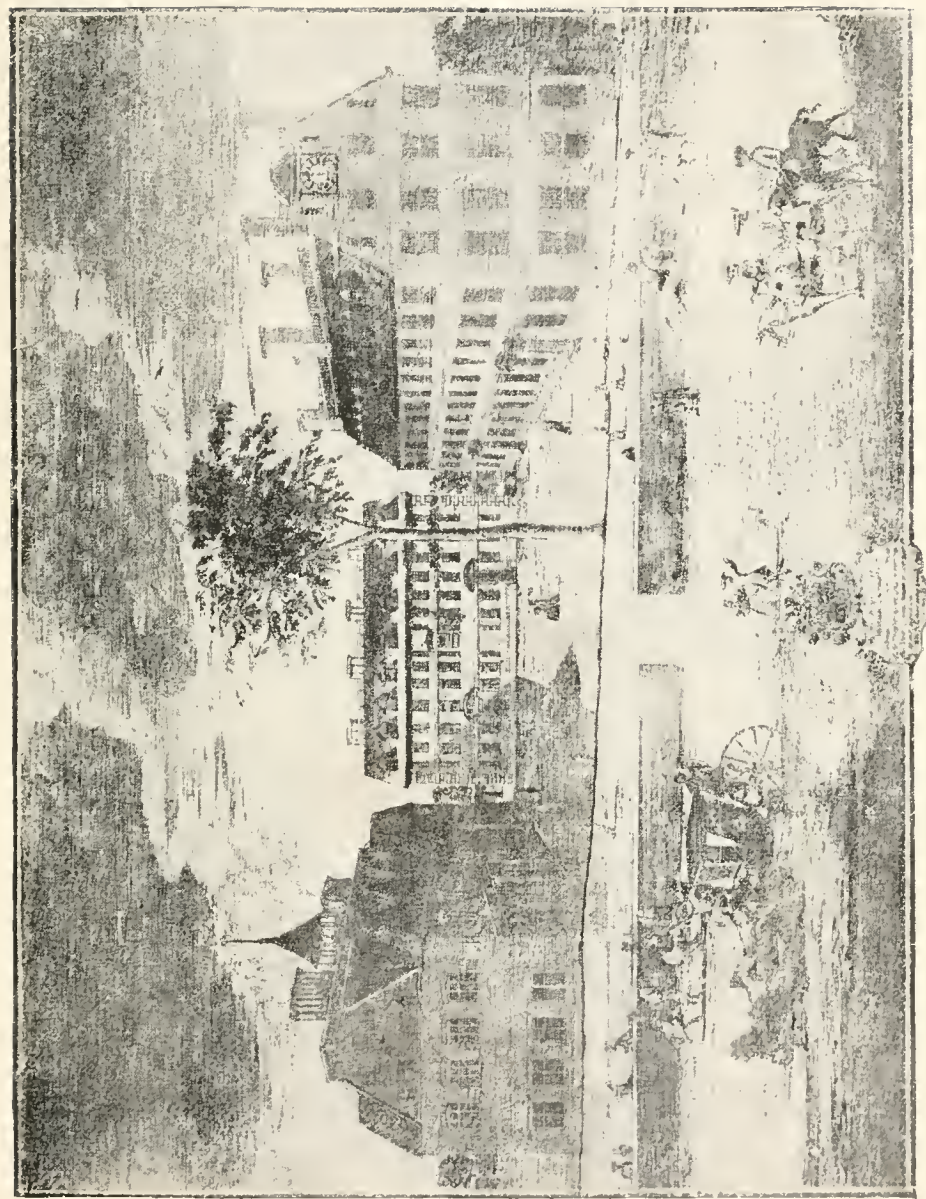
The long vacation I spent in a pleasant village on Cape Cod. When I returned to Cambridge at the end of September, it was almost with a feeling of anxiety that I went back to a spot where I had happily sauntered away so many an idle hour. I feared lest I should find that, under the fierce influence of the summer heats, most of its charms had passed away. My mind was soon set at rest. "The Yard," I recorded, "looked very pretty and pleasant in the sunshine of an autumn day. I wandered about it for more than half an hour with enjoyment, watching the bustle of the beginning of term, and the young life so full of activity and hope.

¹ O. W. Holmes's *R. W. Emerson*, 1885, p. 361.

How many Presidents of the United States — Presidents, at least, in their confident ambition — were passing by me!"

How vast was the change since those far-distant days when "the fair and comely edifice" of freshly-cut timber in which the infant University was lodged, on a narrow strip of land "bordering a pleasant river," was "thought by some to be too gorgeous for a wilderness, and yet too mean, in others' apprehensions, for a college!"¹ Oxford, not many years earlier, had seen rise amid the meadows outside her city walls, that graceful pile in which the Gothic college and the ancient Jacobean mansion are so happily blended. The fair monument which Nicholas Wadham raised to himself is durable, for it is built in stone. No less durable is the monument which John Harvard helped to raise, built though it was with unseasoned wood. This home of learning was destined to prove an abiding city; for its foundations rested, not on the piety of any one man, but on the zeal and the affection of a high-minded community. A man of great nobility of character presided over the General Court of the Colony which passed the first vote of money "towards a school or college." It was Henry Vane — Milton's "Vane, young in years, but in sage counsels old." He links Harvard to Oxford, for it was in Magdalen, most beautiful of colleges, that he had studied. His statue might well stand beside the Puritan minister's, under the shadow of the noble hall which commemorates the brave men who, two hundred years later, fell in the defence of that liberty for which Harvard crossed the sea, and for which Vane gave his life.

¹ *New England's First Fruits* and Johnson's *Wonder Working Providence*, 1651, quoted in *The Early College Buildings at Cambridge*, by A. M. Davis, 1892, p. 4.



HARVARD COLLEGE IN 1726.

However "fair and comely" was the outside of the building, inside there was poverty enough. In a country where the midwinter cold oftentimes is so sharp that it freezes the inlets of the sea, in few of the chambers and studies was there a fireplace. The modern American likes to keep up the temperature of his house to seventy degrees. In the lecture-rooms at Harvard, the thermometer is not allowed to fall below sixty-eight. It often stands above this oppressive heat. The forefathers of these delicate New Englanders lived in a building made of ill-seasoned wood, which would soon have shrunk and let the north wind sweep through the crevices. "The students must have collected in the hall within the settle, where, by the light of the public candle, cowering over the public fire, was to be found the only place where they could, with any sort of comfort, pursue their studies during the long winter evenings."¹ A set of rules, under the name of *Liberties and Orders of Harvard College*, had been drawn up for their government. No scholar was to be admitted till "he was able to read Tully, or such like classical author *extempore*, and make and speak true Latin in verse and prose, *suo (ut aiunt) Marte*, and decline perfectly the paradigms of nouns and verbs in the Greek tongue."² Such a knowledge of Latin seems, at first sight, little likely to have been met with in so young a settlement; but outside Oxford and Cambridge, there was perhaps, at this time, no spot where among an equal number of inhabitants, so many Englishmen were to be found who had received a liberal education. So early as 1638 there were forty or fifty graduates of the old country

¹ *The Early Buildings at Cambridge*, p. 23; *The College in Early Days*, p. 8.

² Quincy's *Harvard*, I. 515.

dwelling in the sparse villages of New England.¹ These men were not those failures of a university who, in the present age, year after year cross the sea to our Colonies to become failures once more. They were a chosen band, broken to toil and hardships, and yet retaining a deep love of learning. Their children should not grow up in ignorance. “‘Learning,’ to use their own fine expression, was not ‘to be buried in the graves of the fathers.’”² In almost every parish there was a minister “who usually prepared the young men for their examinations. Latin was taught as a spoken language. Often teacher and pupil would take walks together through the fields and woods, and converse of all they saw in Latin.”³

The rules by which the infant College was governed are too long to quote at length. The following will serve as instances: —

“Every one shall consider the main end of his life and studies to know God and Jesus Christ, which is eternal life.

“They shall honour as their parents magistrates, elders, tutors, and aged persons by being silent in their presence (except they be called on to answer), not gainsaying; showing all those laudable expressions of honour and reverence in their presence that are in use, as bowing before them, standing uncovered, or the like.

“None shall pragmatically intrude or intermeddle in other men’s affairs.

“None shall, under any pretence whatsoever, frequent the company and society of such men as lead an ungirt and dissolute life.

“The scholars shall never use their mother tongue, except that in public exercises of oratory, or such like, they be called to make them in English.

“Every scholar shall be called by his surname only till he be invested with his first degree, except he be a Fellow-Commoner or Knight’s eldest son, or of superior nobility.”⁴

¹ *Life of Joseph Story*, II. 256.

² *Harvard College, 250th Anniversary*, p. 253.

³ *History of Higher Education in Massachusetts*, by G. G. Bush, p. 24.

⁴ *Quincy’s Harvard*, I. 515.

By this last rule it is not meant that the Christian name shall not be used, but that no title of respect, such as *Sir* or *Master*, shall be given. Johnson, in a note on Sir Oliver Mar-text in *As You Like It*, says: "He that has taken his first degree at the University is in the *Academical* style called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sir*."¹ In the Harvard accounts, quoted in Mr. A. M. Davis's *Early College Buildings*,² we find entered Sir Bulkeley, Sir Brewster, and Sir Downing. Sir Downing was George Downing, the "stingy fellow" and "perfidious rogue" of Pepys's *Diary*.³

The lot of the two first presidents, Dunster and Chauncy, was as hard as the lot of learned men has so often been in all times and in all countries. The ills which assailed the scholar's life assailed them. They were scarcely happier than Lydiat or Galileo. Both were men of great learning. Chauncy had been nominated, by the heads of Houses at the English Cambridge, to the chair of Hebrew, and had filled the chair of Greek.⁴ They did their duty faithfully, and had as their reward, "thankless labour, unrequited service, arrearages unpaid, posthumous applause, a doggerel dirge, and a Latin epitaph."⁵ It was the *res dura et regni novitas* — the hard times and all the difficulties of a young settlement — which were mostly to blame. The first president had added to his troubles by "falling into the briers of Antipædobaptism. He had borne public testimony in the church at

¹ Johnson's *Shakespeare*, ed. 1765, II. 66.

² P. 8.

³ Ed. 1848, I. 108, 333.

⁴ Perhaps, however, he was only Greek Lecturer at Trinity College. See the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

⁵ Quincy's *Harvard*, I. 14.

Cambridge against the administration of baptism to any infant whatsoever." Privations he was more able to put up with than heresy. In a petition to the Governor he said: "Considering the poverty of the country, I am willing to descend to the lowest step; desiring nothing more than to supply me and mine with food and raiment."¹ The second president also had his own briers of baptism into which he fell. Contrary to the prevailing faith among the settlers that "a sprinkling was sufficient," he maintained, says an early writer, "that the infant should be washed all over,—an opinion not tolerable in this cold region, and impracticable at certain seasons of the year."² He had as hard a lot as his predecessor.

Nineteen years after the College had been founded, it possessed, as was stated in a memorial, "in real revenue about twelve pounds per annum (which is a small pittance to be shared among four Fellows), besides fifteen pounds per annum which, by the donors' appointment, is for scholarships."³ Nevertheless, the sum of money voted by the General Court for the foundation of the College, "was equal to a year's rate of the whole Colony."⁴ From the first, gifts and benefits had not been wanting, but it was "willing poverty" rather than wealth which gave. Of wealthy men there were few, if any, to be found. John Harvard, that "godly man," that "lover of learning," a graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and "sometime minister of God's word at Charlestown," bequeathed to the College half his property and his library. The sum received was not quite four hundred pounds. His books give us some insight into the character of a man of

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, I. 18, 20.

³ *Ib.* I. 23.

² *Ib.* I. 47.

⁴ *Ib.* I. 8.

whom, unhappily, scarcely anything is known. He had brought with him across the sea more than two hundred and sixty volumes, among them not only Chrysostom and Calvin, Duns Scotus, and Luther, but Homer and Plutarch, Terence and Horace, with Stephanus's notes, Chapman's *Homer*, Bacon's *Essays* and *Advancement of Learning*, and Camden's *Remains*. The magistrates raised among themselves two hundred pounds to be spent on books. Other gifts came in. The Rev. W. Allen sent two cows. Cotton cloth worth nine shillings was given by Richard Dana, the ancestor of another Richard Dana, who, nearly two hundred years later, when a student of Harvard, failing in health, went for two years before the mast, and on his return gave the world a delightful book. The Rev. Mr. Latham, of Lancaster County,¹ England, sent five pounds. Richard Saltonstall, a man of large means, gave more than five hundred pounds. He belonged to one of those New England families, happily not few in number, who, generation after generation, have shown their love for Harvard. Theophilus Gale, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, "a learned and industrious divine, as appears by his *Court of the Gentiles* and his *Vanity of Pagan Philosophy*," bequeathed his library to the College. From Sir John Maynard, who outlived all his brother-lawyers, and but for the coming of William of Orange would have outlived the law also, came eight chests of books. From the New England towns and villages, and even from distant settlements, contributions flowed in. Little Scarborough, away to the north in Maine, sent two pounds nine shillings and sixpence, while from the far-distant South, the

¹ I have seen on a tombstone in the graveyard of Barnstable, Massachusetts, a man described as being born "in the County of Lancashire, England." The meaning of the word *shire* is apparently lost in America.

people of Eleutheria in the Bahamas, "out of their poverty," sent one hundred and twenty-four pounds. Smaller gifts came in, such as a pewter flagon worth ten shillings, a bell, a fruit-dish, a sugar-spoon, a silver-tipt jug, one great salt, and one small trencher-salt.¹ In the *Information of the Present Necessities of the College* which was laid before the General Court in 1655, mention is made of "some parcels of land," owned by the College, "none of which can with any reason or to any benefit be sold." A happy thing it was that these "parcels" were retained, for some of them have risen enormously in value. The house and plot of ground in Boston which one Henry Webb bequeathed to the College in 1660, ten years ago, was set down in the accounts as worth one hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars [£33,730].² Let "the gentle reader" who buys his book at Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.'s shop give a thought to the old Puritan, who two and a half centuries ago lived on this very spot, and dying left "the rent to be forever for the maintenance of some poor scholars, or otherwise for the best good of the College."

With all these gifts, the College long remained poor. How small were its means, even so late as 1695, is shown by a vote of the Corporation "that six leather chairs be forthwith provided for the use of the library, and six more before the commencement, in case the treasury will allow of it."³ Forks appear for the first time in the accounts, in 1707. So late as the middle of last century, "each scholar carried to the dining-table his own knife and fork, and when he had dined,

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, I. 10, 12, 166, 506-513.

² *Ib.* I. 23; *Annual Reports*, 1883-4, Appendix, p. 19; *The Exhibitions at Harvard College*, by A. M. Davis, p. 5.

³ *Higher Education*, etc., p. 49.

wiped them on the tablecloth.”¹ A short time before Adam Smith became an exhibitor of Balliol College, the knives and forks were chained to the table.² In the inns in France, even many years later than this, a knife was not supplied, only a fork. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, in 1742, noticed, as a sign of increasing refinement in Scotland, that at the tavern in Haddington, where the Presbytery dined, knives and forks were provided.³ There was so little money in the Colony that the Harvard students often settled their accounts in kind. “Bills were paid with rye, Indian [corn], wheat, malt, apples, butter; with cows, oxen, sheep, lambs, steers; with beef, pork, and bacon; with sugar and salt; with wool and sacking. Payments in meat would appear, at one time, to have become disproportionately large”; for in 1667 the overseers “ordered that the Steward shall not be enjoined to accept of above one quarter part flesh-meat of any person.”⁴

Better days were drawing near. Harvard had warm friends on both sides of the Atlantic, and on both sides wealth was rapidly increasing. From the old home gifts and bequests came to the College, which, likely enough, would have gone to Oxford or Cambridge had either university been opened to the Nonconformists. The miserable test of the Thirty-nine Articles deprived our ancient seats of learning of good men and good money. “Among the English Dissenters, Harvard College had at all times been the object of munificent patronage.” “The constant stream of gifts which flowed from England” did not cease even with the War of the Revolution.⁵

¹ *Early College Buildings*, pp. 13, 20.

² *Scotland and Scotsmen in the Eighteenth Century*, II. 307.

³ A. Carlyle's *Autobiography*, p. 64.

⁴ *Early College Buildings*, p. 12.

⁵ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 115; *Higher Education*, etc., p. 52.

In the names given to Holden Chapel and Holworthy and Hollis Halls, are commemorated English benefactors who never set foot on American soil. Sir Matthew Holworthy, a London merchant, bequeathed to the College the largest sum which it received in the seventeenth century. Of men bearing the name of Hollis, there was "a constellation of benefactors," to use the words of President Quincy. So long ago as 1690, Robert Thorner, the uncle of the first of the seven who form this constellation, left property to the College. The last, who died in 1804, bequeathed one hundred pounds to be laid out in Greek and Latin classics. Four of these men bore the Christian name of Thomas. The first Thomas founded Professorships of Divinity and of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. "Scarcely a ship sailed from London during the last ten years of his life without bearing some evidence of his affection and liberality." On sending the first of his numerous presents of books to the Library, he wrote: "After forty years' diligent application to mercantile business, my God, whom I serve, has mercifully succeeded my endeavours, and with my increase inclined my heart to a proportional distribution. I have credited the promise, 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord,' and have found it verified in this life." His grandson's donations, though not nearly so large, scarcely fell short of two thousand pounds sterling.¹ He is Thomas Hollis, "the strenuous Whig," described by Boswell, "who used to send over Europe presents of democratical books, with their boards stamped with daggers and caps of liberty." Many of these volumes came to Harvard "splendidly bound, and the covers stamped with a characteristic emblem or device. Some are marked by a liberty

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, I. 183, 186, 232, 430; II. 147, 411.



HOLDEN CHAPEL.

cap, or an owl holding in its talons a pen, with the motto, 'By deeds of peace'; others by the effigy of Liberty, holding in her right hand her cap, and in her left a spear." The learned Mrs. Carter said "he was a bad man. He used to talk uncharitably." To which Johnson replied: "Poh! poh! madam; who is the worse for being talked of uncharitably? Besides, he was a dull, poor creature as ever lived; and I believe he would not have done harm to a man whom he knew to be of very opposite principles to his own. I remember once at the Society of Arts, when an advertisement was to be drawn up, he pointed me out as the man who could do it best. This, you will observe, was kindness to me. I, however, slipped away, and escaped it." When Mrs. Carter went on to say: "I doubt he was an Atheist," Johnson rejoined, "I don't know that. He might, perhaps, have become one if he had had time to ripen (smiling). He might have *exuberated* into an Atheist."¹ Horace Walpole described him as a "most excellent man, a most immaculate Whig, but as simple a poor soul as ever existed, except his editor."² Dr. Franklin wrote much more highly of him. Speaking of what he had done, he writes: "It is prodigious the quantity of good that may be done by one man, *if he will make a business of it.*"³

Though, at its foundation, Harvard received a grant of public money, nevertheless, to the Commonwealth, during the two centuries and a half of its existence, it has owed but little. It has slowly been raised up to its great height, first by the generous zeal for learning in outsiders, and next by the love and liberality of its own children. By the State it was far

¹ Boswell, *Life of Johnson*, Clarendon Press edition, IV. 97.

² Walpole's *Letters*, VII. 346.

³ Franklin's *Memoirs*, ed. 1818, III. 135.

more encumbered by the unsoundness which afflicted the currency during the whole of the eighteenth century, than relieved by the aids which were conferred. Twenty years before the vast disturbance to public credit that was caused by the Revolutionary War, so early as 1755, the treasurer of the College, on valuing its property, "put down all the capital sums at only one-fifth part of the nominal sums originally given, in consequence of the funds having sunk by the depreciation of the paper currency."¹ By the end of the war the depreciation had become far greater. Fifteen thousand six hundred pounds, not in nominal but in real value, which before the outbreak of hostilities had been invested in the public funds, if sold out eleven years later, would have produced no more than seven hundred and fifty-eight pounds.² Silver and gold had disappeared from common use; "in paper money, a quill cost a dollar and a half, and a dinner over fifty dollars."³ In 1780 the Professor of Divinity was paid in paper money, the magnificent sum of nine thousand one hundred and ninety-two pounds, for one year's salary. Let not our Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford mournfully reflect that in a petty college in a small colony, in the comparative poverty of last century, a rebel's heterodoxy received as its reward nearly five times as much as his own orthodoxy at the present day in the wealthiest university in the world. In gold, silver, and copper, the poor man would have been paid only eighty-seven pounds ten shillings and eight-pence;⁴ more than enough, no doubt, for a Dissenter and a rebel, but scarcely enough for the needs, however modest, of human life. Part of the heavy

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 237.

² *Ib.* II. 250.

³ *Higher Education*, by G. G. Bush, p. 67.

⁴ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 538.

loss which fell on Harvard was made up by severe economy, and by the management of an honest and able treasurer. Through the worst times the Corporation, mainly trusting to his advice, "held with unshaken firmness the certificates of public debt which they had been compelled to receive, and vested in them with great judgment whatever sums were brought into their treasury. On the funding of the National Debt, the College derived the full benefit of their wisdom and of their confidence in the ultimate returning of the nation to a sense of justice." ¹

The Legislature of Massachusetts twice wronged the community at large by granting a lottery to Harvard. With the aid of the money thus mischievously raised two new halls were built.² For ten years, beginning with 1814, the College received an annual contribution from the State of ten thousand dollars (£2044), a large part of which, by the terms of the vote, was spent in defraying the fees of poor students.³ Since 1824, no public aid of any kind has been granted. Happily, the stream of private bounty soon began to flow more liberally than ever. Even before 1780, about three times as much had come to the College by gifts and bequests as had been contributed by the State.⁴ The whole of the State's contributions has been frequently exceeded many fold by the gift of a single citizen in a single year. "European universities," writes Professor Goodwin, "boast of the imperial and national governments which support them, and support them with noble liberality; but the bounty of emperors and princes, and even of republics, is precarious, and may fail with political changes. Harvard has a more than imperial treasury in the love and

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 254.

² *Ib.* II. 273, 292.

³ *Ib.* II. 331, 356.

⁴ *Higher Education*, etc., p. 66.

respect of her sons, and in the confidence of the community.”¹ Rarely has the stream of wise beneficence flowed with a wider and more even flood. In 1840, the “productive estate, real and personal,” of the College was valued at six hundred and forty-six thousand dollars (£132,104), “the result of private munificence, or of the wise management of the Corporation.”² In 1891-92 the income from the estate amounted to four hundred and forty-three thousand dollars (£90,591), more than two-thirds of the value that the estate itself had borne half a century earlier; while the gifts and bequests in that year were no less than five hundred and sixteen thousand dollars (£105,519). In the three years ending in 1884, the University received in bequests and gifts, one million and ninety-six thousand dollars (£224,128). Seven years later we are told that “the gifts to the University continue in an ever-flowing stream, and amount to about five hundred thousand dollars [£102,249] annually.” In 1891-92 the gifts to the University exceeded by sixty thousand dollars (£12,269) the payments of its three thousand students.³ “The financial year, 1892-93,” reports the President to the Board of Overseers, “was satisfactory as regards the increase of the funds, and balances by gifts and bequests, the total increase of the year being five hundred and fifty-two thousand dollars [£112,881].”⁴ Benefactors of Harvard, it seems, are not likely to suffer from “a satiety of commendation.” I know of nothing equal to this “satisfactory,” since the days of

¹ *The Present and Future of Harvard College*, p. 41.

² Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 402.

³ *Harvard University*, by F. Bolles, pp. 98, 100; *Annual Reports*, 1883-84, p. 45; *Higher Education in Massachusetts*, by G. G. Bush, p. 224.

⁴ *Annual Reports*, 1892-93, p. 47.

Harry Hotspur and his wife. “‘Oh, my sweet Harry,’ says she, ‘how many hast thou killed to-day?’ ‘Give my roan horse a drench,’ says he; and answers, ‘some fourteen,’ an hour after; ‘a trifle, a trifle.’” The extraordinary moderation of the President’s words only shows how splendid for many a year must have been the benefactions. Among the contributions none is more touching than the bequest of an aged negress, a widow. In the evil days of old, she and her husband had escaped from slavery. He became the coloured messenger of John Albion Andrew, that great Governor of Massachusetts, who once said: “I know not what record of sin awaits me in the other world, but this I know,—that I was never mean enough to despise any man because he was poor, because he was ignorant, or because he was black.” With the bequest, which is valued at more than four thousand dollars (£817), a scholarship is to be founded for the benefit of poor and deserving coloured students.¹ That they need not fear humiliating treatment from their comrades was strikingly shown by an incident which occurred during my visit to Cambridge. A negro undergraduate, going to have his hair cut, found that the hairdresser drew the line at a white man just as in *Nicholas Nickleby* it had been drawn at a baker. It so happened that the student was a great football player. His brother-athletes took up his cause, and let the hairdresser know that if he persisted in his intolerance, he would lose the custom of the College. The man quickly yielded. The Legislature of Massachusetts at once passed a statute by which throughout the Commonwealth barbers were henceforth required to be no respecters of persons, and to shave without distinction of colour.

¹ *Harvard Graduates’ Magazine*, March, 1894, p. 442.

In England rich men found families; in America they found universities, or they enlarge them. The family often falls away to shame; the university remains forever a noble and unsullied memorial. On its founder no stain is ever cast by the misconduct of his descendants. It is only the nobleman's title which, raising each succeeding generation above the world, and making it conspicuous for disgrace, can cast reproach backwards upon the fair fame of him who first held it. How many great lawyers, how many great soldiers and sailors, how many great traders and bankers, by the rank which was given them as an honour, have become shamed through the folly and misconduct of those who inherited it! Had it not been for the title, the very existence of these unworthy descendants would be unknown; the chain which bound them to their illustrious forefather would be unseen. Not every foolish peer is "the *tenth* transmitter of some foolish face." It is surprising how soon folly can appear among the descendants of men of the most vigorous and the most subtle minds. Happy it is for America that, free as her citizens are by the very institutions of the country, from the almost overpowering temptation to found a family, they are diverted into a widely different path in the natural search after distinction! There are, indeed, among them, men so base that they turn their back on their country where their wealth has been made and is still accumulating, and, doing nothing for its good, lead a luxurious life in Europe amidst all the refinements of an ancient civilization. Others, unworthy of republican equality, become hangers-on of the English aristocracy. "The wealth of the New World," writes Dr. Wendell Holmes, "burrows its way among the privileged classes of the Old World."¹

¹ *R. W. Emerson*, by O. W. Holmes, 1885, p. 180.

"The gallantry and military spirit of the old English nobility" is no longer content with "going into the city to look for a fortune." It goes all the way to New York; unless, as sometimes happens, the fortune crosses the sea to look for it. There are other Americans who, like the wretch Jay Gould, heap up riches for riches' sake; who living give nothing and dying leave nothing to any great and noble object. They pass away without showing that for one single moment they had been touched by a generous thought. "They die, and make no sign."

It is, for the most part, by men who have been educated at Harvard, or by those who wish to commemorate them, that the gifts and bequests are made. Early last year, for instance, a widow "executed an agreement with the President and Fellows to build a Dormitory for the College at a cost of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars (£30,673), to be called Perkins Hall." It is raised as a memorial to three graduates of her husband's family, the eldest of whom matriculated in 1717 and the youngest in 1819.¹ In 1764, under the will of Thomas Hancock, the Hancock Professorship of Hebrew and other Oriental languages had been founded. The endowment was but small. One hundred and twenty-eight years later, a remote descendant of the founder augmented it "by a residuary legacy which has thus far yielded seventy-two thousand dollars (£14,722).² About the same time the College received fifty thousand dollars (£10,224) under the will of George Bemis, towards the foundation of a Chair of International Law.³ In the same year, from the estate of another graduate, George Draper, there came a

¹ *Annual Reports*, 1892-93, p. 45.

² *Ib.* p. 30.

³ *Reports*, 1891-92, p. 26.

bequest of forty-seven thousand dollars (£9610).¹ These are but instances of the never-failing stream of benefactions by which the love of Harvard men is shown for Harvard. It may be the case, and no doubt sometimes is the case, that it is mainly by the desire of distinction that the gift is prompted. Happy is the country where it is by the University and not by the Crown that the wealthy trader is honoured, and where the title which is coveted and won is not that of Knight or Baronet, but of Founder!

So constant and so bountiful are the contributions which Harvard receives, that on them she counts for most of the enlargements which are needed by the rapidly increasing number of her students, and by the fresh requirements of science and learning. The fees, therefore, that are paid for tuition are laid out in providing not accommodation, but instruction. New subjects are included in each year's course, and additional professorships are established. In the brief space of a young man's life, Harvard "has been removed out of the strait into a broad place where there is no straitness."

We of the ancient universities may well look with wonder, and even with a certain touch of sadness, on these great doings. Why does not the same stream of bounty flow on Oxford and Cambridge? Why, when they make known their needs,—and their needs often are great,—does not a generous benefactor at once arise. Balliol College, as a memorial to its famous Master, is attempting, this very year, by public subscription, to enlarge its foundation so that it may do even greater things than it has already done. The sum which it has received is not one-tenth part of what this American University receives almost every year; and yet less than half a century ago the students at Harvard were not twice as nume-

¹ *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, January, 1893, p. 25c.

rous as those of Balliol at the present time. In Cambridge, by the great fall in rents, the salary of the Downing Professor of Medicine has dwindled to two hundred pounds a year. The post lately became vacant by the resignation of the Professor. "It will be somewhat difficult," wrote the *Times*,¹ "to obtain a suitable successor owing to the fact that the professorship is most insufficiently endowed." All the fame that Cambridge has gained by her great School of Medicine apparently does nothing for her. In the American Cambridge, such an insufficiency in so important a professorship could scarcely exist; it certainly would not last long. Oxford² is wronged by the men who, even after all the reforms which have been made, are overpaid for the work they do. Much of the work done in the University is but ill-requited. Many a College tutor measures out his labour not by what he receives, but by a noble zeal for learning and for the welfare of his pupils. Some of them, I think, would do more good if they laboured less. The mischief from over-teaching is not much less than the mischief from under-teaching. The over-taught student, when his guide is from his side, gropes helplessly along the road of learning. Be that as it may, the work that is done in the University is generous in its total amount when measured by its reward. Those who are overpaid are few in number compared with the whole body, but they are conspicuous by their position. To them must be added the holders of prize fellowships,—men who for the most part do nothing, and are expected to do nothing, either for learning or even for teaching. In many departments there is need of greater and of new endowments. These will flow in but slowly, if they flow in at all, so long as it is

¹ January 31, 1894.

² I say nothing of Cambridge, of which I know but little.

known in the country that large sums are still wasted, as wasted they most certainly are. No one can reproach Harvard with an ill use of her funds; no one, I believe, can point to a single man who does not at least do a fair day's work for a fair day's pay. "The College salaries," reported the President, ten years ago, "have remained stationary for fifteen years, and all that while the College has been demanding of its teachers more and more learning, labour, enthusiasm, and personal influence."¹ Harvard has no prize appointments to give away. She is above all favouritism. She lends no ear to the claims of religious orthodoxy or of party politics. She seeks the ablest teacher she can find, and she pays him not extravagantly, but not illiberally. Whenever a need for help arises, she appeals with confidence to her children, because she can show that she makes a wise use of all that is intrusted to her. Great as are her endowments, greater still are her needs, for she is ever advancing, ever taking in fresh branches of knowledge, ever drawing to herself fresh students. In the annual report made by the President to the Board of Overseers, the whole state of the University — its work, its receipts, its expenses, its hopes, its fears, its requirements — is all clearly set forth before the whole community. As they read it and think of the lowly past, "they look backward with exultation and thanksgiving and forward with confidence and high resolve."² It is this exultation and thanksgiving, this confidence and high resolve, which form one of the chief sources whence spring the great benefactions which are pouring in upon the old College from her proud and grateful children.

¹ *Annual Reports*, 1883-84, p. 45.

² From the address of President Eliot at the Commemoration in 1886. *Harvard University, 250th Anniversary*, p. 263.

CHAPTER II.

The Foundation of Harvard.—Cambridge in England and Cambridge in New England.—“Fair Harvard.”—Emmanuel College.—The Washington Elm.—General Washington a Doctor of Laws.—The University at Concord.—An Overbearing Treasurer.—Harvard and Slavery.

THE pleasantness of Harvard I have already described. It is a spot that a student can love. It is indeed “Fair Harvard.” Happily it has, moreover, that other great quality without which a university seems maimed and imperfect,—a quality which no munificence can confer. It is venerable. Measured by the age of the earliest foundations of Oxford and Cambridge, it is almost in its youth. Nevertheless, when it was founded, Milton was still “inglorious,” and Cromwell a quiet country gentleman. Two years before our Queen was crowned at Westminster it kept its two hundredth anniversary. In the speeches made on that great day it proudly carried back its past to that far-distant time when its parent, the great English university, was founded on the banks of the Cam. It was by a small knot of Cambridge men, men who may have known “young Lycidas,” that the foundations of the American Cambridge were laid in the midst of dangers and hardships. John Harvard was a Master of Arts of Emmanuel College. Story, who at the time of the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the College in 1836, by his lectures on law, was making Harvard known to the Old World, gave as

his toast at the banquet: "Our Ancient Mother, the University of Cambridge in Old England — *Salve magna parens*, — *Magna virum*." "The very spot," he said, "where we are assembled is consecrated by a thousand endearing associations of the past. The very name of Cambridge compels us to cast our eyes across the Atlantic, and brings up a glowing gratitude for our unspeakable obligations to the parent university whose name we proudly bear, and have borne for two centuries."¹

These Harvard men were not content with doing honour to the English Cambridge. They were more than members of a university; they were citizens of a great Confederation of States. They were New Englanders — New Englanders not forgetful of the Old England from which they were sprung. "Gratitude to the noble country of our fathers" was next given as a toast by Dr. John Warren, the nephew of General Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill. "Let us imagine ourselves," he said, "to have sprung from any other nation of Europe, and how different, probably, would have been our condition. To England we owe the vigorous freedom of thought which, there taking its origin, was transplanted by our ancestors to a virgin soil, and has grown with a luxuriance beyond example. A common parentage, a common language, a community of feeling, have given us all the privileges of English sentiment, learning, and ingenuity. . . . In our parent, England, we have the happiness to see the great supporter and defender of liberal institutions throughout the world. . . . I do not hesitate to say that there is a greatness in the conduct of England during the convulsions of Europe [the Napoleonic wars] which has no parallel in the story of admired Greece or

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 675.

Rome. The efforts of these nations were inspirited by a love of conquest, a love of power, a desire of revenge. England was influenced by a higher principle—a determined and unconquerable opposition to despotism.”¹

This speech was made but one and twenty years after the close of a war which had been provoked by our overbearing violence on the seas, and which was disgraced by an act of barbarity worthy of a horde of Cossacks. The rising town of Washington, the capital of the United States, had been burnt to the ground by Englishmen. “Few more shameful acts are recorded in our history; and it was the more shameful in that it was done under strict orders from the government at home.”² Story’s memory went back to the War of Independence. In the small seaport town in which his childhood was passed, peace, when at last it came, found nine hundred widows whose husbands had fallen fighting on sea or land, all victims to the mad folly of our government.³ Had some Englishman been present at this celebration, when he heard such speeches as these, he might well have started from his seat and exclaimed:—

“Some write their wrongs in marble; you, more just,
Stoop down serene and write them in the dust.”

Not all the speakers were a Story and a Warren. The American Eagle was to flap her wings and make her screams heard, even in an ancient seat of learning. Edward Everett was there, the president of the day, the perfection and model of all that is bad in the oratory of the United States. The following passage shows what was esteemed eloquence in

¹ Quincy’s *Harvard*, II. 679.

² J. R. Green’s *Short History of the English People*, p. 808.

³ *Life of Joseph Story*, I. 31.

a country where Daniel Webster, still in the fulness of his power, was showing how sublime is the force of simplicity. "Yes, in the very dawn of independence, while the lions of land yet lay slumbering in the long shadows of the throne, an eaglet, bred in the delicate air of freedom which fanned the academic groves, had, from his 'coign of vantage' on yonder tower, drunk the first rosy sparkle of the sun of liberty into his calm, undazzled eye, and whetted his talons for the conflict."¹ It was not in this mould that Lincoln formed that rugged eloquence which was heard at Gettysburg over the graves of the soldiers who fell in the great war. Whoever was his master in speech, most certainly it was not a rhetorician.

It was for the Centennial Celebration of 1836 that *Fair Harvard* was written — that song which, as the year comes round, is sung at every commencement by the great gathering of Harvard men. It begins, —

"Fair Harvard! thy sons to thy Jubilee throng."
and ends, —

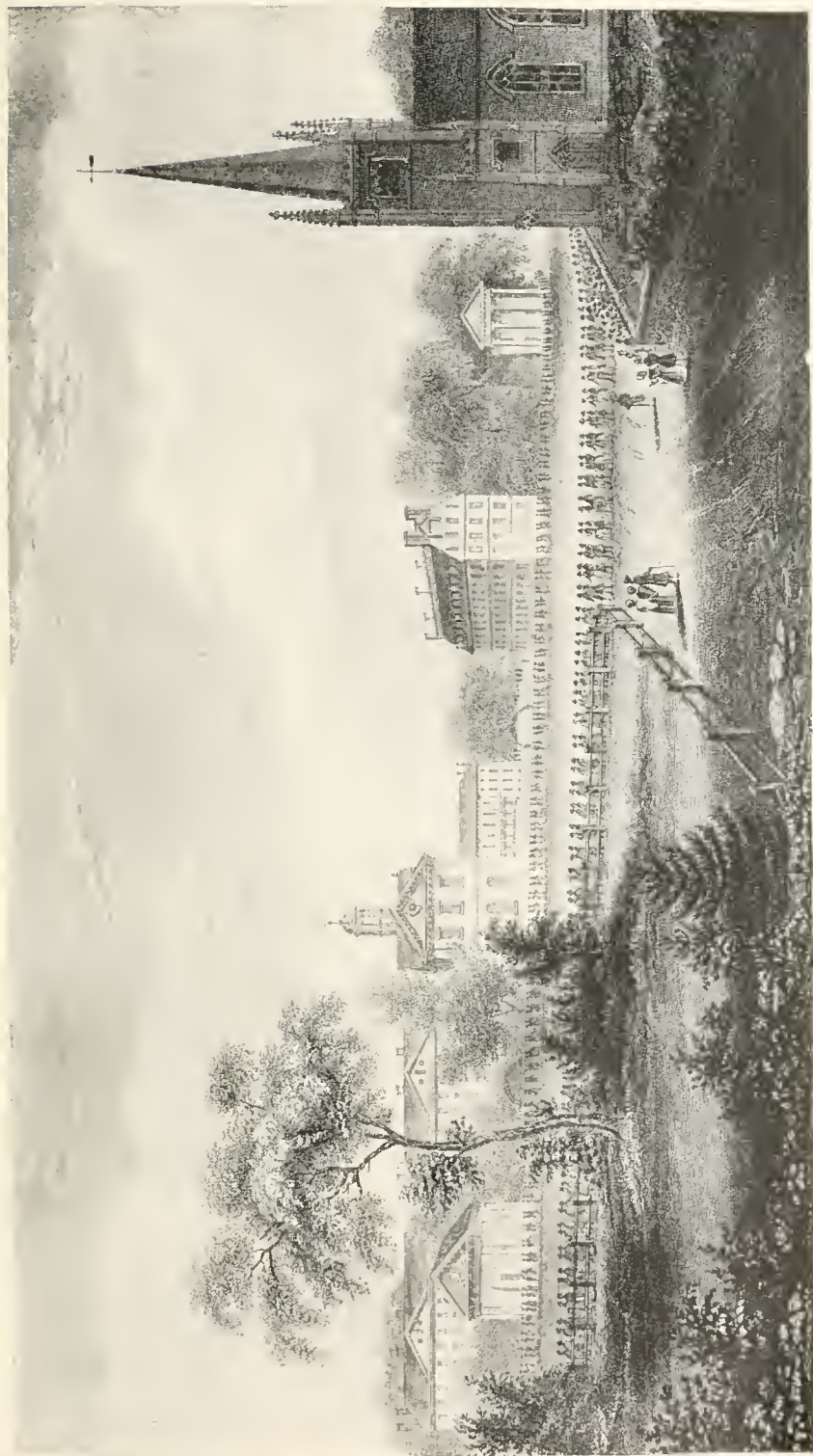
"Be the herald of Light and the bearer of Love,
Till the stock of the Puritans die."

The best verse is the following : —

"To thy bowers we were led in the bloom of our youth,
From the home of our free-roving years,
When our fathers had warned, and our mothers had prayed,
And our sisters had blest through their tears.
Thou then wert our parent, — the nurse of our souls, —
We were moulded to manhood by thee,
Till, freighted with treasure-thoughts, friendships, and hopes,
Thou didst launch us on Destiny's sea."

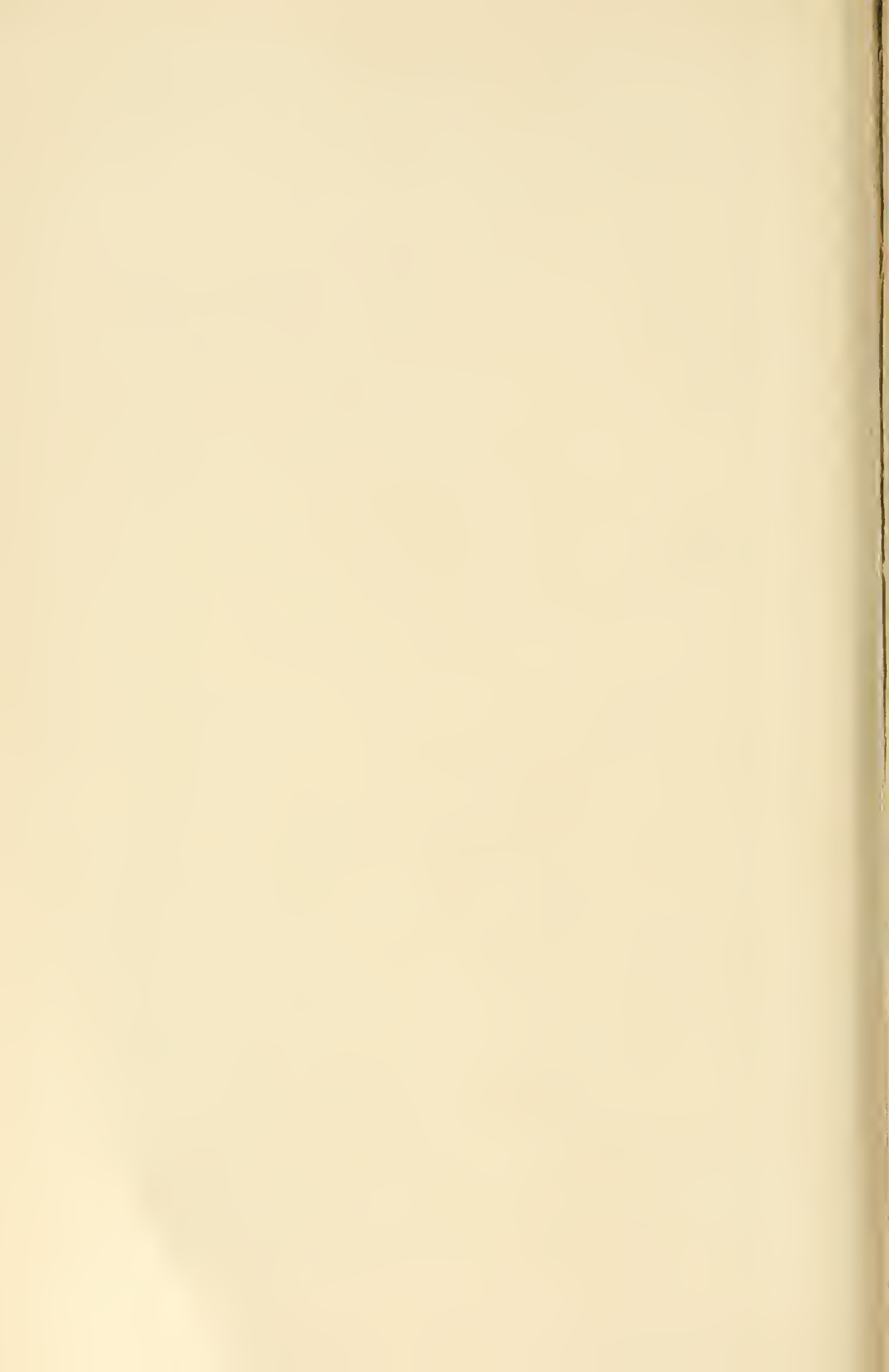
The speeches on this great day must have been brief — brief for the speakers of the Old World, preternaturally brief for the

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 658.



HARVARD COLLEGE IN 1836.

The Second Centennial Celebration.



orators of the New. It was not till the thirty-second toast that the ladies were reached. There were forty toasts in all. "The hour of eight o'clock having now arrived, Josiah Quincy, Junior, moved, 'That this Assembly of the Alumni be adjourned to meet at this place on the 8th of September, 1936.'"¹ In spite of the forty toasts it was not, so far as I can make out, eight o'clock in the morning when the Assembly broke up, but only eight o'clock in the evening. The moderation of each speaker which allowed forty toasts to be gone through in five or six hours at most is in striking contrast with the speech delivered at Oxford not twenty years later by the Vice-Chancellor. There, too, it was a great day; for the orator and scholar, the Earl of Derby, was welcomed as the new Chancellor of the University, the successor of the great Duke. Some of the best speakers of England were guests at the banquet, and a fine flow of varied eloquence was looked for. There was a flow, but most of it came from one source. The Vice-Chancellor, a man insignificant except for his piety, spoke for two hours and more at a stretch. By the time he sat down the audience was exhausted, the orators were dejected, and the reporters, so I am told, were drunk.

At Harvard the length of the adjournment was halved by the next generation, who met in November, 1886. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who in 1836, at the dinner, had sung a song which he had written for the great day, half a century later was the chosen poet of this second commemoration. Lowell, as an undergraduate, had witnessed the earlier gathering: he was now the Orator. Our English Cambridge was represented by the Master of St. John's, and Emmanuel College — John Harvard's College — by Dr. Creighton, Senior Fellow

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 706.

and Professor of Ecclesiastical History.¹ Lowell ended his oration by welcoming the guests, above all, the guests from the foreign seats of learning. In the name of the Alumni "I give," he said, "a special greeting to the gentleman who brings the message of John Harvard's College, Emmanuel. The welcome we give him could not be warmer than that which we offer to his colleagues; but we cannot help feeling that in pressing his hand our own instinctively draws a little more tightly, as with a sense of nearer kindred." This passage, we are told, was more loudly applauded than almost any other part of his speech.² That "blood is thicker than water" was felt not only by the American commodore, when he opened fire on the Chinese forts in support of our hard-pressed gun-boats, but by these New Englanders who had gathered together to celebrate the foundation of their University by their English forefathers.

Two years earlier than this Commemoration when Emmanuel College had celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of its foundation, "two distinguished alumni of Harvard," said Dr. Creighton, "Professor Lowell and Professor Norton, no less by the dignity of their presence than by the eloquence of their speech, had almost succeeded in converting our festival into a celebration of Harvard College in its ancestral soil of England." "The connection of Emmanuel College with Harvard University," he continued, "is an episode of unique picturesqueness in academic annals, and sets Emmanuel College in a conspicuous place in the intellectual history of mankind."³

¹ Now Bishop of Peterborough, fellow, and tutor of Merton College, Oxford.

² *Harvard University, 250th Anniversary*, pp. 37, 236.

³ *Ib.* pp. 277, 303.

While Harvard thus keeps up her hold on the past, she at times somewhat needlessly breaks with old customs. When Lowell was appointed Minister to Spain, he wrote to a friend: "You must remember that I am 'H. E.' [His Excellency] now myself, and can show a letter with that superscription. I dare say I shall enjoy it after I get there, but at present it is altogether a bore to be honoured at every turn. The world is a droll affair. And yet, between ourselves, dear Grace, I should be pleased if my father could see me in capitals on the Triennial Catalogue. You remember Johnson's pathetic letter to Chesterfield. How often I think of it as I grow older!"¹ This Catalogue — "such is the rage of innovation" — is no longer triennial but quinquennial, and the capitals are no longer preserved; nay, it has suffered still more unworthy treatment, for it is now printed in the vulgar tongue. "Since Harvard has grown to a University," writes the editor of Lowell's *Letters*, "the Catalogue has been deprived alike of the dignity of its traditional Latin, and of those capitals in which the sons of hers who had attained to public official distinction, such as that of Member of Congress, or Governor of a State, or Judge of a United States Court, were elevated above their fellow-students. To have one's name in capitals in the Catalogue was a reward worth achieving." Nevertheless, there must have been a certain incongruity in a Catalogue in which Caleb Cushing was printed large, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, William H. Prescott, Wendell Phillips, and Oliver Wendell Holmes were printed small.

¹ *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, II. 210. "The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it." — Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, I. 262.

Harvard, like Oxford, has been the seat of a camp, and has seen learning yield to the rough needs of war. It was on the Common, not a furlong from the College, beneath the graceful branches of an American elm, that, as an inscription shows, "Washington first took command of the American army, July 3, 1775." The Common was not the pleasure-spot that it now is, with its green lawn, its groves, and its trim paths. It was "an unenclosed dust plain," across which the drovers, on their way to Boston market, used to take their herds of cattle. The two English cannon stamped G. R., which stand in the middle as trophies of war, had not yet been captured. They were helping to hold Boston against its own citizens. Not fifty years had gone by since the College, in a loyal address, had assured another G. R. that "they had shed tears over the grave of the great King his Father."¹ In July, 1875, the centenary of this famous day was celebrated. "We have still standing," wrote Lowell, "the elm under which Washington took command of the *American* (till then *provincial*) army, and under which also Whitefield had preached some thirty years before."² The tree, though broken, still retains much of its gracefulness. Among all the spots, famous in the noble history of man's struggle for freedom, it is by no means the least worthy of veneration. As I stood by it and read the inscription, there came into my mind the words of the old English Tory, the stern enemy of American Independence — "that man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon." This, indeed, was "ground dignified by wisdom, bravery, and virtue." Washington, for many months, had his headquarters in a fine mansion hard by, which is now generally known, not by his name, but by Longfellow's. Here

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, I. 383.

² *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, II. 159.

the poet had his quiet home for the greater part of his life. Washington's memorials are so many that he can afford to yield one to literature. *Cedant arma togæ.*

Few of the Harvard students had witnessed the great scene in the world's drama which had been played beneath the elm. Two months earlier the Committee of Safety had dispersed them to their homes. It was at Harvard that many years earlier Samuel Adams, the cousin of two Presidents of the United States, had maintained in a thesis read before the college the lawfulness of rebellion. In 1768, seven years before the war broke out, the Graduating Class had unanimously voted "to take their degrees in the manufactures of the country," and had appeared at Commencement in untaxed home-manufactured garments.¹ The following year, the Governor of the Commonwealth had attempted to overawe the House of Representatives by a display of military force. Cannon was pointed at the door of the State House in which they met. They refused to continue their sittings. The Governor, who had received his orders from England, said that he had no authority to take away the troops. He did, however, all that a reasonable man could do. Not being able to remove the cannon from the Legislature, he removed the Legislature from the cannon. He adjourned the House to Harvard College, where it met in the Chapel. One of the Fellows has described in a letter written at the time, how "this removal hinders the scholars in their studies. The young gentlemen are already taken up with politics. They have caught the spirit of the times. Their declamations and forensic disputes breathe the spirit of liberty. This has always been encouraged, but they have sometimes been wrought up to such a spirit of

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 163.

enthusiasm, that it has been difficult for their Tutors to keep them within close bounds; but their Tutors are fearful of giving too great a check to a disposition which may hereafter fill the country with patriots." It was no doubt the memory of "this spirit of liberty" which led Governor Hancock to speak of Harvard as "in some sense the parent and nurse of the late happy Revolution in this Commonwealth." All the Massachusetts men who signed the Declaration of Independence were her children. There were, however, a few Tories among the undergraduates "who were in the practice of bringing 'Indian tea' into Commons, and drinking it to show their loyalty. The Governors of the Seminary advised them not to do it in future, 'as it was a source of grief and uneasiness to many of the students, and as the use of it is disagreeable to the people of the country in general.'"¹

The "enthusiasm" which the Tutors were unwilling to check in these youthful patriots broke out in a rebellion within the College. While outside the war was raging, the three upper Classes assembled in the Hall, and voted to send a memorial to the Corporation, in which they charged their President with "impiety, heterodoxy, unfitness for the office of preacher of the Christian religion, and still more for that of President." "There was," writes Quincy, "not a shadow of foundation for any of these charges, except the last." A Committee of twelve "were appointed to wait upon the President, and invite him to resign his office." The poor man, who was ignorant of his unpopularity, was so deeply touched that he resolved at once to retire. It was on Saturday that the deputation had waited on him; on the following Monday, after morning prayers, he detained the students, and told them that he should resign.

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 148, 163, 164, 244.

"His family, he said, would be thrown destitute on the world, and he intimated that resolutions of a favourable character might be of service to him. This conduct subdued their rebellious spirits." They met again, and "with like unanimity passed directly opposite resolutions, excepting only his unfitness for the office of President."¹ The ferment was slow in subsiding. Channing, who entered Harvard about fifteen years later, describes "a state of great insubordination, and the almost total absence of the respect due to individuals [the teachers] of so much worth. The French Revolution had diseased the imagination and unsettled the understanding of men everywhere. The authority of the past was gone."²

When, in 1775, hostilities began between the northern country and the Colonies, the seat of war in the opening years was too near for the peaceful life of a university, and moreover the College buildings were needed for barracks. At the end of the vacation the students assembled at Concord, fifteen miles or so from Cambridge. There lodgings were provided for a hundred and twenty-five. Part of the library also was removed and arranged on shelves in a private house.³ The Concord "turnpike"⁴—since dignified by the name of Avenue—crossed the Common. It was at Concord that the first shots had been fired and the first blood shed. In June of the following year the students once more assembled in Harvard. The English army had abandoned Boston, and there was no longer an enemy in their gates. Their buildings had suffered from the military occupation. From the roof of the hall lead had been stripped, no doubt to be turned into bullets. Before long, Cam-

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 179.

² *Life of W. E. Channing*, I. 59.

³ *Ib.* II. 166.

⁴ In America *turnpike* is commonly used for *turnpike-road*.

bridge was again to be crowded, not this time with armed soldiers, but with prisoners of war, the remnant of Burgoyne's army. In Lowell's day there were still to be seen in Massachusetts Hall the hooks from which had swung the hammocks of the red-coats.¹ Late last century hooks for a very different purpose were fixed up in an Oxford College. One of the Fellows of University College whom I was visiting many years ago told me that he had that day received a letter from an aged clergyman, a former member of the College, asking him to see whether in the ceiling of a certain room a couple of hooks were still there. From the hooks his hunting-breeches used to be suspended, into which he let himself down from a pair of steps. They were, according to the fashion, too tight to draw on in the ordinary way.

The blockade of the coast by the English fleet, cutting off the supply of luxuries from abroad, compelled the Corporation to pass the following resolutions on August 11, 1777: —

“Whereas by law 9th of chap. vi. it is provided, ‘that there shall always be chocolate, tea, coffee, and milk for breakfast, with bread and biscuit² and butter,’ and whereas the foreign articles above mentioned are now not to be procured without great difficulty and at a very exorbitant price; *Voted*, That the Steward shall provide at the common charge only bread or biscuit and milk for breakfast; and if any of the scholars choose tea, coffee, or chocolate they shall procure those articles for themselves; and likewise the sugar and butter to be used with them; and if any scholars choose to have their milk boiled, or thickened with flour, if it may be had, or with meal, the Steward, having reasonable notice, shall provide it.”³

On the day year on which Washington had taken command of the American army, the degree of Doctor of Laws was con-

¹ *Literary Essays*, by J. R. Lowell, 1890, I. 56.

² *Biscuit*, according to the American use of the word, is hot rolls.

³ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 541.

ferred on him by Harvard. He was the first man to be thus distinguished by the University. It was indeed a noble beginning of the long line of honours. His diploma described him as : —

“Vir illustrissimus, Georgius Washington, Armiger, Exercitus Colonia-
rum in America Fœderatarum Imperator præclarus . . . qui, postulante
Patria sedem in Virginia amœnissimam et res proprias perlubenter reliquit,
ut . . . Nov-Angliam ab armis Britannorum iniquis et crudelibus liberaret,
et Colonias cæteras tueretur, et qui . . . ab urbe Bostonia . . . naves et
copias hostium in fugam præcipitem et probrosam deturebavit,¹ adeo ut
cives, plurimis duritiis et sævitiis oppressi, tandem salvi lætentur, villæ
vicinæ quiescant atque sedibus suis Academia nostra restituantur.

“Sciatis igitur quod nos . . . Dominum supradictum, summo honore
dignum, Georgium Washington, Doctorem Utriusque Juris, tum Naturæ et
Gentium, tum Civilis, statuimus et creavimus.”²

A year earlier, a few days before the fight at Concord, Oxford
had conferred a like degree on Samuel Johnson, on the recom-
mendation of its Chancellor, the Prime Minister, Lord North,
in return, there can be little doubt, for *Taxation no Tyranny;
an Answer to the Resolutions and Addresses of the American
Congress*. It was thus that “the Whigs of America, Whigs
fierce for liberty and disdainful of dominion, who multiply with
the fecundity of their own rattlesnakes,”³ replied to the honour
conferred by the Tory statesman and the Tory university on
the Tory pamphleteer.

Even before the Revolution was brought to an end the
patriots of Harvard found that, not only in a monarchy but
also in a democracy, injustice and insolence may have to be
borne and borne patiently. George III. was down, but Gov-
ernor Hancock was up. In an evil day for the University that

¹ In this headlong and shameful flight the two cannons that now stand
on Cambridge Common had been thrown into the harbour.

² Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 506.

³ Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, II. 314.

favourite of the people had been appointed Treasurer. "He embarrassed it during a period of nearly twenty years." He would neither discharge the duties of his office nor resign his post. The Corporation, after patiently waiting for two or three years, appointed his successor. To conciliate the great man they passed a vote, that a committee should "wait on the Hon. John Hancock, Esq., with the most respectful compliments of the Corporation, and request that he should permit his portrait to be forthwith conveyed to the College, and placed in the Philosophy Chamber, by that of his late honourable uncle." He neither sent his portrait nor settled his accounts. He had been "exposed to those severe trials of human character,—great wealth suddenly acquired and unbounded and long-continued popularity." So powerful was his position that the Corporation did not dare to bring him before a court of law. They could scarcely have been worse off had they had to deal with George III. himself. It was not till full eleven years after their first demand that he condescended to state the amount of the balance still owing by him to the College. On being pressed for payment he would do nothing more than give a bond and security. It was in vain that the distress of the Professors was laid before him. Their salaries were unpaid, but neither interest nor principal could be got out of the great man. He died in 1793, leaving ample means, but the debt still owing. It was not till eight or nine years later that his heirs discharged it. With some reason does President Quincy remark at the end of this strange story: "In republics popularity is the form of power most apt to corrupt its possessor, and to tempt him, for party ends or personal interest, to trample on right, or set principle at defiance."¹

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 182, 203–209, 523.

However much Harvard distinguished herself in the long struggle for the independence of the Colonies, unhappily she did not always range herself on the side of liberty. All through the opening scenes of the great struggle between freedom and slavery she was the champion of the slave-holder. When on one side stood the President and Congress, the Legislatures of almost all the States, the judicature, the Civil Service, the Churches, the mobs, the wealthy, the cowardly, all the "safe" men, all the "moderate" men, and on the other side William Lloyd Garrison and his little band, "harsh as truth and uncompromising as justice," she chose the part of shame. To serve the Union, stained and darkened though it was by the Fugitive Slave Law, she was ready to sacrifice justice, mercy, and honour. She showed that even in a republic a university is too apt to side with the powers that be against the right that ought to be. Not even Oxford and Cambridge have ever disgraced themselves more than the New England University by taking the part of the strong and the privileged against the weak and the helpless. What Loyal Address to the Crown was more shameful than the toast given at the Centennial Celebration in 1836: "Massachusetts and South Carolina; they stood by one another nobly in the darkest days of peril and adversity; may long years of mutual prosperity find them undivided."¹ Their mutual prosperity was the prosperity of slave-owners and slave-traders, of planters who grew cotton by slave-labour, and of merchants who dealt in it, and manufacturers who spun it and wove it. This prosperity was threatened by a few "fanatical and factious Abolitionists," as Daniel Webster called them;² threatened far more by the still small voice of conscience, which, under

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 683.

² *Life of Daniel Webster*, II. 516.

the upbraidings of these men, was beginning to make itself heard in ten thousand bosoms. To silence this voice cant was called in at the Banquet, as, in like circumstances, it is called in at all times and in all places. After this toast to the maintenance of Southern slavery, its maintenance by "the grand old Bay State," had been drunk, these Harvard men next drank to "civil and religious liberty here and everywhere." "How is it," old Samuel Johnson roughly asked, "How is it that we hear the loudest yelps for liberty among the drivers of negroes?" Even Lowell, even the author of the *Biglow Papers*, had caught this strong, this rank contagion of the gown. Two years after this celebration it fell to his lot to write the poem for class day. "I made fun of the Abolitionists in my Class Poem," so he wrote nearly fifty years later.¹ Nine months before this Harvard undergraduate, in the presence of the President, the professors, the students and their friends, made fun of these men, one of them, Elijah Lovejoy, a minister of religion, had been murdered by a cruel mob of citizens — all friends, no doubt, of civil and religious liberty, there and everywhere — murdered because, in defiance of mob-law, he advocated in a small newspaper the freedom of the slave. Four months before this Harvard undergraduate made fun of these men, a new Hall built by the Abolitionists in the City of Brotherly Love, "dedicated to Free Discussion, Virtue, Liberty, and Independence," had been burnt to the ground by another mob. Three months before this Harvard undergraduate made fun of these men, in the city of Boston hard by, another anti-slavery building would have been wrecked by a third mob, had it not been for the Mayor, who for once — a rare example in those bad days — was ready by

¹ *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, II. 338.

military force to protect peaceful citizens meeting in lawful assembly.¹ "They make a game of my calamities," some deeply wronged Abolitionist might have exclaimed, had any one of them been present on this Class Day. Lowell's noble nature was soon to shake itself free from "Harvard indifference." Before the year came to a close he wrote: "The Abolitionists are the only ones with whom I sympathize of the present extant parties." Eight years later he described these same Abolitionists as "a body of heroic men and women, whom not to love and admire would prove me unworthy of either of those sentiments, and whose superiors in all that constitutes true manhood and womanhood I believe never existed."²

It was not in undergraduate days at Harvard that in Wendell Phillips was first stirred that passionate eloquence which did so much to rouse the land to a sense of its guilt. He had passed through the College and the Law School, and was still indifferent to the good cause.³ It was perhaps indignation at what his *Alma Mater* had not done for him that moved him to exclaim, after the long struggle which ended in Lincoln's first election: "The agitation was a yeomanly service to liberty. It educated the people. One such canvass makes amends for the cowardice of our scholars, and consoles us under the infliction of Harvard College."⁴ In 1848 Sumner was passing from town to town in Massachusetts, speaking in favour of the Free-Soil Party. Nowhere but in Cambridge was the meeting disturbed. There the students "interrupted him with hisses and

¹ *Life of W. L. Garrison*, II. 184, 213, 218.

² *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, I. 37, 123.

³ *Life of Charles Sumner*, III. 69.

⁴ Wendell Phillips's *Speeches*, etc., ed. 1863, p. 306.

coarse exclamations. He singled out the leader of the disturbance and said, 'The young man who hisses will regret it ere his hairs turn gray.' " Perhaps he recalled it with deep sorrow on some lonely day's march with the Northern army, or in all the misery of a Southern prison. Longfellow was one of the audience. In his journal he recorded :¹ " Sumner spoke admirably well. But the shouts and the hisses and the vulgar interruptions grated on my ears. I was glad to get away."² Fifteen months after Sumner was hissed in this New England University another New Englander, Daniel Webster, made that infamous speech of March 7, 1850, which forever covered with shame the name of the greatest American orator. "He is," wrote Lowell, "the most meanly and foolishly treacherous man I ever heard of."³ In the idle hope of serving the Union and making himself President, the old man was ready in almost everything to yield to the Slave States. Slavery was to be extended and its foundations were to be laid more firmly than ever. The cowardice of scholars was once more seen. He was supported by Ticknor, Everett, Sparks, Felton, Motley, and Parkman. Even Dana, who at the risk of his life defended a runaway slave in the Boston Law Courts, was ready to grant the South a Fugitive Slave Law — "a *bona fide* one, but one consistent with laws, decency, safety to the free, and the self-respect of the North."⁴ Among Harvard men of letters Emerson, Sumner, and Lowell stood together, and I fear alone, on the right side. The Professors in the Law School read lectures in defence of the Fugitive Slave Law.

¹ *Life of Charles Sumner*, III. 173.

² *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, II. 127.

³ *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, I. 208.

⁴ *Life of Charles Sumner*, III. 205, 208, n. 4; *Life of R. H. Dana*, I. 126.

The students who heard them, untouched by the generous feelings of youth, were no better than their teachers. More than a hundred attended the classes. Of these only six were on the side of freedom; "the rest were nearly all bitter against the Free-Soil Party."¹ On May 14, 1851, Longfellow recorded in his *Journal*: "Went to hear Emerson on the Fugitive Slave Law at the Cambridge City Hall. . . . It is rather painful to see Emerson in the arena of politics hissed and hooted at by young law students."² After the ruffian Brooks's cruel assault on Sumner in the Senate, when all that was not base in America was fired with indignation, it was Amherst College that at once conferred an honorary degree on the much-suffering man. His own *Alma Mater* let three years pass by before she honoured him. No degree was ever conferred on William Lloyd Garrison either at Harvard or anywhere else.³ Universities, with their strong spirit of conservatism, are always slow to honour the men who raise the unwilling world to a higher level of morality. If anything could wash away this stain from Harvard, it was the blood of her sons so freely shed on many a battlefield of the great war. But in spite of their generous devotion the stain remains. In the long struggle for freedom it was not till it entered upon its last and greatest act that the oldest and the first of American universities was found in the van.

¹ *Life of Charles Sumner*, III. 207, 246, n. 2.

² *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, II. 194.

³ In 1865 he was made an honorary member of the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa.

CHAPTER III.

Religious Liberty. — The Divinity School. — The College Chapel. — The Dudleian Lectures. — The English Liturgy.

IF, to civil liberty, Harvard at one time showed herself indifferent, in religious liberty she has taken the lead of all the older universities of the English-speaking race. Happily, even in her first charter, she was free from the predominance of any single church. Had the College been founded in Rhode Island, where Roger Williams and his followers gave the world the first example of a government founded on the principles of complete religious liberty, such freedom would not have been astonishing. In Plymouth, from the Pilgrim Fathers, the Separatists of England, the founders of the Independent Churches, some measure of tolerance might have been looked for. But in Boston, among the stern Puritans, where State and Church were one, where none but members of the Church were freemen of the State, who would not have expected to find President, Fellows, and students all bound fast by a rigid test? This freedom, it has been conjectured, was due rather to a careless feeling of security than to intention. The constitution of the Commonwealth itself might be trusted "to bind their souls with secular chains." If such was the security of the founders of Harvard College, they forgot that the charter of a colony was liable to change. Theirs was annulled by the tyranny of Charles II. in those evil days

towards the end of his reign, when Jeffreys, in his progress through English towns, was "making all the charters, like the walls of Jericho, fall down before him." In the new charter, granted in 1692 by William and Mary, property, not church-membership, was made the qualification for a vote.¹ The door, if not thrown open for the entrance of free thought, was, at all events, unbarred. For many a long day there was to be little of freedom as it was understood by Roger Williams of the seventeenth century, and by us of the latter years of the nineteenth. Nevertheless, so great was the alarm given to the orthodox that Yale College was founded in the hope that from it might flow a never-failing spring of untainted Calvinism.² From the servitude that was then imposed, that university has no more shaken herself wholly free than has Oxford from the servitude of Anglicanism. Both have done much, but both have still much to do. Even at the present day, Harvard is regarded by Yale as the London University used to be regarded by the orthodox of Oxford and Cambridge. It is "the Godless university." Harvard retorts on Yale that it is the home of superstition and Phariseeism. A writer in the *Harvard Crimson*³ says: "Yale friends naturally accuse Harvard students of being irreligious; while Harvard advocates call the Yale religious life hypocrisy."

From the time when the new charter was granted to the Colony, Harvard, in matters of theology, has kept pace with the people, its thoughts widening as their thoughts widened. The President and Fellows would often, indeed, have moved faster, but they were restrained by the Board of Overseers,

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, I. 55; *The Beginning of New England*, by John Fiske, 1893, pp. 264, 275.

² Quincy's *Harvard*, I. 197.

³ June 23, 1893.

on which the Congregational ministers of Cambridge and the five nearest towns sat by right. In 1820, when the constitution of Massachusetts was revised, even the overseers were ahead of the people in liberal thought. They proposed to admit ministers of all denominations of Christians to these clerical seats, but in a popular vote this proposition was rejected.¹ Fourteen years later, in 1834, an act was passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts, which enabled the two governing bodies of the University to effect this reform. One or other of these bodies was now behind the people, perhaps both; for it was not till 1843 that they availed themselves of their powers.² By the Act of 1851, all clerical restrictions were removed, not a single seat on the Board being any longer confined to the ministry.³

As in Massachusetts, Calvinism had gradually softened into Unitarianism, so Harvard had gradually become, if not a Unitarian College, a College of Unitarians. Judge Story's father, who was born in 1743, was not sent to Harvard, writes his son, "lest he should there imbibe those heretical tenets, which, in the form of Arminianism, were then supposed to haunt those venerable shades." The judge, who went to the College, shook himself free from his Calvinism, and was several times President of the American Unitarian Association.⁴ It was by Unitarians that the Divinity School was founded in 1816. In its constitution, "the following article was a fundamental one: 'It being understood that every encouragement be given to the serious, impartial, and unbiassed investigation of Christian truth, and that no assent to the peculiarities of any denomination of Christians be required either of

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 332.

³ *Ib.*

² *Harvard Catalogue*, p. 24.

⁴ *Life of Joseph Story*, I. 2, 57.

the students, or professors, or instructors.' " ¹ The School was, however, "regarded as distinctively Unitarian, and so caused uneasiness to the government of the University on account of its denominational position. As the College began to take its position as an unsectarian institution, it seemed a hindrance in its course that a Unitarian Divinity School should be attached to it. It was felt that, in the public estimate, the School would give a denominational aspect to the whole University." ² An attempt was accordingly made to separate it from the College. "An enabling act was passed by the Legislature in 1858, but the project of separation was never carried further. It was conceded that it would be false to all our traditions, if, in a College named for ³ a Puritan minister, fostered by a Puritan clergy, and bearing on its corporate seal the motto *Christo et Ecclesiæ*, religion should be the only subject deliberately excluded." ⁴ In 1878 the movement set the other way, and a large sum of money was raised for the further endowment of the School. "The Harvard Divinity School," said Professor Eliot on this occasion, "is not distinctively Unitarian either by its constitution or by the intention of its founders. The government of the University cannot undertake to appoint none but Unitarian teachers, or to grant any peculiar favours to Unitarian students." So far was it from doing so, that in 1887, of the six professors in the theological Faculty, two were Baptists and one an Orthodox Congregationalist, while of the eleven members composing the visiting committee, not half were Unitarians. ⁵ Never-

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 546.

² Professor C. C. Everett quoted in *Higher Education in Massachusetts*, by G. G. Bush, p. 144.

³ An American says "named *for*" where we say "named *after*."

⁴ *Higher Education*, etc., p. 141.

⁵ *Ib.* p. 144.

theless, in spite of this mixture of creeds, in spite of the fact that three of the professors orthodoxly, if not practically, believed that the other three were doomed to "the everlasting bonfire," the President could say in his Annual Report: "There is no more harmonious Faculty in the University, and none more completely devoted to the unbiassed search for truth."¹ Verily, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the days seem already to have come when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid."

However much the College was once given over to Unitarianism, the President and Fellows fifty-six years ago showed that they entertained something of a superstitious feeling in the use of their Chapel. Longfellow, one of the most religious of men, writing to his father about his work at Harvard as a professor, said: "I am now upon Dante — unwritten lectures; but I have petitioned the Corporation for the use of the Chapel next summer for a course of written *public* lectures. By public, I mean free to any and every one who chooses to attend, whether in college or out of college." He no doubt asked for the Chapel as the only available place. Six weeks later he recorded in his *Journal*: "The President told me that the Corporation would not allow me the use of the Chapel for public lectures in the summer. They do not approve my plan. So it ends."²

Professor Goodwin, looking forward to the position that Harvard is likely to hold before many years have gone by, says: "She will be fully equipped for the best work in every department, in Theology, in Law, in Medicine, and in the Arts and Sciences. I think we may be sure that she will always

¹ *Higher Education*, etc., p. 145.

² *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, 1886, I. 275, 282.

represent the foremost progress of science, and will always welcome the boldest speculation on every subject. No party nor sect will control her teaching, to cause either the promulgation of unscientific dogmas or the suppression of scientific truth. I need hardly say that no exception will be made in this respect for philosophy, political science, or even theology. Public opinion is fast settling this matter beyond the reach of controversy. Parties and sects will, of course, preach their own doctrines and creeds then in their own schools, as they do now; but the true university can recognize only the free and unbiassed search for truth for the truth's sake. Happily we have no antiquated statutes or traditions to sweep away to prepare us for the coming age. Our ancient motto *Veritas* stands always over our own gates, and we interpret it by the principle of freedom. 'Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good.'"¹ The Professor seems somewhat conveniently to forget the other ancient motto, *Christo et Ecclesiæ*.

In the Sunday and week-day services of the College Chapel the same impartiality is shown as in the Divinity School. Five preachers of eminence, from among the ministers of all denominations, are chosen every year "to arrange and conduct the religious services of the University. Each conducts daily morning prayers for about three weeks in the first half-year and about three weeks in the second half-year, and each preaches on four Sunday evenings."² Dr. Herford, an English Unitarian divine, was for some years one of the five. The preachers for the present year are a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a Congregationalist, two Episcopalians, and a Unitarian.

¹ *The Present and Future of Harvard College*, p. 40.

² *Catalogue*, p. 478.

Among those of past years was Bishop Phillips Brooks, whose early death I found everywhere mourned in Massachusetts, and in whose memory a meeting was last year held in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. On the Sunday evenings when none of the five officiates, the pulpit is filled by a Select Preacher, to use the Oxford designation. Among these, in 1892, were Bishop Vincent, the Right Rev. H. C. Potter, and Professor Drummond of Glasgow. In the spring of the present year, a Roman Catholic priest — a former student of Harvard — officiated for the first time. The prayers which he recited were collects translated from the Latin, and the lesson which he read was, as he remarked, from the mass for the day. His sermon was a philosophical argument for faith in the Supernatural. Of the Supernatural he gave no definition. A fortnight later, the pulpit was filled by Professor Felix Adler, the founder of the Ethical Societies — a teacher who would hardly call himself a theist. For those students who care to attend the services of the sects to which they belong, seats are provided in the Cambridge churches, at the expense of the College.

Of the great liberality of the University in religious matters the following curious instance was given me. A son of Joseph Dudley, who was Governor of the Colony in the first years of the eighteenth century, founded a lectureship in divinity. Four lectures were to be delivered every year on certain subjects strictly laid down in the trust-deed, one being, "the idolatry, errors, and superstitions of the Romish Church." As the value of money fell, the lecturer's payment became so small that for many years the course was discontinued while the fund accumulated. The College at one time thought of getting an act passed by which it should be applied to some

other purpose. They were deterred by the reflection that such a measure might be a check to endowments and bequests in a country where the general sentiment as to the sanctity of the wishes of founders and testators is usually strong. The trustees, it was found, were willing to interpret the provisions of the trust somewhat laxly. By spreading the course of four lectures over as many years, they were able to offer an annual payment sufficient to secure on each occasion a preacher who would not disgrace the University. Their first appointment was the Professor of Ecclesiastical History, who, to comply with the testator's direction, took for his subject the errors of Romanism, treating them historically. The third lecture, also in compliance with the terms of the foundation, was "for the confirmation, illustration, and improvement of the great articles of the Christian religion, properly so called." It was delivered by the Right Rev. Bishop John J. Keane, rector of the Roman Catholic University of America.¹

Till recent years the attendance at the College Chapel was compulsory. Under this system, there was even greater irreverence than was to be seen in an Oxford Chapel in the days when we had to "keep" so many chapels a week, and when "chapelling" was used as a form of punishment. In my College, and I believe in most others, an undergraduate was expected to attend chapel eight times a week — "to keep eight chapels," as we called it. If in his Freshman's year he was regular, he might in his later terms become laxer in his attendance, especially if his general conduct was good. The penalty for too great laxness was "chapelling." He who was "chapped" had to attend morning and evening service during a period fixed by the Dean. These services were the

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 139; *Catalogue*, 1891-92, p. 110.

full services of the Church; prayers for the Queen, Royal Family, and High Court of Parliament included. At Harvard last century, attendance and good behaviour were enforced by the following fines:—

Absence from prayers	two pence
Tardiness at prayers	one penny
Absence from public worship	nine pence
Tardiness at public worship	three pence
Ill-behaviour at public worship	not exceeding nine pence
Neglect to repeat the sermon	nine pence ¹

In my time, at Oriel College, then under the rule of that model of formality and preciseness, Provost Hawkins, the undergraduates, as I was informed by one of the scholars, were each required to “repeat” the University sermon, or at all events to send in to their tutor a report of it. Many of them used to meet after dinner on the Sunday evening, and there, over their cigars and whisky and water, write out the sermon by the aid of one or two who had been present at St. Mary’s. Perhaps some of the “repeating” at Harvard was done on the same system.

Stories are told of the pranks played of old by the students. Sometimes in the candles which lighted the pulpit, holes were bored and gunpowder was inserted so as to cause an explosion during the sermon. One day a cracker was fastened to the Bible. The Bible itself was thrice stolen. Once it was sent, stripped of its binding, to the librarian of Yale College, with a dog-Latin inscription on the fly-leaf, in which it was stated: “Coveres servamus in usum chessboardi pro Helter Skelter Club.” The tongue of the Chapel bell was removed; “the seats allotted to the Freshmen were painted green;

¹ Quincy’s *Harvard*, II. 499.

stripes like those on a barber's pole were painted on the porch of the Chapel." In fact, the Harvard *boys* behaved just as ill as Christ Church *men*. The irreverence was no doubt mainly due to the length and frequency of the services. As if they were not trying enough in themselves, theological dissertations by divinity students were frequently read aloud after evening prayers. In a single year the undergraduates suffered under thirty-two such inflictions.¹ It sometimes happened that the minister who conducted the service by his eccentricity provoked mirth. I was told of one old President who, when his mind was failing, one morning astonished the congregation by praying that "their intemperance might be turned into temperance, and their industry into dustry." In Yale far greater decorum seems to have been maintained. Professor Thacher, in his *Life of Benjamin Silliman*, writing of the years 1831 to 1835, tells how "the students, at the close of the services in the Chapel, always waited respectfully for the Professors to pass between their ranks and leave the house first. Professor Silliman took the lead, receiving the bows of the Seniors and Freshmen successively with all the stateliness and easy grace of a man born to head a procession."²

A happy chance, wisely turned to account, gave the first blow in Harvard to compulsory attendance at religious services. In 1872-73, the Chapel was closed for alterations, and morning prayer was discontinued for some months. President Eliot in his report for that year said:—

"The Faculty thus tried, quite involuntarily, an interesting experiment in College discipline. It has been a common opinion that morning prayers were not only right and helpful in themselves, but also necessary to College

¹ *An Historical Sketch*, etc., by W. R. Thayer, p. 45.

² Vol. II. p. 341.

discipline, partly as a morning roll-call and partly as a means of enforcing continuous residence. It was therefore interesting to observe that the omission of morning prayers for nearly five months, at the time of year when the days are shortest and coldest, had no ill effects whatever on College order or discipline. There was no increased irregularity of attendance at morning exercises, no unusual number of absences, and, in fact, no visible effect upon the other exercises of the College, or upon the quiet and order of the place. The Professors and other teachers living beyond the sound of the prayer-bell would not have known from any effect produced upon their work with the students that morning prayers had been intermitted.”¹

The President and Fellows, using their common sense, passed a vote that attendance at Chapel should henceforth be voluntary. The overseers, not using theirs, exercised their right of veto. Some relaxation was however made; what is called the thin edge of the wedge by all enemies of liberty and progress was inserted, and, at last, in 1886, every student was left free to worship God when and where he pleased, or not to worship him at all. The result has been all that might have reasonably been expected, and all that could have been desired. “The average attendance at morning prayers is upwards of two hundred. The service is a reverent and delightful one.” “Students no longer come rushing into Chapel attired only in a mackintosh and rubber boots [goloshes], nor do they finish their breakfast in the pews instead of reading the responses.”² The service begins with the reading of a psalm by the minister and students, in alternate verses, not unhappily from the beautiful version in our Book of Common Prayer, and is followed by an anthem sung by the choir. “Sometimes a solo or duet is sung instead. After this comes the reading of the Bible, with comments by the preacher and a

¹ *An Historical Sketch*, etc., p. 46.

² *Higher Education*, etc., p. 148; *Harvard's Better Self*, by W. R. Bigelow, p. 4.

prayer. It is the preacher's share in the exercises that is most unique and most attractive. To listen every morning for two weeks to the eloquent words of Dr. Phillips Brooks, full of the 'beauty of holiness'; for another two weeks to search out the distinctive features of the Old Testament books, as they are explained by Dr. Lyman Abbott; to hear a glowing eulogy of Moses from the lips of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and to follow him as he points out the greatness of the Bible heroes from morning to morning; — these are high privileges, and they are attractions." ¹

In Harvard there is that ignorant dread of sameness in the services of religion which in England, in recent years, has led to the multiplication of hymns and hymn-books. The great masters of our language who gave us the Book of Common Prayer had a better understanding of the human heart. They had no fear lest perfect compositions, the ninety-fifth psalm, the Te Deum, the four daily collects should pall by repetition. Cranmer, whose ear for the melody of prose has surely never been surpassed, did not vary the close of matins and vespers. Who could grow weary of that exquisite cadence in which the most beautiful of all liturgies dies, as it were, away — "granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting." However much we suffered in our childhood from the services piled one on the other — Ossa on Pelion and Pelion on leafy Olympus — and from the long and tedious sermons, who ever grew weary of Bishop Ken's morning hymn, with which, in so many churches in the old days, each Sunday's service always began, and of his evening hymn which brought the afternoon service to a close? On a winter day,

¹ *Harvard's Better Self*, by W. R. Bigelow, p. 2.

when the darkness which had fallen on the congregation seemed only the deeper and the more solemn from the two candles which lighted the preacher in the pulpit, how much was the heart touched by the words so beautiful in their simplicity, which Sunday after Sunday, and year after year, had been sung by eight generations of men! In all religious services, everything that is new is out of place. It is only the old familiar words, the words which we first heard we know not when, that deeply move us. We no more wish for fresh forms of prayer than at the close of each winter we wish for a fresh form of spring. To hear over and over again a beautiful liturgy and the finest passages in the glorious English of our Bible, is in itself the best of all trainings in the use of our noble language. At no time in our history has there been greater need of that constant repetition, that replication of the noblest sounds, which imperceptibly but surely trains the ear to melody. At no time has there been so much varied reading, reading far too often of careless, extravagant, affected, and mongrel English. When books were rare, and newspapers rarer still, a few great authors were read again and again. On great writers our fathers' style became modelled. "Glowing eulogies of Moses" can surely be left to the Rev. Dr. Harwoods of the world, the man who in his *Liberal Translation of the New Testament*, by expanding *Jesus wept* into *Jesus, the Saviour of the world, burst into a flood of tears*, provoked Johnson's indignant outcry of *Puppy!* Outside of the universities there are Rev. Dr. Harwoods enough in the present day — certainly in England and, I have little doubt, in America. Moses needs no eulogy beyond the English version of his books. In the first chapter of Genesis; in the story of Joseph, and in the thunders of Sinai, his praises are written for all time.

CHAPTER IV.

Punishments and Fines. — "The Ancient Customs." — Fagging and "Hazing." — Tutors and Undergraduates. — Rebellions.

IN Harvard an undergraduate who has any touch about him of the antiquary or historian finds much to interest him in the usages of the past. He finds a minuteness of discipline which is scarcely excelled by that contained in the book which the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford handed to me and to each of my companions when we matriculated, with the following address: *Scitote vos in matriculam hujus Universitatis hodie relatos esse sub hac conditione, nempe ut omnia statuta hoc libro comprehensa pro virili observetis.* If we ever examined these statutes, it was certainly not for the sake of keeping them, but of mocking them. At Harvard, where the age of the students was younger, corporal punishment was kept up for nearly a hundred years longer than in the English universities. I doubt whether at Oxford any was inflicted later than the reign of Charles II. About 1680 "the poor children" — the servitors that is to say, or foundationers of Queen's College — were sentenced to be whipped. It does not seem, however, that the punishment was actually executed.¹ In the New England University it was gradually discontinued, and by about the middle of last century came to an end. Its place had been taken by an elaborate system of fines. In them scales, as it

¹ *Hist. Comm. MSS Fleming MSS*, pp. 166, 168.

were, are given by which we can ascertain the comparative weight of sins in New England in the first half of the eighteenth century. Omitting the fines for regulating conduct at Chapel, which I have already quoted, and some others, it stands as follows : —

	<i>d</i>
"Absence from Professor's public lecture	4
Profanation of Lord's Day, not exceeding	3.0
Undergraduates tarrying out of town without leave, not exceeding <i>per diem</i>	1.3
Going out of College without proper garb, not exceeding	6
Frequenting taverns, not exceeding	1.6
Profane cursing, not exceeding	2.6
Graduates playing cards, not exceeding	5.0
Undergraduates playing cards, not exceeding	2.6
Selling and exchanging without leave, not exceeding	1.6
Lying, not exceeding	1.6
Drunkenness, not exceeding	1.6
Going upon the top of the College	1.6
Tumultuous noises	1.6
Tumultuous noises, second offence	3.0
Refusing to give evidence	3.0
Rudeness at meals	1.0
Keeping guns, and going on skating	1.0
Fighting, or hurting persons, not exceeding	1.6" ¹

It is interesting to see that for a graduate to play at cards was three times and a third as wicked as for an undergraduate to lie, and that to go skating was two-thirds as immoral as getting drunk. I was told that thirty years or so ago "tumultuous noises" were raised not only in the Yard but even in the classes, while rough horse-play often went on. For some while past all this has been looked on as "bad form," and is no longer practised. "Nothing," says a writer in the *Crimson*, "could show a greater contrast than the comparative stillness of the

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 499.

Yale Campus¹ and the Harvard Yard. In front of the Harvard buildings no one yells 'Fire,' or blows a horn; men do not shout for a friend under his room. A Harvard man would not be able to understand the Yale fondness for pure noise."

The three shillings fine for "refusing to give evidence" perhaps dates back to the rule of the second President, the divine stubborn in the faith of adult baptism by immersion, who, when consulted about the lawfulness of inflicting torture, replied: "But now if ye question be mente of inflicting bodyly torments to extracte a confession from a mallefactor, I conceive yt in maters of highest consequence, such as doe concerne ye saftie or ruine of stats or countries, magistrats may proceede so farr in bodily torments as racks, hote-irons, &c., to extracte a confession, especially when presumptions are strounge; but otherwise by no means. God sometimes hids a sinner till his wickedness is filled up."²

"The Ancient Customs of Harvard College established by the Government of it" bore hard on the Freshmen, who were little better than the fags of an English Public School.

"No Freshmen," we read, "shall wear his hat in the College Yard, unless it rains, hails, or snows, provided he be on foot and have not both his hands full.

"No Freshman shall speak to a Senior with his hat on.

"All Freshmen . . . shall be obliged to go on any errand for any of his Seniors, graduates or undergraduates, at any time, except in studying hours, or after nine o'clock in the evening.

"A Senior Sophister has authority to take a Freshman from

¹The precincts of a university, known as the Yard in Harvard, are in most American universities called the *Campus*.

²Governor Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation* (Mass. Hist. Soc. 4th S. III. 396).

a Sophomore, a Middle Bachelor from a Junior Sophister, a Master from a Senior, and any Governor of the College from a Master.

“When any person knocks at a Freshman’s door except in studying time, he shall immediately open the door, without inquiring who is there.

“The Freshmen shall furnish batts, balls and foot-balls for the use of the students, to be kept at the Buttery.

“The Sophomores shall publish these customs to the Freshmen in the Chapel, whenever ordered by any in the Government of the College, at which time the Freshmen are required to keep their places in their seats, and attend with decency to the reading.”¹

The unfortunate Freshman with a Senior Sophister calling to him from one quarter, a Sophomore from a second, a Middle Bachelor from a third, a Junior Sophister from a fourth, a Master from a fifth, a Governor of the College from a sixth, must have been far more distracted even than Francis in Shakespeare’s *Henry IV.*, of whom the stage-direction says: “The drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.”

Others beside the Freshmen were made to show respect for their superiors by going bareheaded in their presence. “No undergraduate shall wear his hat in the College Yard, when any of the Governors of the College are there; and no Bachelor shall wear his hat when the President is there.”

A Fellow of St. John’s College, describing Oxford at about the same period, says: “The principal thing required is external respect from the Juniors, however ignorant or unworthy a Senior Fellow may be, yet the slightest disrespect is treated as the greatest crime of which an academic can be guilty.”²

¹ Quincy’s *Harvard*, II. 539.

² Boswell’s *Life of Johnson*, III. 13, n. 3.

For these regulations about hats the republican spirit of Harvard, quickened, if not called forth by the Revolution, became too strong. About the beginning of the present century formal permission was given to the students to wear their hats in the Yard, no matter who might be present.¹ As regards the custom of going bareheaded, a singular change has taken place in Oxford. In my undergraduate days every one wore his college cap in the quadrangle, even though he had not on his gown. About twenty years ago men began to go about bareheaded inside their college gate, even though their gowns were on their shoulders. Gradually the *liberties*, if I may use the old term, of each college were curiously extended. One day I noticed an undergraduate in his gown walking bareheaded in the Broad Street. I was told that, beyond all doubt, he was a Balliol man; as Balliol men assume that all the street in front of their College belongs to Balliol, in spite of the impertinence of the citizens who claim and maintain a right of way. In like manner a Queen's College man walks bareheaded across the High Street to the Schools.²

The rule at Harvard which required a Freshman at once to open his door on hearing a knock deprived youth of one of its highest satisfactions. How great was our pride when, for the first time in our lives, we felt that in our case an Englishman's house was his castle; when we closed our inner and our outer door and knew that, whoever might knock, law and custom alike justified us in remaining silent and secluded.³ It is with regret I learn that this good old custom in some colleges has

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 278.

² The building in which the examinations are held.

³ The outer door is solidly made, and opening outward, and having no handle, cannot be forced without the greatest violence. To close it was, and I suppose is still called in college slang, "to sport one's oak."

passed away, and that in them no undergraduate, of whatever standing he may be, presumes to close his outer door. Bores and idlers have gained the day. All their tediousness they can now bestow on their neighbours.

In 1760 the Corporation passed a law which would have greatly limited fagging; but it was vetoed by the overseers.¹ Judge Story says that this bad custom was dying out when he entered Harvard in 1794. "I believe," he adds, "my own Class was the first that was not compelled, at the command of the Senior Class, to perform the drudgery of the most humble services." "My father," writes the Judge's son, "was very active in this reform. He invited his own fag to his room, treated him with cordiality, and made him his friend."² Fagging subsided into what is known in American colleges as *hazing*—horse-play, more or less brutal, to which Freshmen are subjected. "President Quincy,"³ writes Professor Peabody, "laboured persistently to establish it as a rule that the students of Harvard College should be held amenable to the civil authority for crimes against the law of the land, even though committed within academic precincts. The habits of the students were rude, and outrages, involving not only large destruction of property, but peril of life—as, for instance, the blowing up of public rooms in inhabited buildings—were occurring every year. Mr. Quincy was sustained by the Governing Boards, but encountered an untold amount of hostility and obloquy from the students, their friends, and the outside public. He persevered, and gradually won over the best public opinion to his view. The principle is still admitted, and I cannot but think that it ought to be practically recognized with

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 134.

² *Life of Joseph Story*, I. 49.

³ President of Harvard from 1829 to 1845.

regard to all forms of misconduct that are punishable outside of the college walls. While the detestable practice of hazing was rife, crimes that were worthy of the penitentiary were of frequent occurrence, resulting in some cases in driving a persecuted Freshman from college ; in many instances, in serious and lasting injury ; and once, at least, in fatal illness. The usual college penalty punished the parents alone. The suspended¹ student was escorted in triumph on his departure and his return, and was the hero of his class for the residue of his college life. I remember an instance in which a timid Freshman had his room forcibly entered at midnight, his valuables stolen, and a bucket of cold water poured upon him as he lay trembling in his bed. Had the perpetrators of that crime been certain that, in case of detection, they would be indicted for burglary, and punished by a year or two of imprisonment, they would no more readily have broken into a Freshman's room than into a jeweller's shop." ²

If this was the treatment that awaited the Freshman, the tears of fathers, mothers, and sisters, in the midst of which he left home, as described in *Fair Harvard*, are not surprising. It was, with good reason, Launce over again — "my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity."

It would not be amiss if in our own universities the worst forms of outrage were made amenable to the civil authority. The drunken boating-men, who, only two summers ago, broke into one of the Oxford colleges, and in a wild riot laid property waste, would have been more fitly punished by a jail than by a money penalty. The heavy fine that was inflicted on the

¹ Rusticated.

² *Harvard Reminiscences*, p. 31.

ringleader was raised by a subscription among the undergraduates of the very College which he had outraged. He, not to be wanting in magnanimity, presented its Boating Club with a silver bowl. What but a prison should have been the fate of the Christ Church men, who, some years earlier, broke into the Library, and brought from it an ancient statue which they cast into a bonfire? In another large College, of late years men have more than once shown themselves the fellows of the ruffians who not long ago carried terror into the West End of London. Ruffianism, wherever found, whether in the courts of a college or in the streets of a town, should meet with the same stern treatment. Indulged, or feebly treated, it may, in our ancient universities, lead to some terrible disaster — to loss of life or destruction by fire of some noble and venerable building.

In Oxford, as in Harvard, “the suspended student” — the rusticated undergraduate — is sometimes escorted in triumph on his departure. A few years ago a ridiculous scene was witnessed in Broad Street — a long procession of thirty or forty cabs, following, at a foot-pace, some great but luckless hero, who, for a season, was exiled from his University.

“Hazing” — to use the American term — in its less brutal form is not unknown at the present day in Oxford. In every college this rude horse-play may break out from time to time, and in some few within the last forty years it has, for short periods, been carried to a shameful height. Those, however, who have suffered from it are few indeed compared with the whole mass of undergraduates. In my own College I can recall but one solitary instance of persecution. The victim was singularly unfit for a university. Even in a Quakers’ College he would have been made a butt. Though “hazing” is still rife

in many American universities, it has died out in Harvard. With "window-smashing and disturbing a lecture-room, it is," writes Professor G. H. Palmer, "a thing of the past."¹ It was in the autumn of 1878 that the last man was hazed.

During my stay in Cambridge there was a slight revival of a custom which seemed to have almost passed away. On the first Monday of the academic year, known as "Bloody Monday" in many American colleges, it has been the habit for the Sophomores — the second year's men — to "rush" the Freshmen. Between these two classes there exists, why I know not, "an instinctive antagonism." At Oxford there is nothing that exactly corresponds to the American Sophomore, "a being who at best has his peculiarities," and is full of "a sense of self-sufficiency."² Our second year's men are in no way a peculiar people. The peculiarities and self-sufficiency would be more commonly found in the Freshmen, at all events in their second or third term. So great at Harvard used to be the antagonism between the two classes that to the timid Freshman this first Monday was a night of "terrors and torments."³ The more daring met their enemies openly in the Yard. Each set formed in ranks, nine rows deep, with arms locked. On the signal being given, they met together in a rush. In the scuffle bloody noses were sometimes given, clothes torn, and hats carried off as lawful booty. The Freshmen were let to know that there was no surer way of gaining admittance into some of the more exclusive clubs than by a display of prowess on this great night. A pair of black eyes, heroically earned, would have made their proud possessor welcomed with acclamation. As the Harvard

¹ *The New Education*, by G. H. Palmer, Boston, 1887, p. 28.

² *The New Education*, p. 88.

³ *An Historical Sketch*, etc., by W. R. Thayer, p. 50.

Yard is not enclosed by a wall, rough fellows from outside, when once the tumult began, could easily take part in it. Last year, after a long interval of peace, these hostile lines were once more formed, though neither was the combat waged with the high spirit of old, nor were more than a small number out of the two classes engaged. I was told by a student that a knot of outsiders had been seen waiting, who no doubt at once joined in. He added that a force of twenty policemen had been present, who had "batoned" the undergraduates. The twenty, I learnt, had grown by rumour out of five. These five had been kept out of sight, but when neither Sophomores nor Freshmen would disperse on the repeated summons of the Proctor who had the charge of order that night, they were called out and were ordered to make some arrests. Two students were taken to the Police Station, followed by a great crowd. The prisoners, as so often happens in such a case, proved to be very quiet youths and were soon set free. The police had perhaps shown some of that wisdom which Dogberry enjoins, and had only seized those who would stand when they were bidden.

The regulations about dress last century, though somewhat minute, were far less troublesome and absurd than those which were enforced at Oxford. There was none of that elaborate dressing of the hair which, in each college, kept the junior members in a constraint almost as ignoble as if they had been set in the stocks. They had to pass under the College barber's hands at least two hours before the early dinner — the Seniors coming last. When once they had been pomatomed and powdered exercise was impossible. "A man might be a drunkard, a debauchee, and yet long escape the Proctor's animadversion: but no virtue could protect you if you walked on Christ

Church meadow or on the High Street with a band tied too low, or with no band at all ; with a pig-tail, or with a green or scarlet coat.”¹ In 1786, five years after this description of Oxford life was written, the Governing Boards of Harvard prescribed a uniform. What the colour and form should be was minutely set forth. Classes were to be distinguished by frogs on the cuffs and buttonholes. Silk was prohibited and home manufactures were recommended.² Full forty years later these rules were to some extent enforced. “In 1824 undergraduates were required to wear a uniform consisting entirely of black cloth and a black or white cravat. The coat had an ornament worked on the cuff of the sleeve in black silk braid which was called a ‘crow’s foot.’ A Sophomore wore one of these badges, a Junior two, and a Senior three.”³ In 1829 the waistcoat had to be of “black-mixed or black ; or, when of cotton or linen fabric, of white.” Sumner, who, in spite of admonition, persisted in wearing one of buff-colour, “was summoned several times to appear before the Parietal Board⁴ for disobedience ; but to no purpose. Wearied with the controversy the Board at length yielded. There is a memorandum on his College bill for the first term of his junior year—‘Admonition for illegal dress.’”⁵ It was perhaps in commemoration of his triumph over authority that, seventeen years later, when he delivered his famous oration before the Harvard Phi Beta Society, he appeared in a buff waistcoat.

¹ Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, III. 13, n. 4.

² Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 277.

³ *Life of B. R. Curtis*, 1879, I. 23.

⁴ “The Proctors, and the officers of instruction who reside in the University building, or in buildings to which the superintendence of the University extends, constitute the Parietal Board.” — *Catalogue*, p. 32.

⁵ *Life of Charles Sumner*, I. 52.

In Harvard down to the present time there has been little of that pleasant friendly intercourse between tutor and undergraduate which so commonly exists at Oxford. Much as our two great universities suffer as places of learning and even of instruction from the college system, for most of the purposes of social life they are admirably adapted. The unmarried Fellows living in College, commonly on the same staircases as the undergraduates, are not the strangers to them that the Professors are in Harvard. Even the married Fellows and tutors often retain a set of rooms where they can receive their guests. They have the use also of the Common Room for all purposes of hospitality. The College kitchen is at their service as well as the College cook and the ancient College plate. The Oxford breakfast-parties used to be proverbial for their pleasantness, though in these busier days they are giving way to luncheons. At such gatherings in a Fellow's rooms I have in late years often met with great pleasure half a dozen undergraduates, and in their bright looks recalled "the happy morning of life and of May," when all the world lay at our feet. The friendliness of the relations between tutor and undergraduate has greatly increased of late years. In my time we scarcely came across our tutors save in the Lecture Room. On Degree Days, however, the Dean gave a formal breakfast to all who were taking their degree, and to a few undergraduates besides. The meal was abundant and good. For that brief hour our host dropped the don as far as he could, and assumed somewhat of the air of a man of the world. He addressed us with friendly familiarity. "Jones, may I send you some of this chicken? Smith, will you help yourself to some brawn? Oxford, you know, is famous for its brawn." If there were any present who were taking the Master's degree,

the party broke up in time for them to read aloud the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church in the presence of the Dean, and to signify their assent and consent to them. Unless this were done the degree could not be conferred. I remember how a friend of mine, now a learned Canon, arrived so late at the breakfast that there was scarcely time for him to read the Articles, and none to swallow a single mouthful. The good-natured Dean bade him begin to read as hard as he could and go on till his breath failed him, when he himself would take up the wondrous tale, to be relieved in his turn. In this way, riding and tying as it were, they scampered through the whole Thirty-nine Articles just in time. When two hours after breakfast we returned to the same room and to the same table, though alas! very differently spread, for it was covered with books, the change was chilling. "Mr. Smith, you were not at my lecture yesterday." "Mr. Jones, I hardly think your rendering of that passage would satisfy the examiners." The Master of the College now and then invited a few favoured youths to breakfast or dinner. I remember how the great man, as some sparkling perry was poured out, impressively told us that her Majesty's judges, whom as Vice-Chancellor he had lately entertained, preferred it to champagne. He was a Canon of Gloucester as well as Master of Pembroke, and in the great orchard country had learnt the excellence of perry. The very best, such as we were drinking, cost him but two shillings a bottle, whereas for his champagne he paid ten. I sincerely hope, out of regard to the character of a man who from a Canon became a Dean, and from a Dean a Bishop, that he did not exaggerate his wine-merchant's prices. He certainly told us that the judges' preference of his perry saved him eight shillings a bottle.

Far more formal were the dinners given in those days by the Provost of Oriel. It was not till the morning of the solemn day that he issued his invitations. All were expected to attend, whatever may have been their engagements. His invitations were of the nature of the Queen's — they were veiled commands. The Junior Fellow, who received no longer notice than the undergraduates, took the bottom of the table. When the cloth was cleared away and the dessert set out, the Provost solemnly addressed him. "Mr. Robinson, may I have the pleasure of taking a glass of wine with you, and Mr. Brown [turning to the undergraduate on his right] will you join?" After a pause he challenged in like manner the guest on his left, joining with him the second on his right. In this manner he slowly and solemnly travelled down both sides of the table. In the drawing-room no undergraduate might sit down in his awful presence. One evening a young sprig of the nobility was daring enough to take a chair. The Provost at once came up as if to engage him in conversation, whereupon the youth rose. A man-servant, who had been well-trained in his duty, straightway removed the chair.

This kind of formality is a thing of the past in Oxford. Some few traces of it may still linger, but for the most part between old and young there is familiarity and friendliness. In one of the Colleges, on a Sunday evening, I have now and then attended a large Literary Society, held sometimes in a tutor's rooms, sometimes in an undergraduate's, where over tea, coffee, and tobacco all meet on friendly terms with no inequality but such as naturally comes from greater age and greater knowledge. How unlike this free and familiar life is to the restrained and distant relations which, too commonly though not always, exist at Harvard between teachers and

students is shown by a passage in an article in the *Harvard Monthly*.¹ Last September, at the beginning of the academic year, the President and the Professors for the first time gave a kind of reception to the Freshmen.

“The manner in which the Class of '97² was received this year [writes the editor] showed very plainly the existence of a new policy in the conduct of the University. Heretofore a Freshman entered college with almost no idea of his responsibilities, or, indeed, of his advantages. He did not come into contact with the Faculty, unless, perhaps, it was in consultation with the Dean on some matters of entrance examinations. He had no knowledge of those who directed the academic life of his surroundings. The Faculty was something to be avoided as disagreeable and, in most ways, useless. He knew nothing of the eminent scholars from whom he might derive benefit, since his instructors were simply his taskmasters, who, after all, could do but little if his daily tale of bricks was found incomplete. Thus he was shut off from one side of undergraduate life. Perhaps it was years before he saw his one-sidedness; possibly he went on during his entire college career with an idea that courses were bad because they emanated from a Faculty which he had never known except as his stern, and hence disagreeable, censors. All this has of late undergone a radical change. The schoolboy who became a member of Harvard College last month had the privilege of meeting his governors on grounds of social freedom which have been heretofore unknown. His duties and opportunities were clearly set before him by representative men, scholars, and athletes;

¹ October, 1893, p. 37.

² The Freshmen of 1893 are known as the class of 1897, because it is in that year that they will graduate.

he was formally welcomed by the President, and started upon his college career with the feeling that the Faculty of Arts and Sciences was composed of most delightful men, neither so stern nor so stupid as he had expected. Authority must be seen to be respected. An emperor that absents himself from his people's sight will find but little loyalty among his subjects when he may be pleased to show himself. In former years the Faculty have held more or less aloof from a visible participation in college interests, and the respect for their authority has declined in proportion as they have so acted. Fortunately, however, we seem to have just witnessed the beginning of a new policy, which will doubtless tend to weld more closely together the various parts of our University." I am told that there is a good deal of exaggeration in this account, and that not a few of the Professors are on terms of friendly social intercourse with many of their pupils.

Professor Peabody, writing of Harvard as he first knew it sixty years ago, says: "Though no student dared to go to a tutor's room by daylight, it was no uncommon thing for one to come furtively in the evening to ask his teacher's aid in some difficult problem or demonstration. The students certainly considered the Faculty as their natural enemies. There existed between the two parties very little of kindly intercourse, and that little generally secret. It was regarded as a high crime by his class for a student to enter a recitation-room [lecture-room] before the ringing of the bell, or to remain to ask a question of the instructor; even one who was uniformly first in the class-room would have had his way to Coventry made easy. The Professors performed police duty as occasion seemed to demand."¹ For a youth to be intimate with the tutors in

¹ *Harvard Reminiscences*, pp. 183, 200.

Judge Story's time "would have exposed him to the imputation of being what in technical language was called a 'fisherman' — a rank and noxious character in college annals."¹ That in those days this ill-will existed is not surprising, for the discipline of Harvard, in one respect, was more like that of a French boarding-school than of a university. "The 'grouping' of students used to be a penal offence, two having been a sufficient number to constitute a group; while in at least one instance an extra-zealous Proctor reported a solitary student as evidently waiting to be joined by another, and thus offering himself as a nucleus for a group."² Even in Vienna, under the rule of the Hapsburgs, a group cannot be formed, I believe, unless there are five people gathered together. Four may stop in the street and talk about the weather, without much risk of being meddled with. Professor Peabody describes how in 1832 he and another tutor "had the chief charge of the police in the College Yard. The rooms of the tutors and proctors were at that time fully furnished by the College, and dark-lanterns were among the essential items of furniture. Bonfires had been of frequent occurrence in the Yard. The fires were made of wood from the students' own wood-piles. [The bonfires in an Oxford quadrangle are too often made of chairs and tables not brought from the rooms of those who make the fire.] The chief object of these fires was to bring out the *posse* of parietal officers in chase of the moving groups, that scattered when they approached, and dodged the dark-lantern when the slide was removed. We determined to direct our attention to the fire, and not to the students. We pulled the ignited sticks apart; and when the fire was thus arrested we conveyed the fuel to our own rooms. After two or three

¹ *Life of Joseph Story*, I. 50.

² *Harvard Reminiscences*, p. 207.

experiments, the students grew tired of furnishing kindling-wood to their teachers; and the wonted blaze and outcry ceased for the rest of the year.”¹

To bridge the distance which even in late years has existed between teachers and pupils, between old and young, one reception at the beginning of the academic year can do but little. It is a sign, however, of a better day. I wish some generous and wealthy benefactor would rise, some hospitable man who knows how much a pleasant meal removes awe and gives us “suppler souls,” who would provide Harvard with a Hall for the Professors, Assistant-Professors, Tutors, and Instructors, a noble kitchen, a good cellar, a stock of old wine, and half a dozen Common Rooms. Perhaps, large though the staff is, one Common Room would suffice at first, till the art of using it had been acquired. Two or three of the most promising young men might be sent over to Oxford for a year to study social life. They would see how even the married Professors and tutors share in it, dining at least once a week in College. No man thinks himself too old to dine in hall. The generous hospitality of the place brings the men of the different colleges together. The stranger too shares in it, and sees a side of academic life which is found only in England. He dines in a noble hall, adorned by the portraits of former students who, in one way or another, had gained distinction in the world; from the chair on which he sits he looks down upon the rows of tables filled with men all in the freshness of youth; as all stand up for the Latin grace he notices the picturesque gowns, which by their shape mark the different ranks of those who wear them. After dinner he is taken to a Common Room dark with oaken wainscot—the room perhaps where James

¹ *Harvard Reminiscences*, p. 170.

the Second's arbitrary court was held, and where Addison, perhaps, first learnt to like that wine which shortened his days, and enabled him, at the early age of forty-seven, to show his step-son "how a Christian can die." If it was in Addison's College that our stranger dines, he may have noticed a lad perched on a stool in a corner, close behind the President's chair. It is a little chorister, ready to chant grace if he is called on; in any case to be rewarded with a slice of pudding. In my College the signal for grace used to be given by three blows struck with one small piece of board on another — three blows, no doubt, in honour of the Trinity. The custom has been allowed to die out. "I have always noticed," wrote the antiquary Hearne, on hearing pan-cake bell on Shrove Tuesday ring at eleven o'clock instead of at half-past ten, "that when laudable old customs are changed learning decays." Happily, in the present case, this observation has not been verified. Everywhere in Oxford the stranger finds something that is curious — something unlike all that he has ever seen before. Such customs cannot be transplanted, they must grow. No university can exclaim "Go to; I will be venerable." Let Harvard once get two or three Common Rooms built, and hospitable customs will begin slowly to form. In these rooms the teachers of the University will be able, not only to entertain their friends and the chance-comer, but also to meet their pupils "*sine ulla solemnitate*" in friendly gatherings. In Oxford the Common Room is often borrowed by one of the Fellows for a private party. How pleasant are the breakfasts and lunches that are given! At one of them I had the honour to meet the widow and the son of President Garfield. It is nearly sixty years since Longfellow recorded in his *Journal*: "Exhibition. Everett presides with dignity, but

cannot always lay hold of his collegiate cap in the right place. Did not dine with the College ; I have not for a long time, and shall not till they have a proper dining-room and service.”¹

The strictness of the discipline, added to the indifferent quality of the “ Commons,” often led to rebellions. The restless spirit of the age no doubt favoured insubordination ; for of the more famous of these outbreaks the earliest took place in 1768, a few years before the Revolution. When once the fashion was established, it was likely to be kept up in time of general tranquillity. It went on at least as late as 1841. In 1768, “ the tutors’ windows were broken with brickbats and their lives endangered.” Three students were expelled. But so weak were both the Corporation and the overseers that within a few months their punishment was remitted, mainly, if not entirely, because “ many who have been great friends and benefactors to the Society have condescended to intercede in their behalf.” The aged President Holyoke, as his last official act, entered on the records of both Boards his protest against this unworthy conduct.²

At the Harvard rebellion of 1768 “ the scholars met in a body under and about a great tree to which they gave the name of the Tree of Liberty.”³ I do not know whether an earlier instance can be found of those Trees of Liberty which, in little more than twenty years, were to become notorious in France. This Harvard tree some years after was either blown down or cut down. Another Liberty Tree was soon chosen ; it is still standing and plays a great part every Class Day. It has long ceased to be revolutionary and is recognized by authority.

¹ *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, II. 37.

² Quincy’s *Harvard*, II. 116.

³ *An Historical Sketch*, etc., by W. R. Thayer, p. 51.

Professor E. T. Channing, whose admirable lectures in English kept his pupils generally free from the extravagances of the Edward Everett School, "was not [we are told] graduated in course, as he was involved in the famous rebellion of 1807, one of the few in which the students seem, on the whole, not to have been in the wrong." On this Professor Peabody remarks: "I object to this statement as not broad enough. I am inclined to think that in College Rebellions the students were always in the right as to principle, though injudicious in their modes of actualizing principle. There was not one of those rebellions in which the leaders were not among the foremost in their respective classes, in character no less than in scholarship. There were traditional maxims and methods of college jurisprudence to which the professional mind had become hardened, which to unsophisticated youth justly seemed at variance with natural right; and there was no form of collective protest that they could make which was not deemed rebellion in such a sense that they were compelled either to recant or to leave college under censure. College rebellions have become impossible because the rights of the students are now fully recognized, their sense of honour held sacred, their protests and complaints considered carefully and kindly."¹

Channing, if as a rebel he was not allowed to graduate, as a man of letters had an honorary degree conferred on him twelve years later. In the cases of other men the College showed its leniency or its penitence. In 1823, thirty-seven students, who had protested against an act of tyrannical discipline, were refused their degree. Many years later the ordinary degree was given them.

There was one rebellion which Professor Peabody must have

¹ *Harvard Reminiscences*, p. 84.

witnessed in which the students do not seem to have been in the right, even as to principle. Longfellow wrote on July 5, 1841: "You have probably seen by the papers that we have had a rebellion in College. It lasted, however, only two days. All is again quiet and orderly. There was never a more silly and boyish outbreak, nor one with less cause. Two students have been expelled, and six dismissed from College."¹

¹ *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, I. 379. "Dismission closes a student's connection with the University, without necessarily precluding his return." — *Harvard Catalogue*, p. 32.

CHAPTER V.

Odd Characters. — Changes of Names of Places. — Commencement Day. — Lafayette. — Russian Naval Officers. — Oxford Commemoration. — The Association of the Alumni. — The Classes. — The After-dinner Speeches.

STORIES are handed down, in Harvard, of presidents and professors much as they are in Oxford. I have been told that the late Master of Balliol sometimes unconsciously amused a party of undergraduates whom he was entertaining at breakfast by telling anecdotes of the Master of his early days, which among his young guests were current about himself. An old Fellow of a college, after he had sat musing for a while, said to a friend: "When you and I were young, there were so many odd characters about the University. How is it that there are none now?" "We are the odd characters," his friend replied. I hope that Harvard of the present day can boast of its odd characters. It is only a brand-new university, just turned fresh out of the hands of a millionaire, that should have none. That there were some of old in the American Cambridge is shown by Professor Peabody in his lively *Reminiscences*. There was Professor Popkin who "was not without a nickname which he accepted as a matter of course from the students; but hearing it on one occasion from a young man of dapper, jaunty, unacademic aspect, he said to a friend who was standing with him, 'What right has that man to call me *Old Pop*?' He was never a member of Harvard

College.'"¹ Longfellow, going one day to the Episcopal Church in Cambridge, the church which Washington attended, saw there, "Popkin, standing hoary-headed, red-faced, with a narrow-caped, blue greatcoat, looking very much like a beadle, and dragging along his heavy vocables considerably in the rear of the rest of the congregation."² Lowell describes his "great silver spectacles of the heroic period, such as scarce twelve noses of these degenerate days could bear."³ "Imagine," writes Professor Goodwin, "the venerable Dr. Popkin stepping calmly out of his door on the West Cambridge road, and waving his historic umbrella to stop an electric car as it goes whizzing by."⁴ There was also Professor Hedge who had written a work on Logic, and, according to popular report, was in the habit of saying to his class: "It took me fourteen years, with the assistance of the adult members of my family, to write this book; and I am sure that you cannot do better than to employ the precise words of the learned author."⁵

President Kirkland, "a jolly little man," as Longfellow describes him,⁶ seems to have been a wit. In his day the dogma of "the perseverance of the saints" was hotly discussed, the dogma, that is to say, that a man who has once been brought to a state of grace can never fall from it. "When a country deacon called on the President for advice about a quarrel that had sprung up in his church concerning

¹ *Harvard Reminiscences*, p. 45. This same story, I am told, is now current of William Everett while he was Tutor about twenty years ago. His nickname was *Piggy*.

² *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, II. 132.

³ *Literary Essays*, by J. R. Lowell, 1890, I. 91.

⁴ *The Present and Future of Harvard College*, p. 6.

⁵ *Ib.* p. 38.

⁶ *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, I. 71.

this dogma, he replied: 'Here in Boston we have no difficulty on that score; what troubles us here is the perseverance of the sinners.'"¹ Lowell, in his *Cambridge Thirty Years Ago*,² gives a pleasant account of the kindly old fellow. "This life was good enough for him, and the next not too good. The gentlemanlike pervaded even his prayers. His were not the manners of a man of the world, nor of a man of the other world either; but both met in him to balance each other in a beautiful equilibrium. Praying, he leaned forward upon the pulpit-cushion, as for conversation, and seemed to feel himself (without irreverence) on terms of friendly, but courteous familiarity with heaven." He knew well how to deal with undergraduates. "Hearing that Porter's flip (which was exemplary) had too great an attraction for the collegians, he resolved to investigate the matter himself. Accordingly, entering the old inn one day, he called for a mug of it, and having drunk it, said, 'And so, Mr. Porter, the young gentlemen come to drink your flip, do they?' 'Yes, sir,—sometimes.' 'Ah, well, I should think they would. Good day, Mr. Porter,' and departed saying nothing more; for he always wisely allowed for the existence of a certain amount of human nature in ingenuous youth. At another time the 'Harvard Washington [Corps]' asked leave to go into Boston to a collocation which had been offered them. 'Certainly, young gentlemen,' said the President, 'but have you engaged any one to bring home your muskets?' — the College being responsible for these weapons, which belonged to the State."

Prescott, writing to his father about his matriculation examination, lets us see what a kindly man Kirkland was.

¹ *Harvard Reminiscences*, p. 71.

² *Literary Essays*, by J. R. Lowell, 1890, I. 83.

"When we were first ushered into the presence of the President and Professors, they looked like so many judges of the Inquisition. We were ordered down into the parlour, almost frightened out of our wits, to be examined by each separately; but we soon found them quite a pleasant sort of chaps. The President sent us down a good dish of pears, and treated us very much like gentlemen. Professor Ware examined us in *Grotius de veritate*. We found him very good-natured, for I happened to ask him a question in theology, which made him laugh so that he was obliged to cover his face with his hands."¹ The good dish of pears must have been a pleasant break to a long day. Professor Peabody, who entered Harvard twelve years later, says that the entrance examination "began at six in the morning, and, with a half-hour's intermission for dinner, lasted till sunset. Each of thirteen College officers took a section, and passed it over to the next, and so on, until it had gone the entire round."²

Kirkland's memory is preserved in Cambridge by one of those changes which are always to be regretted. "I am come to anchor in Professors' Row,"³ wrote Lowell. It is in vain that the literary pilgrim looks for Professors' Row. This pleasant road has long been known as Kirkland Street. It is not a street according to our use of the word. In America, country roads, though every house along them stands alone in its own grounds, are known as streets. To call them roads, as is now sometimes done, is looked upon as an affected imitation of the English. If any change has to be made *avenue* is the word. Even Longfellow wanted to give a new name to the pleasant road in which he lived. In his *Journal*

¹ *Life of W. H. Prescott*, p. 13.

² *Harvard Reminiscences*, p. 93.

³ *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, I. 300.

he records: "Wrote a petition to have the name of our street changed from Brattle to Vassall."¹ The fine old mansion in which the poet passed the greater part of his life had been built by a stubborn Tory, Colonel John Vassall, who, when the Revolution broke out, went to England, and erased from his coat-of-arms the motto, *Semper pro Republica sæpe pro rege*.² Had the change been made more would have been lost than gained, for the old name of the street awakens ancient memories. "All old Cambridge people," writes Dr. Holmes, "know the Brattle House, with its gambrel roof, its tall trees, its perennial spring, its legendary fame of good fare and hospitable board in the days of the kindly old *bon vivant*, Major Brattle. In this house, Motley lived during a part of his College course."³ Still more ancient memories hang round the name. There was a Thomas Brattle who graduated at Harvard in 1676, and by his will left "half a crown to every student belonging to the College who should attend his funeral." He did not share in the Puritans' hatred of instrumental music in churches; for he bequeathed his organ to the church in Brattle Street, "if it should procure a sober person that can play skilfully thereon with a loud noise." If the gift on this condition were refused, then it was to go to the Church of England in Boston, and if it were again refused, it was to be offered to Harvard.⁴ "We change our names," wrote Lowell, "as readily as thieves, to the great detriment of all historical association."⁵

Of President Quincy, who laboured so hard to uphold the discipline of the College, Professor Peabody writes: "He

¹ *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, II. 94.

² *Ib.* I. 259.

³ *J. L. Motley*, by O. W. Holmes, p. 13.

⁴ Quincy's *Harvard*, I. 411.

⁵ *Literary Essays*, 1890, I. 54.

seldom remembered a face, and when a student — even one sent for but a few minutes before — entered his study, he was encountered by the question, ‘What’s your name?’ So much was this his habit, that if it so happened in a rare instance that he did recognize a countenance, he was more likely than not to say, ‘Well, Brown, what’s your name?’”¹ Early in 1861, the old gentleman who, yielding to age, had resigned his office sixteen years earlier, in defiance of the severity of a New England spring, and of the eighty-nine winters which he had borne, was a guest of the famous Saturday Club of Boston — the Club of Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Agassiz, Lowell, Motley, Sumner, Dana, and Holmes, the Club of which Lowell wrote from London, at the very time that he was the American Minister to England: “I have never seen society, on the whole, so good as I used to meet at our Saturday Club.”² Of this dinner in 1861 Longfellow recorded in his *Journal*: “At the Club old President Quincy was our guest, and was very pleasant and wise.”³ He lived three years longer. When he died Sumner, who in his undergraduate days had been under him at Harvard, wrote of him: “Few lives have been so completely filled and rounded as his, always industrious, faithful, true, and noble.”⁴

That New England was settled by men trained in a university, and not by a set of eager, pushing adventurers, is shown both by the early foundation of Harvard College, and also by the solemnity with which from the beginning Commencement was kept. Only thirteen years after Boston was settled, and twenty-two years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, the long series of these annual celebrations began

¹ *Harvard Reminiscences*, p. 33.

² *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, II. 307.

³ *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, II. 361.

⁴ *Life of Charles Sumner*, IV. 202.

in the American Cambridge, which, broken only by war and pestilence, still runs on, and is likely to run on "till the stock of the Puritans die."

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Before the close of the seventeenth century the day was kept in all the country round as the great holiday of the Puritan Commonwealth. What was sourly refused to Christmas was willingly granted to Commencement. Every one streamed out of Boston across the Charles River or up it in boats. The Governor, escorted by his body-guard, came in state. On the Common in front of the College, a fair was held. The festivities of the day before long turned to license. Feasts were given by the graduating students in rooms, where "distilled liquours" were drunk. The use of strong drink was sometimes forbidden by the Governing Bodies, though forbidden in vain. Sometimes it was tolerated. One easy-going Board, who, perhaps through the unwonted strength of their heads, had made the great discovery "that punch, as it is now usually made, is no intoxicating liquor," allowed the students "to entertain one another and strangers with it," provided it was done "in a sober manner." In the use of "plumb-cake" the excesses were so great that so early as 1693 the Corporation passed a vote that, "having been informed that the custom taken up in the College, not used in any other universities, for the commencers [members of the graduating class] to have *plumb-cake*, is dishonourable to the College, not grateful to wise men, and chargeable to the parents of the commencers [the Corporation], do therefore put an end to that custom, and do hereby order that no commencer, or other scholar, shall have any such cakes in their

studies or chambers; and that if any scholar shall offend therein, the cakes shall be taken from him, and he shall moreover pay to the College twenty shillings for each such offence."

By 1722 a second ordinance was needed; for, so far from "the plumb-cake" having been given up, to it had been added "roasted, boyled, baked meats and pyes." Some artful youths "went about to evade the Act by plain cake." A third ordinance was passed five years later, which refused any who should henceforth so transgress their degree.¹

The disorders both inside and outside the College grew to such a head, that an attempt was made to put a check on them by keeping secret the day on which Commencement should be held. The general outcry was, however, too strong for the Corporation to resist, and the old arrangement was soon resumed. Even the very pulpits must have sounded against them, for, according to Lowell, "the one great holiday of the clergy of Massachusetts was Commencement, which they punctually attended."² "In 1749 three gentlemen who had sons about to be graduated, offered to give the College a thousand pounds³ provided 'a trial was made of Commencements this year in a more private manner.'" The Corporation, mindful of the lack of funds, were for acquiescing, but the Overseers would consent to no breach in the old custom.⁴

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, I. 386 ; II. 95 ; *An Historical Sketch*, p. 54.

² *Harvard University, 250th Anniversary*, 1887, p. 211.

³ "The currency of account in New England, subsequent to 1652, was termed *lawful money*. It was one-quarter less in value than English currency of account." Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 231. One thousand pounds was therefore equal to seven hundred and fifty pounds of English money.

⁴ *Ib.* I. 396 ; II. 92.

During the War of the Revolution, Commencement was not kept; but when the celebrations were resumed they became more popular than ever. In Boston even the Custom House and the banks were closed on the great day. Professor Peabody, describing the College as it was when he entered it seventy years ago, says: "The entire Common, then an unenclosed dust-plain, was completely covered on Commencement Day, and the night preceding and following it, with drinking-stands, dancing-booths, mountebank shows, and gambling-tables; and I have never heard such a horrid din, tumult, and jargon of oath, shout, scream, fiddle, quarrelling, and drunkenness as on those two nights. By such summary methods as but few other men could have employed, Mr. Quincy, at the outset of his presidency [1829], swept the Common clear; and during his entire administration the public days of the College were kept free from rowdyism."¹ That Harvard "in its birth and purpose was a religious institution," strangely enough added to the disorder. "Pious citizens of Boston used to send their slaves to Commencement for their religious instruction and edification. But the negroes soon found that they could spend their holidays more to their satisfaction, if not more to the good of their souls, on the outside than in the interior of the meeting-house. At length Commencement came to be the great gala-day of the year for the coloured people in and about Boston, who were, by no means, such quiet and orderly citizens as their representatives now are, while their comparative number was much greater."² It was as if in Oxford, Commemoration and St. Giles Fair — one of the last left us of the great English fairs — were held on the same day.

¹ *Harvard Reminiscences*, p. 59.

² *Ib.* p. 26.

Close to the Common where this scene of riot was going on, and facing the College gates, stands the First Parish Church, parted by its graveyard alone from the Episcopalian Church where Washington had his pew.

“Like sentinel and nun they keep
Their vigil on the green :
One seems to guard and one to weep
The dead that lie between.”

In this old church, for a century and a half, the Commencement exercises were held and the degrees were conferred. From the College a procession was formed, which is thus described as it was seen in 1725: “The Bachelors of Arts walked first, two in a rank, and then the Masters, all bare-headed; then followed Mr. Wadsworth alone as President; next the Corporation and Tutors, two in a rank; then the Honourable Lieutenant-Governor and Council, and next to them the rest of the gentlemen.”¹ The President sat in the old chair sung of by the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table:—

“One of the oddest of human things,
Turned all over with knobs and rings,
But heavy, and wide, and deep, and grand,
Fit for the worthies of the land.”

The exercises were all in Latin. According to the ancient fashion of universities, there was a “syllogistic disquisition. When the disputations were going on the President had often occasion to interpose and set the disputants right. This was always done in Latin.”² It was not till after the middle of the eighteenth century that “the walls” of the church “were disgraced” by being made to echo English.³

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, I. 377.

² *Higher Education*, etc., p. 36.

³ “Dr. Johnson said that he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription.” Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, III. 85.



THE WADSWORTH HOUSE.

In the year 1824 Harvard, in common with the rest of the country, went wild with excitement over General Lafayette, who had crossed the sea as "the Guest of the Nation." The triumphant progress of "Grandison-Cromwell," the most conspicuous and the most fatal failure of the French Revolution, astonishes an Englishman who knows nothing of the services rendered nearly fifty years earlier by the gallant young Frenchman to the struggling Colonies. When Edward Everett, in his oration at the Phi Beta Kappa dinner at Harvard, writes one who was present, spoke of "the noble conduct of our guest in procuring a ship for his own transportation, at a time when all America was too poor to offer him a passage to her shores, the scene was overpowering; every one was in tears."¹ At every town, at every crossway, crowds had been waiting to welcome Lafayette as he passed onwards from New York to Boston. Men pressed forward to shake his hand, and babies were held up for him to kiss, so that if they lived to be old men and women, they might boast that this demigod had touched them with his lips. "If Lafayette had kissed me," said an enthusiastic lady, "depend upon it, I would never have washed my face again as long as I lived!"² Webster, addressing him on Bunker Hill, exclaimed: "Fortunate, fortunate man! With what measure of devotion will you not thank God for the circumstances of your extraordinary life! You are connected with both hemispheres, and with two generations. Heaven saw fit to ordain that the electric spark of liberty should be conducted through you from the New World to the Old."³ It was perhaps the throng of worshippers, the hand-shakings, and the baby-kissings, that

¹ J. Quincy's *Figures of the Past*, p. 107.

² *Ib.* p. 153.

³ Webster's *Works*, I. 70.

on Commencement Day made the great man and his escort reach the College nearly two hours behind time. At the entrance, as an eye-witness records,¹ "he was welcomed by President Kirkland in a neat and peculiarly appropriate address." A neat address to welcome the hero of two worlds! Nothing but a neat address! Perhaps, however, to be merely neat was the best thing "a jolly little man" could do who knew that there was an Edward Everett with his never-failing eaglet to follow. Josiah Quincy, to whom had been assigned the honour of the Latin "Valedictory," — the speech in which the newly-made Bachelor in the name of his comrades bids *Alma Mater* farewell, — has left an account of the day. "The first part of my performance," he writes, "consisted of mere phrases of rhetorical compliment, thrown out at creation in general. But the inevitable allusion came at last. I had drifted among the heroes of the Revolution, and suddenly turned to the General with my *In te quoque, Lafayette* — and then what an uproar drowned the rest of the sentence! The entire audience upon the floor had sprung to their feet, the ladies in the gallery were standing also, and were waving their handkerchiefs with impassioned ardour. It was the last opportunity which the day was to offer to pay homage to the guest of America, and, as if by one consent, it was improved to the utmost."²

Such scenes of triumph Lafayette had not witnessed since that memorable Festival of the Federation on the Champ de Mars, when, mounted on his white charger, "il semblait commander à la France entière." A wit, pointing him out to a

¹ The Rev. John Pierce, quoted in W. R. Thayer's *Historical Sketch of Harvard University*, p. 55.

² J. Quincy's *Figures of the Past*, pp. 55-57.

young man who was standing near him, exclaimed: "Voyez-vous M. de La Fayette qui galope dans les siècles à venir!"¹ Through America, in the nineteenth century he was having the first of these gallops.

The excesses from the too free use of wine and punch at the Commencement dinners began more than fifty years ago to move the friends of temperance. The Rev. John Pierce, one of those useful divines who keep a minute diary, recorded in 1836: "Be it noted that this is the first Commencement I ever attended in Cambridge in which I saw not a single person drunk in the Hall or out of it." Perhaps this most irregular regularity of conduct may be accounted for by the next line in the *Diary*: "There were the fewest present I ever remember." Two years later he makes the following entry: "Notwithstanding the efforts of the friends of temperance, wine was furnished at dinner."² But a more sober day was dawning. In 1846 Professor Silliman of Yale, who was one of the guests, recorded: "There was no wine — only lemonade; the very first instance of the kind that has occurred here."³

What a change had come over the University since those early days when two undergraduates paid part of their term's charges with a rundlet of sack, and a Bachelor of Arts was "credited with £1 8s. 0d. for 'sack that he brought into College at Commencement, and was charged upon the rest of the Commencement according to their proportion.'"⁴ What sound morality the old Puritans could draw even out of strong

¹ *Mémoires du Général Baron Thiébault*, p. 261.

² Quoted in W. R. Thayer's *Historical Sketch*, etc., p. 56.

³ *Life of Benjamin Silliman*, II. 32.

⁴ *The Early College Buildings at Cambridge*, by A. M. Davis, 1890, p. 12.

waters, is shown by the following passage in the *Diary* of Samuel Sewall, who was Chief Justice of the Commonwealth and an Overseer of Harvard College. "Sixth-day. Oct. 1, 1697. Had first Butter, Honey, Curds and Cream. For Dinner, very good Rost Lamb, Turkey, Fowls, Aplepy. After Dinner sung the 121 Psalm. Note. A glass of spirits my wife sent stood upon a Joint-Stool which Simon W. jogging, it fell down and broke all to shivers. I said 'twas a lively emblem of our Fragility and Mortality."¹ It was not, we may feel sure, the first glass that had been brought in that day. More than one must have gone to the making of so pious a reflection.

It is not easy to conceive the still deeper shade of melancholy which stole over the great Webster's naturally sad face — for he also was a guest at the Commencement dinner recorded by Professor Silliman — as he contemplated the lemonade bottle, and thought of the old Madeira in the cellar of his pleasant home at Marshfield. "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous," he might have cried out to the Rev. John Pierce, "there shall be no more cakes and ale?" He was no Dr. Johnson whose face about five o'clock one morning, towards the end of a supper-party, "shone with meridian splendour, though his drink had been only lemonade." A lady at whose house I stayed told me that her father had been a great admirer of Webster. One day he rode fifty miles to hear him speak, but to his grief found that his hero was too far gone in drink to be able to utter a word.

Since 1846 no liquor stronger than coffee has been provided. The thousand graduates, who every year at this great gathering dine together in Memorial Hall, must pledge one another in

¹ *Diary of Samuel Sewall*, I. 460.

lemonade, iced water, or coffee. At the dinner last summer I sat opposite a foreign professor on whom an honorary degree had been conferred. I was struck by "the dejected 'haviour of his visage." It might have been due to the speeches, but I would fain hope that it was only caused by enforced temperance. I called to mind how, a year or two earlier, a French Academician, on a visit to Oxford, had burst into the house of one of my friends, and in a parched voice had begged for a glass of wine. Some was given him. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to speak, he explained that he had been dining with a great scholar but a rigid teetotaler. It was, he said, the first time within his memory that he had taken his dinner without wine or beer, and he felt well-nigh suffocated. At the Harvard Commencement, the victory of the friends of temperance is not even yet complete. As night draws on there are still occasionally some remnants of drunkenness to be seen. To each class—to the graduates, that is to say, of each year—a room is assigned in the College buildings, where old friends can meet. It sometimes happens that a wealthy toper, in defiance of the wishes and even of the votes of the abstainers who often form a majority, insists on providing a mighty bowl of punch. I was surprised to learn that no greatly aggrieved teetotaler had ever been known, in his righteous indignation, to throw into the mixture a handful of salt. The Americans, however, are a patient people. Harvard punch-bowls, nevertheless, have had their day, and may now be stowed away in the Archæological Museum. The President and Fellows have this year voted, that "hereafter no punches nor distilled liquors shall be allowed in any College room on Class Day or Commencement Day."

When I considered the academic temperance of the place, the impossibility of getting wine or beer in the great Hall of the University, I was astonished at the daring imagination of the Professor of Latin, who, when a great German scholar was celebrating last year the fiftieth anniversary of his doctorate, assured him in a telegram: —

“*Harvardiani festo gratantes die
Salutem plenis tibi propinant poculis.*”

What do the *Harvardiani* know of full cups — the learned *Harvardiani* I mean, not the dull toppers who each Commencement flock in from the country? But the Professor has the poet’s mind: —

“And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet’s pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.”

For the great ceremony of Commencement, we assembled in Massachusetts Hall, the oldest building in Harvard. I was first taken by a friend to the gateway to watch the arrival of His Excellency the Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Alone among the Governors of the forty-two States does he bear this title of Excellency. He drove up in an open carriage drawn by four horses, himself in plain clothes, but accompanied by a Staff, in their scarlet uniforms more splendid even than the Deputy-Lieutenants of the city of London. A troop of Lancers — citizens playing at soldiers — escorted him. His train was swelled by the chief officers of two Russian men-of-war. It so happened that on a point overlooking Boston Harbour the statue of Admiral Farragut, the naval hero of the war between the North and South, was next day to be unveiled. The Czar, once more

eager to exhibit his Platonic love of republics and liberty, had sent his ships to add to the display. The Lancers halted outside the gates, but the Staff accompanied the Governor as he drove in. One of these gorgeous citizens, anxious for the honour of Boston and Harvard, and unwilling that it should be thought that all this state was a mere passing compliment to the foreign naval officers, assured them that every year there was the same pomp. As they entered the College grounds there was indeed an unwonted sight for the subjects of a despot,—a great crowd and not a single soldier or policeman in sight. As, led by a brass band, we slowly marched in a long procession through the Yard and across the public road beyond to Memorial Hall, the throng of undergraduates and strangers opened of itself to let us pass, lining both sides of the way. At certain points, where there was any “coign of vantage” they gathered together and cheered the popular men as they went by. The Governor seemed a great favourite. Just before me in the long line was the Rev. Dr. Everett Hale. As we passed the thronged steps of University Hall, a young man standing at the foot, and looking up to the undergraduates massed above him, cried out “Hale!” and beat time for the “Harvard yell,” as they all shouted: *Rah-rah-rah; rah-rah-rah; rah-rah-rah!*—*Hale*, or rather, *Ha-al*, for they prolonged the note. Dr. Hale lifted his hat in acknowledgment. Just beyond, an absurdly drunken fellow bestowed on me as deep and as formal a bow as his unsteady legs allowed. He meant well no doubt, and it was a flattering attention to a stranger; but I did not think it needful to reply to the compliment. As we drew near Sanders Theatre—the Harvard Sheldonian—we passed between the graduating Bachelors who, in cap and gown, lined both sides

of the way. They fell in at the end of the procession. In the theatre they occupied the area, and, far better off than the Oxford Masters of Arts to whom the same place is assigned in the Sheldonian, they were provided with benches.

I was greatly struck by the difference between a Harvard Commencement and an Oxford Commemoration. In both prize compositions are recited, and in both honorary degrees are conferred. But here the resemblance ceases. At Harvard the ordinary degrees are also given, the degrees for the whole year. In Oxford, it is the distinguished strangers alone who on the great day are honoured. Even an Oxonian Bishop, who in that capacity is at once made a Doctor of Divinity, is not thought good enough, or at all events great enough, for Commemoration. In Oxford, far greater pomp is aimed at, but owing to the unrestrained folly of the undergraduates far less is achieved. Few ceremonies have been contrived with greater art. To the triumphant notes of the organ, the Vice-Chancellor, preceded by the Bedells with their silver maces, followed by the Doctors in their scarlet or crimson gowns and the two Proctors, enter the Theatre by the great doors, which on this day alone are flung open. He takes his seat in his chair of state, with the Proctors below him and the Doctors on the amphitheatre around him. The names of those who are to be honoured that day are one by one put to the vote of the House, a nominal vote it is true. "*Placetne vobis Domini Doctores? placetne vobis, Magistri?*" the Vice-Chancellor asks in each case, he and the Proctors as the question is put raising their caps, which they alone wear during the proceedings. The doors are a second time thrown open, and the Bedells lead in a second procession, composed of those who are to receive the honorary degrees, each wear-

ing the crimson gown of a Doctor of Laws. The Regius Professor of Civil Law takes them one by one to the foot of the steps which lead up to the Vice-Chancellor's chair, and there, in a Latin speech, proclaims each new Doctor's merits. Each is welcomed by the Vice-Chancellor with a grasp of the hand, and then takes his seat among the other Doctors. At my first Commemoration, the Chancellor presided, the Earl of Derby, and on Alfred Tennyson, among others, an honorary degree was conferred.

All the solemnity and all the pomp of this ancient and striking ceremony disappear beneath the dull buffoonery of the undergraduates, and the incredible weakness of the University. The Regius Professor's voice is drowned by silly outcries, and illustrious strangers are honoured — if honour it can be called — in the midst of an insulting din. "Have I done anything to offend them?" a learned foreigner not long ago anxiously asked, when the speech in which his high merits were described was overwhelmed by the uproar. I have seen few more piteous sights than one I witnessed many years ago, when an aged Vice-Chancellor, repeatedly raising his cap to the undergraduates in the gallery, with beseeching looks, for his voice could not have been heard, pleaded for silence, but pleaded in vain. His humble appeals were answered with jeers and roars of laughter. Men who could thus insult venerable old age should have been hooted out of a university.¹ How different was the scene at Harvard! There was no state, but there was perfect decorum — a decorum not once marred by the slightest impropriety, the slightest touch of rudeness during the whole of the proceedings. Each recipient of

¹ The Commemoration of the present year was conducted with far greater decorum than any I have witnessed.

an honorary degree rose from his seat as his name was read out by the President, who in a few words in Latin sounded his praises. They exchanged bows, and the newly-made Doctor sat down. Applause followed in each case; the louder, of course, the more a man was a popular favourite, but in no case was it prolonged. A little more ceremony would not have been out of place.

Of the three hundred and thirty-eight students who took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, only a few of the most distinguished were called up to the dais. To them were handed by the President bundles of parchment diplomas, which they distributed among their comrades seated in the area. Whilst this distribution was quietly going on, the other degrees in Arts, Divinity, Law, Medicine, and Science were conferred, the recipients coming up in batches. As each batch presented itself, the President, in Latin addressing the Governing Body, stated that the students had been examined and approved by the Professors, and like the Vice-Chancellor at Oxford, asked for their *Placet* for conferring the degree.

The six Bachelors who recited the prize-compositions were perfect in their memory; there was not in any one of them the slightest hesitation. They had been carefully trained in elocution. They spoke slowly and clearly. Their action — no doubt the result also of training — was too monotonous. There was a movement of the hand so unvaried and mechanical that it added nothing to the force of the words. Perfect rest would have been equally effective. They did not, as at Oxford, speak from pulpits. Each, as he stepped upon the dais, made a low bow to the President, and then, turning round, an equally low bow to the audience. He who spoke the Latin oration introduced first the Governor of the Com-

monwealth, to whom he bowed, and next the President of the University. On each successive Governor an honorary degree had for so many years been conferred, that it came to be regarded as an established custom. When, however, Massachusetts disgraced herself by the election of the notorious General Butler, Harvard refused to be dragged through the mire. That year the Governor was passed over.

Inside the Theatre as well as outside, there was something in the way of surprise for the Russian officers. One of the young orators was, beyond all manner of doubt, a Jew by race — a Jew, moreover, from the east of Europe. Here he was no outcast, but one of the chosen people, one of “the happy few” on whom high honour was conferred. Another boldly maintained, in defiance of truth, censors, and the Czar of all the Russias, that “the eternal and inalienable rights of man are asserted everywhere.” A third attacked the Government of his country. “Out of the present political corruption,” he said, “good men have given up the field.” No such speech as that, I thought to myself, is happily ever heard in England. The young orator insisted on their duty to return to the strife, and to make political life once more wholesome and pure.

In Oxford, at the close of the ceremony, a lunch is given to the newly-made Doctors and to the most important people in the University, in the noble Library of All Souls’ College. With a far less splendid meal, the guests of the day are welcomed at Harvard. The dinner is not under the management of the University, but of the Association of Alumni. Judge Story, who was its founder, had been shocked by the petty jealousies which so often kept men apart who had been bred in the same college. He hoped to do something towards

bringing them nearer to one another by an association to which every Harvard man should be freely admitted. In the address which he delivered, in 1842, at the first gathering he said: "We meet for peace and for union; to devote one day in the year to academical intercourse and the amenities of scholars."¹ Every year, on Commencement Day, the Alumni elect their President for the next year, whose chief duty it is to preside at the annual dinner. This gathering of graduates is far beyond anything known in an English university. It is not to witness Commencement that most of them come, for it is by the friends of the youthful Bachelors and by strangers that the Theatre is mainly thronged. The former members of the University flock to Harvard from all parts of the country, not only to meet their old comrades, in accordance with a time-honoured custom, but also to vote at the election of the Overseers. Of the eighteen thousand men who have graduated in the last two centuries and a half, more than one-half, it is believed, are still living. Of these, from one in ten to nearly one in seven vote each year.² As proxies are not allowed, the attendance is very large.

An attempt has recently been made to extend the suffrage, which at present is confined to graduates in Arts and the holders of honorary degrees. "It was not so much," it is said, "the naked right to vote that was sought, as recognition at Commencement, and a right to partake of the hospitalities of the College, and participate in the enthusiasm of the occasion."³ It seems strange that to all who have a Harvard degree, this recognition should not be freely extended, and

¹ *Life of Joseph Story*, II. 426.

² *Harvard University*, by F. Bolles, p. 4; *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, January, 1893, p. 269.

³ *Ib.*

this right should not be willingly granted. The Medical School, however, is so loosely connected with the old foundation, that it can scarcely share in its spirit. Having its seat three miles away in Boston, it has no part in the academical life and in the social feeling. In Oxford and Cambridge there is, happily, no similar local separation of the students. Whatever may be their studies, they are all, not only in name but in reality, members of the same university. They almost all belong to one or other of the colleges. To complete their education our young physicians and surgeons must, no doubt, go up to London; for in the small hospital of a country town the "many shapes of death" and disease cannot be thoroughly studied. It is a pity that in the American university all the preliminary scientific instruction, all the instruction which can be given outside a hospital, is not given at Harvard. It would confer a double benefit — a benefit on those who study Medicine and on those who study Arts; for the mingling of men and studies is the very essence of the training of a university. The graduates of the Law School, however, are not under the same disadvantage. To them, for three long years, the Yard had been their pacing-ground. They "ranged that enclosure old" no less than the students in Arts. Nevertheless, I am told that on the hearts of those who, before coming to Harvard, had passed through some other university, their first Alma Mater generally retains by far the stronger hold. It might be otherwise were they not only allowed, but even urged, to share in "the enthusiasm of the occasion." Then as the year came round, they would help to swell the throng which from North, South, and West, from the Canadian borders, from the pleasant shores of the far-distant Pacific, and from the wilds of "vast, illimita-

ble Texas" gathers in Fair Harvard, "the home of their free-roving years."

When the writer whom I have quoted above talks of "the right to partake in the hospitalities of the College," he must use the term *hospitalities* somewhat loosely. It could scarcely be expected that the Corporation should each year feed a thousand self-invited guests. Each alumnus pays for his own dinner. The charge, viewed in the abstract, seems moderate enough — only a dollar. As two o'clock, the hour for the repast, drew near, we were for the second time that day formed in procession in the Yard. At the head came the President of the Association and the guests, and next the graduates according to their standing. They were summoned in their Classes. Classes and the strong Class spirit which springs from them, so familiar a feature of American universities, are unknown in Oxford and Cambridge. Even at Harvard, firmly as this comradeship binds together the older men, among the younger generations it is dying out. "There is no Class spirit at Harvard," a young writer says sadly; "the elective system destroyed that long ago."¹ Much of this spirit was bad, and has deservedly perished. "The different Classes," wrote Judge Story, speaking of his undergraduate days, "were almost strangers to each other, and cold reserve generally prevailed between them."²

Just as in the ancient English universities, when any member of it is mentioned, the question is commonly put, "What is his College?" so in an American university it is asked, "What is his Class?" The course of instruction spreads over four years, and the undergraduates are ranged in four divisions, Freshmen, Sophomores, Junior Sophisters or Juniors,

¹ *The Crimson*, June 23, 1893.

² *Life of Joseph Story*, I. 49.

and Senior Sophisters or Seniors. Each of these divisions, furthermore, is known as the Class of such a year; not of the year in which it begins its studies, but of that in which it is to bring them to a close. For instance, at the beginning of the academic year in September, 1893, there were in residence the Classes of 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897. The Seniors form the Class of 1894, for it is in that year that they are to graduate. The Juniors form the Class of 1895; the Sophomores, of 1896; and the Freshmen, of 1897. In the old days, the members of each Class, all following the same course of instruction under the same tutors, being, moreover, comparatively few in number by the end of their four years, if they had not all become intimate, had, at all events, each acquired a more or less accurate knowledge of the character of every one of his companions. As, in all the anxious timidity of a Freshman, they had on the same day entered College, so on the same day, in all "the towering confidence" of a Bachelor of Arts, had they bidden it farewell. Every year, as Commencement has come round, have they revived the old intimacy and kept the old bond from loosening. Not only do they meet in Harvard, but in Boston also they often have their annual dinner. So, too, do many of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge have theirs in London. But in these meetings of the American university, there is this touching difference. Each year the band grows smaller and smaller as classmate after classmate passes away. There is no fresh swarm of young men to fill up the gaps left by the veterans.

In the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for January, 1893, eight or nine pages are given to *News from the Classes*. The Rev. Samuel May, one of the last survivors of that gallant band of which William Lloyd Garrison was the leader, sends

in his report as Secretary of the Class of 1829. "There is little," he writes, "that a Class of five men, all past the age of eighty years, can have to report of *doings*. Yet, when that *five* includes such names as Oliver Wendell Holmes and Samuel Francis Smith, it will be admitted that it is not altogether, even now, an idle class. The 'national song,' written by the latter, has just been sung in union by tens of millions of voices and hearts at the national and patriotic commemoration of the four-hundredth Columbus Anniversary." Dr. S. F. Smith is the author also of *America*, which sixty-two years ago he struck off in half an hour to the tune of *God Save the King*. "I had no idea," he says, "that I was writing a national hymn." On the eighty-third birthday of his old classmate, Dr. Holmes, he wrote, as Mr. May tells us, to one of the Boston newspapers: "We have but one Oliver Wendell Holmes, who is known and loved everywhere in the English-speaking world. . . . Sixty-three years out of college! The famous Class dinners, uninterrupted in annual recurrence from 1828 to 1890, have been discontinued at a public hostelry; but Dr. Holmes opens his hospitable doors and spreads his table annually for those that remain. Three in 1891, three in 1892, met in memory of the past, in recognition of the present, and in anticipation of the future." The Secretary of the Class of 1832 reports that there were only four now available for an anniversary. Of the four, one was the Autocrat's brother, Mr. John Holmes, "the best and most delightful of men," as Lowell many years ago described him.¹ The strength of this Class feeling is now and then shown in a union for some good purpose. Thus, the Class of 1856 raised a subscription of six thousand dollars (£1226), as a fund

¹ *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, II. 173.

for defraying the annual publication of *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology*, while the Class of 1857 put up a window of painted glass in Memorial Hall.¹

When on Commencement Day in last June, the procession began to form in the Yard, and the Marshal called out, "Class 1826," there was great cheering as a solitary old man stood forth. How much that old man had seen! When he left College, there still survived many a gray-headed veteran who had fought in the Revolutionary War. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table was just closing his Freshman's year. Motley, Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Lowell, Dana, and Theodore Parker were schoolboys. He was soon supported by a veteran of 1827. Of the next three years, there was not a single representative. From 1831 downwards there was no gap. In the Hall the alumni sat down in their Classes, so that comrade sat by comrade. The Rev. Mr. Pierce records of the dinner of 1829: "I set the tune, *St. Martin's*, the seventeenth time to the LXXVIII Psalm. I asked the President how much of the Psalm we should sing. Judge Story replied, 'Sing it all.' We accordingly, contrary to custom, sang it through without omitting a single stanza. It was remarked that the singing was never better. But as the company are in five different rooms, it will be desirable on future occasions to station a person in each room to receive and communicate the time."² To go through the whole of the seventy-three verses of this fine psalm, even though the singers were all in one great hall, would be more than these modern days would patiently bear. We were contented with singing only five. As I thought of the old settlement of the Puritans, and of their noble resolu-

¹ *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, January, 1893, pp. 279, 322.

² *Historical Sketch*, etc., p. 56.

tion that whatever dangers and hardships they themselves had to face, their children should not grow up in ignorance; as I called to mind that we were standing on the very spot where they had founded their College, these verses sung by a thousand voices of their descendants, removed from them by two centuries and a half, seemed to me unspeakably touching:—

“Give ear, ye children; to my law
Devout attention lend;
Let the instructions of my mouth
Deep in your hearts descend.

“My tongue, by inspiration taught,
Shall parables unfold;
Dark oracles, but understood,
And own'd for truths of old:

“Which we from sacred registers
Of ancient times have known;
And our forefathers' pious care
To us has handed down.

“Let children learn the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old;
Which, in our younger years, we saw,
And which our fathers told.

“Our lips shall teach them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.”

There is a quaint passage in old Samuel Sewall's *Diary*, which might not unfitly be read aloud at every Commencement in grateful commemoration of the founder of the College. On January 26, 169⁶/₇ he recorded: “I lodged at Charlestown at Mrs. Shepards', who tells me Mr. Harvard built that house. I lay in the chamber next the street. As I lay awake past midnight, In my Meditation I was affected to

consider how long agoe God had made provision for my comfortable Lodging that night, seeing that was Mr. Harvard's house: And that led me to think of Heaven the House not made with hands, which God for many Thousands of years has been storing with the richest furniture, (saints that are from time to time placed there), and that I had some hopes of being entertained in that Magnificent Palace, every way fitted and furnished. These thoughts were very refreshing to me."¹

When the dinner was finished the jugs of coffee were again passed down the tables, and cigars and pipes were lighted. I was surprised to see how few smokers there were,—not, I think, one-fourth as many as there would have been in a similar company in England. The speeches that followed were somewhat disappointing. As a stranger remarked to me: "There was no scholarship in any one of them. They might all have been made by men not educated in a university." Had they been spoken by the representatives whom Oxford generally sends to Parliament, they could not have shown fewer signs of the scholar. There was no wit, and next to no humour. Lowell has passed away, and Holmes was not there. The President, however, spoke well. What he had to say, he said briefly and clearly. His was a speech which would have more than satisfied Carlyle. Had some of the Professors been called on, doubtless an academic flavour would have been given to the meeting. Mr. Robert Lincoln, the son of the great President, when once he had shaken himself free from his jokes, was vigorous enough. He defended the Judge who three years earlier had tried the Chicago anarchist from the charges lately brought against him by a man high in authority in the State. The prolonged applause with which Mr. Lincoln was welcomed bore testimony not

¹ *Diary of Samuel Sewall*, I. 447.

only to his own worth, but also to the deep feeling of reverence with which his father's memory is cherished, a reverence, I believe, scarcely less than that felt for Washington.

Mr. Lincoln was followed by a Roman Catholic Bishop, on whom that morning had been conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws. He took for the subject of his discourse the lecture which Mr. Huxley had lately delivered before the University of Oxford. For a full half-hour he overwhelmed him and us with his rhetoric. He told an audience of university men the whole story of the death of Socrates, as if not only Plato, Xenophon, Grote, and Jowett were unknown to everybody present, but even Goldsmith's *History of Greece* were a sealed book. It was amazing to me how this rhetorical sermon, delivered after dinner,—a teetotal dinner, it is true,—was applauded by an audience of university men. I should not forget, however, that when there are a thousand present, if only one in every five claps his hands or beats the table, the tumult is considerable. Americans, I thought, must have an amazing appetite for hortatory rhetoric. Scarcely less amazing was it to hear in this "Godless University" a Roman Catholic Bishop denounce as atheistical, a lecture delivered in the very home and centre of all that is venerable in Anglican orthodoxy. Oxford the culprit, the charge impiety, the accuser a Roman Catholic Bishop, the Court a Unitarian University, the verdict Guilty! I called to mind how, some thirty years ago, a far more eloquent Bishop, at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford, had scoffed at Darwin and his new teaching, and how, the moment he sat down amid the laughter and the applause of his audience, Mr. Huxley had started up and smitten him heavily. I wished that he had been at Harvard to try another fall with another Bishop.

CHAPTER VI.

Phi Beta Day. — Foundation of the Society. — Emerson's Oration in 1837.
— Charles Sumner. — The Meeting and the Dinner.

ON the day after Commencement I attended the yearly meeting of the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa. This Society, to which there is nothing that answers in England, took its rise towards the close of last century in William and Mary College, Virginia. It aims at "the promotion of literature and friendly intercourse among scholars." The Harvard Chapter was founded in 1781, by virtue of an instrument called a "Charter Party," dated December 4, 1779, formally executed by the President, officers, and members of the original Society, issued to Elisha Parmele, of the University of Cambridge, Massachusetts Bay, authorizing him to establish a Chapter there, with all rights and powers. Parmele, no doubt, had been initiated in Virginia. For many years the Phi Beta was everywhere a secret Society, with a formal initiation, of an oath of secrecy, and certain mysteries, such as a peculiar way of shaking hands and of knocking at the door. The knock was an anapest — two light knocks followed by one hard. The name in full, Φιλοσοφία Βίου Κυβερνήτης (Philosophy, the guide of life), was kept a secret; the Society was known to the outside world by the three initial letters. I do not know whether at any time any connection was kept up between the Harvard Chapter and the Mother Society. *Charter Party*, Johnson defines as *a paper relating to a contract, of which each party has*

a copy. Whatever the contract was, if ever there was one, it has long ceased to be enforced. The Harvard Phi Beta is much more than a Chapter; it is a Society in itself, with its own independent constitution and government, and with scarcely any connection with the other Chapters but in name. No new Chapter, however, can be founded without the consent of a certain number of the older Chapters. When in the same State a second is founded, the first has added to its name the first letter of the Greek alphabet, and the second, the second, and so on. Thus, the Harvard Chapter is the Phi Beta Kappa, Alpha of Massachusetts. In all alike scholarship is made the chief ground of admittance. The Society is everywhere regarded with jealousy by that large body of university men who have not been able to win their way into it. It is a kind of aristocracy in a democratic country. Within eight years of its formation "a Committee of the Overseers reported to the Board 'that there is an institution in the University with the nature of which the Government is not acquainted, which tends to make a discrimination among the students,' and submitted 'the propriety of inquiring into its nature and design.'"¹ The Chairman of this Committee was that "famous rebel," John Hancock. It seems strange that the man who had once been the President of the Continental Congress which published the Declaration of Independence should now be troubling his head about a small secret society got up by a knot of students.

The Phi Beta was caught in the great wave of popular rage against Free Masonry which swept over the land—a wave in which were overwhelmed Henry Clay's hopes of arriving at the Presidency of the United States. There was not a secret society that was not attacked as opposed to the spirit of de-

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 398.

mocracy. In 1831 John Quincy Adams, the ex-President, and Judge Story, after a long and angry discussion, induced their "brethren" of the Harvard Phi Beta to throw open its secrets to the world — to throw them open formally, that is to say, for by this time there was nothing left to divulge. Everybody knew what the name meant. Everybody could give the Phi Beta shake of the hand and the Phi Beta knock at the door.

For about forty years the Harvard Phi Beta was a College Society, holding frequent meetings in men's rooms, where essays and poems were read. Each year it had one public performance on the morning after Commencement — an anniversary always known as Phi Beta Day. As time went on the terminal meetings became less and less frequent, till they ceased altogether, while the annual meeting steadily grew in importance. On this great day an oration is delivered and an original poem is recited. At first the Orators and Poets were chosen from among the young Bachelors of Arts. In 1788 John Quincy Adams, the year after he had taken his degree, gave the oration. Gradually older men were selected, while the choice was not confined to the "brethren." At the present time, when on the "bead-roll" are "filed" the names of men eminent by genius, scholarship, and literature, or by the post which they have filled in the world, to be invited to address the Society is a mark of high distinction. The President, that eminent Greek scholar, Professor Goodwin, in an address which he delivered before it in 1891, speaking of Harvard said: "The Phi Beta is the only society whose right to examine the condition of our scholarship is unquestioned. She is the only society here which represents College scholarship pure and simple. All her children either have achieved distinction for scholarship in College, or have shown in after

life that they might have achieved it if they had wanted to, or if the College had let them distinguish themselves in their own way. But although Phi Beta keeps in her own hands the wholesome power of correcting the mistakes of the College authorities, when they either overwork genius or allow it to blush unseen, she still accepts without question the body of recruits who are sent to her each year as 'distinguished scholars.'"¹ Every Phi Beta Day a certain number of honorary members are elected. It is then that "the mistakes of the College authorities" are corrected. In earlier years only sixteen ordinary members were admitted, but with the growth of the College the number has been raised to twenty-five. The election is curiously contrived. In each year the electors are eight in number, all Seniors, who in the previous year had been themselves elected from the Juniors, not only to act as electors next year, but to be members of the Society. They had been chosen, not out of the whole body of Juniors, but out of the twelve who stood highest on the list for scholarship. From among the twenty-five who stand highest in their own Class they now choose seventeen, who, added to themselves, form the twenty-five new members. "No honour that Prescott received at College," writes his biographer, "was valued so much by him, or had been so much an object of his ambition, as his admission to the Society of the Phi Beta Kappa. As the selection was made by the undergraduates themselves, and as a single black-ball excluded the candidate, it was a real distinction; and Prescott always liked to stand well with his fellows, later in life, no less than in youth."² For Motley,

¹ *The Present and Future of Harvard College*, p. 1.

² *Life of Prescott*, ed. 1864, p. 24. By the present rule, a candidate must obtain a three-fourths vote.

who had entered Harvard when he was but thirteen, and who "did not aim at or attain a high College rank, the rules were stretched so as to include him."¹ The Society was indeed quick to detect the genius of his bright and promising youth. The correction generally comes many years later. A year earlier Charles Sumner had been passed over. Though he was a good classical scholar and of wide reading, his neglect of mathematics had kept him down in his Class. Seven years later he was chosen an honorary member.² Had such a society existed in the English Cambridge, Wordsworth and Charles Darwin would most certainly have been refused admittance as distinguished scholars. How soon the poet's genius would have been discovered it is not easy to say; probably not till many years after he had written his great *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*. The naturalist would have won the honour by his *Voyage of the Beagle*. In like manner an Oxford Phi Beta would have had "to correct the mistakes of the University authorities" by the admission of Mr. Ruskin and Mr. William Morris. Landor, Shelley, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and Mr. Swinburne would also have had to be admitted; but as they all left without taking a degree, in their cases it cannot be said that, so far as examinations went, any mistake was committed.

George Ticknor describes a dinner in 1823 at which the chief guest was Chancellor Kent, "superannuated by the Constitution of the State of New York, because he is above sixty years old, and yet, *de facto*, in the very flush and vigour of his extraordinary faculties." Judge Story and Daniel Webster were present. "Story gave as a toast, 'The State of New York, where the

¹ *J. L. Motley*, by O. W. Holmes, 1889, p. 15.

² *Life of Charles Sumner*, I. 55.

law of the land has been so ably administered that it has become the land of the law,' to which the Chancellor instantly replied, 'The State of Massachusetts, the land of Story as well as of song'; and so it was kept up for three or four hours, not a soul leaving the table. It was the finest literary festival I ever witnessed."¹

In 1834 Emerson was the Poet, and in 1837 the Orator. "This grand oration," writes Dr. Holmes, "was our intellectual Declaration of Independence. No listener ever forgot that address, and among all the noble utterances of the speaker it may be questioned if one ever contained more truth in language more like that of immediate inspiration."² "His oration," said Lowell, "was an event without any former parallel in our literary annals, a scene to be always treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration. What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approach, what grim silence of foregone dissent! It was our Yankee version of a lecture by Abelard, our Harvard parallel to the last public appearance of Schelling." Lowell was an undergraduate when he witnessed this scene, and "not yet among the 'Transcendentalists.'" A year later his Class Day Poem shows "that he was untouched by the new intellectual spirit, of which Emerson's was the clearest voice."³ "Lighten their darkness and ours too," some must have exclaimed, if the other voices were all less clear than Emerson's. Perhaps among the audience was the great advocate, Jeremiah Mason, who gave Webster his first lesson in the art of

¹ *Life of George Ticknor*, I. 340.

² *R. W. Emerson*, by O. W. Holmes, 1885, p. 115.

³ *Literary Essays*, by J. R. Lowell, 1890, I. 366; *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, I. 31.

talking to a jury. Longfellow records how a few months after the famous Phi Beta Oration some one "asked Mason whether he could understand Mr. Emerson. His answer was, 'No, I can't; but my daughter can.'"¹ Longfellow himself a little later said of Emerson: "He is one of the finest lecturers I ever heard, with magnificent passages of true prose-poetry. But it is all *dreamery*, after all."² If Prescott heard the Address, it is likely that he was one of those who listened in "grim silence of foregone dissent." In November, 1838, he wrote: "I have read as much of Carlyle's *French Revolution* as I could stand. His views certainly, as far as I can estimate them, are trite enough. And in short, the whole thing in my humble opinion, both as to *forme* and to *fond*, is perfectly contemptible."³ He who despised Carlyle was little likely to esteem Emerson. An eminent American scholar, writing to me of Emerson's Oration and of his Address before the Divinity College in the following year, says: "Nothing shows the progress of thought in the last sixty years more than the undoubted fact that these two Addresses were laughed at and even vituperated by men who still live to be ashamed of themselves."

In 1846 the Orator was Charles Sumner. In a blue dress-coat with gilt buttons, buff waistcoat, white trousers and gaiters — "a new Demosthenes, or Cicero, even like a Grecian god as he stood on the platform" — so he seemed to a young lady in the audience — for two hours, without the aid of a single note, he poured forth in defence of peace and liberty his stream of learned but far too copious oratory. "A grand, elevated, eloquent oration from Sumner," Longfellow recorded in his *Diary*. "He spoke it with great ease and elegance; and was from

¹ *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, I. 277.

² *Ib.* I. 301.

³ *Life of W. H. Prescott*, p. 339.

beginning to end triumphant.”¹ Even Edward Everett was carried away by the young speaker’s enthusiasm. “He said,” as Professor Felton wrote to Sumner, “that it was an amazingly splendid affair. ‘I never heard it surpassed. I don’t know that I ever heard it equalled.’ Now, Charley (Felton continued), you may well be proud of having drawn forth from these stony lips such human tones of speech.” The venerable ex-President of the United States, John Quincy Adams, who attended the Society for the last time, — he was in his eightieth year, — thinking how his part was nearly played in the struggle for the freedom of the slave, said to the Orator: “I look from Pisgah to the Promised Land; you must enter upon it.”²

A curious fact is recorded of the poem which, under the title of *Reveille*, was recited before the Society in the summer following the revolt of the Southern States. “It was reprinted in the South during the war, with such changes as made it serve the Confederate cause. It was afterwards reprinted in England as evidence of the spirit which animated the Confederacy.”³

Ticknor, writing in 1863, and looking back fifty years, says: “The Φ B K, it should be remembered, was at that period a Society of much more dignity and consequence than it is now. It had an annual public exhibition, largely attended by such graduates as were its members, and indeed, by the more cultivated portion of the community generally.”⁴ He must surely have had something of the old man’s failing in the slight which he thus cast on modern days, and something, moreover, of the

¹ *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, II. 55.

² *Life of Charles Sumner*, III. 15–20.

³ *Library of Harvard University: Bibliographical Contributions*, No. 42, by W. H. Tillinghast, p. 7.

⁴ *Life of W. H. Prescott*, p. 24.

old man's ignorance of what was going on almost under his very nose. At all events, if the Society was for a brief period under an eclipse, it soon shone forth in all its brightness. Between 1860 and 1880 it numbered among its Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Orators, and Poets, Emerson, Sumner, Dana, Lowell, Holmes, G. W. Curtis, and Bret Harte. Lowell, who was President from 1863 to 1871, describes how, in 1865, he had sat up late the night before Phi Beta Day with a few friends who had been with him at the Commencement dinner. "Per Bacco and tobacco, how wisely silly we were! I forgot for a few blessed hours that I was a Professor, and felt as if I were something real. But Phi Beta came next day, and *wasn't* I tired? Presiding from 9 A.M. till 6.30 P.M. is no joke!"¹ He had detected a certain sameness in the inspiration of the Poets of the Society. In a letter to Professor Child he says: "I have noticed that Class and Phi Beta poems almost always begin with an 'as' — at any rate they used to in my time, before a certain Boylston Professor took 'em in hand."² *E.g.* —

As the last splendours of expiring day
Round Stoughton's chimneys cast a lingering ray,
So —

And sometimes there was a whole flight of 'as-es' leading up to the landing of a final *so*, where one could take breath and reflect on what he had gone through."³

In 1867 Emerson was for the second time appointed Orator. "His oration," wrote Lowell, "was more disjointed than usual, even with *him*. It began nowhere and ended everywhere, and

¹ *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, I. 389.

² Professor Child was at that time the Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard.

³ *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, II. 237.

yet, as always with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way — something more beautiful than anything else, and like the rising and setting of stars. Every possible criticism might have been made on it but one — that it was not noble. There was a tone in it that awakened all elevating associations. He boggled, he lost his place, he had to put on his glasses, but it was as if a creature from some fairer world had lost his way in our fogs, and it was *our* fault, not his. It was chaotic, but it was all such stuff as stars are made of, and you couldn't help feeling that, if you waited awhile, all that was nebulous would be whirled into planets, and would assume the mathematical gravity of system. All through it I felt something in me that cried, 'Ha, ha, to the sound of the trumpets.' "

In 1881 the Society celebrated the hundredth anniversary of its foundation. Delegates were present from all parts of the country, each representing a Chapter of the Phi Beta. The Orator was Wendell Phillips. It was his last great speech and was worthy of the occasion. He took for his subject the Cowardice of Educated Men.

Though the Phi Beta is not a part of the University, is in no-wise under its government, and is not even mentioned in the *Catalogue*, nevertheless it is recognized by the College authorities. It is in the University Theatre that the Oration is delivered and the Poems recited, and in Massachusetts Hall that the dinner is held. In the Yard the procession is formed in which the Orator and Poet are conducted to the Theatre. I did not discover so much state as I had seen on Commencement Day. Gowns were not worn and there was no Governor of the Commonwealth with his gorgeous Staff. Nevertheless there was a long and imposing line, and what was wanting in show was, no

doubt, made up in intellect. The guests, instead of being in front as on the day before, now brought up the rear. Last of all came the President of the Society, with the Orator, General Walker, who is renowned, not only as a soldier who did good service in the war with the Southern States, but also as a Political Economist. He is, moreover, President of the Boston School of Technology. In front of them walked the Poet, Mr. Maurice Thompson, accompanied by the Roman Catholic Bishop. The last time, perhaps, that the Orator and Poet had met was face to face on some battle-field in the Civil War, for Mr. Thompson, too, had played his part in it in the army of the South. In the Theatre, the President of the University, who had walked with the guests, took his place in the area among the ordinary members. The roomy dais was occupied by the President and Chaplain of the Society, the Orator and the Poet. They looked somewhat forlorn in the midst of so large and vacant a space. They should have had, by way of support, all the past Orators, Poets, and Chaplains who could be got together. Doubtless there were not a few of them in the audience. The Chaplain, who ought to have opened the proceedings with a prayer, through the forgetfulness of the President, was not called upon. However, the prayer was not lost, for the venerable man gave it us by way of grace at the dinner, and a very good prayer it was — at least for these modern days, when the art of praying seems well-nigh forgotten. As a grace it did not do quite so well. The oration was an able and soldierly defence of athleticism. There were some high in authority at Harvard who thought that in a university, when athleticism seems running mad, such a defence was altogether out of place. They maintained, moreover, that the subject was ill-suited for a learned society. The Poet had taken for his theme Lincoln's grave. In his verses

he let his hearers know that he had fought for the South. He was, he said, a Georgian, and when Georgia had called him he had not hesitated to obey. Nevertheless, avowed and impenitent rebel that he was, he carried his audience of Northerners with him by his reverence for Lincoln. He sat down in the midst of loud applause, which seemed to me his due ; though it was by no means easy to judge of the real merits of a poem that was recited in so strange a scene. My thoughts would wander to

“ Old, unhappy far-off things
And battles long ago,”

as I contrasted his frail body with the General's strong and commanding form, and thought of all that the two men had done and undergone. In the audience was many a man who had fought in the Northern armies ; the Theatre in which we were sitting had been built as a memorial to the Harvard men who had fallen in the great war ; and here, in this very spot, in the very home of all that is now strongest in Northern sentiment and conviction, was this Southern rebel speaking tenderly and reverently of the great President, and touching these New Englanders to the heart.

In more than one way did this Southerner show his magnanimity. He had this great audience of Northerners at his mercy — a poet's mercy ; and nevertheless he was brief. His recitation did not last fifteen minutes. I was told of a recent occasion when the bard had six times paused in his inspiration to drink iced water, and only paused every time the clock sounded the hour or the quarters.

We sat down to dinner at least two hundred in number ; all the members ranged according to their seniority. At the high table were the President of the Society, the Orator, the

Poet, and the guests. The President of the University sat among his old comrades, the men of his Class. The kindly Roman Catholic Bishop, having despatched Mr. Huxley the day before, being the second time called on for a speech, took nearly half an hour to kill him again. Perhaps, however, his discourse should rather be looked upon as a funeral sermon, such as in the good old days an Inquisitor might have preached over the ashes of a heretic whom he had first sent to the stake. I thought regretfully of the after-dinner speech which Bishop Blougram would have made, if indeed that Right Reverend Prelate would have been capable of speaking inspired by nothing stronger than iced water and coffee.

In the speech which I was called on to make I brought forward the claims of my own University to a share in the great honour of founding Harvard. It was, I admitted, to Cambridge that all my hearers looked up as their ancient *Alma Mater*. To Oxford, however, scarcely less gratitude was due. To her might be justly applied the lines which the poet used of the great English statesman : —

“Nor mourn we less his perished worth
Who bade the conqueror go forth.”

Oxford had educated Laud, and Laud had driven the Puritans across the seas. When all the orators had had their say the whole company rose, and linking hands so as to form a vast chain, sang *Auld Lang Syne*. Thus an interesting day and a pleasant gathering were brought to a close.

CHAPTER VII.

Class Day. — Its Origin and Growth. — Orators, Poets, and Odists. — The New England Summer. — The "Spreads." — The Exercises at the Tree.

OF the three great days of Commencement week I had seen two. I had seen the University in all its state conferring honours and degrees, and I had seen the gathering of a Society composed of the most distinguished graduates. One day, and by no means the least curious and interesting of the three, I had missed seeing through the inclemency of the weather. The festivities of Commencement week begin with the Seniors' Class Day — a day as unlike anything we have in England as Phi Beta itself. On it the undergraduates, or rather the Seniors, reign supreme. The Yard, the Theatre, Memorial Hall, I might almost say the College itself, are all under their rule. It is the first but the great day of the Feast, "the greatest day," according to *The Crimson*, "in a Harvard student's career." "The old-time glory of Commencement," we are told, "has departed." To a stranger, however, a good deal of it seems left. Class Day, which gathers as great a crowd of the young and happy as even Eights' Week or Commemoration at Oxford, has taken more than two centuries to attain its present importance. Almost from the first it was the custom for the Seniors each year to choose one of their number who, in the name of all, should take leave of the

College in a Valedictory Oration in the Latin language. Who but the philosophic student would believe that out of this humble beginning could have sprung all the gay costumes, the feastings, the dancing, the music, the illuminations, and the wildest of struggles? In somewhat early days the Valedictory was accompanied by a large consumption of strong liquors. In 1760 each Senior brought his bottle of wine to the meeting. Josiah Quincy, describing a dinner some seventy years ago, says: "Caleb Cushing came in, and gave for a toast, 'The bands of friendship, which always tighten when they are wet.' When we had all drunk our skins full, we marched round to all the Professors' houses, danced round the Rebellion and Liberty Trees, and then returned to the Hall. A great many of the Class were half-seas over."¹ In 1834 "iced punch was brought in buckets."² Colonel T. W. Higginson of the Class of 1841 "can remember when the Senior Class assembled annually round 'Liberty Tree' on Class Day, and ladled out bowls of punch for every passer-by; — till every Cambridge boy saw a dozen men in various stages of inebriation about the College Yard."³ Perhaps the Colonel describes not the scenes of his undergraduate days but of his boyhood, for it was in 1838, we are told, that "President Quincy encouraged the conversion of the Day into the respectable celebration which it has since been."⁴ To the class of 1838 "Lowell, and the sculptor Story, and other congenial souls belonged." To them the main credit of this conversion has been given.⁵ Lowell's influence,

¹ *Figures of the Past*, p. 49.

² *Historical Sketch*, etc., by W. R. Thayer, p. 57.

³ *Harvard's Better Self*, by W. R. Bigelow, p. 7.

⁴ *Historical Sketch*, etc., p. 58.

⁵ By Henry Ware, in *Appleton's Journal* for March, 1870; quoted in *History of Higher Education in Massachusetts*, by G. G. Bush, p. 197.

whatever it was, must have been exerted from a distance, for all the spring and summer he was in a state of "suspension" some miles away. His neglect of his prescribed studies — a neglect in which perhaps, like him who was bidden to "let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause," he was "not unwise" — had been visited by the Harvard form of rustication. "Suspension," as we read in the *Catalogue*, "is a separation from the University for a fixed period of time. It may be accompanied with a requirement of residence in a specified place, and of the performance of specified tasks." Lowell had been sent to the pleasant village of Concord "to carry on his studies under the charge of the Minister." He was not as yet an Emersonian, or he might have sought for consolation from the Philosopher of Concord under the disappointment that came upon him. Though he had been chosen Class Poet, he was not allowed to be present to read his poem to his classmates. "It was printed for their use, and the little pamphlet, his first independently printed production, has become one of the desiderata of bibliomaniacs."¹

As a necessary part of the modern refinements, by whomsoever they were introduced, the friends of the Seniors were invited to the ceremony. Wine and punch soon fell into the background as sisters and cousins came to the front. For the ladies elegant collations — "Spreads," to use the Harvard term — were provided by the wealthier members of the Class or by a subscription. There was dancing in the open air in the Yard and under cover in the Hall. In 1846 Longfellow records in his *Journal*: "July 16, Class Day. In the afternoon a dance in Harvard Hall; then the farewell shouts at the doors of the several Colleges, and the wild ring around the old

¹ *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, I. 27, 31.



THE YARD.

‘Liberty Tree.’”¹ In 1850 the following account was written: “Cotillons and the easier dances are performed in the Yard, but the sport closes in the Hall with the Polka and other fashionable steps. The Seniors again form, and make the circuit of the buildings, great and small. They then assemble under the Liberty Tree, around which, with hands joined, they dance after singing the students’ adopted song, *Auld Lang Syne*. At parting, each member takes a sprig or a flower from the beautiful ‘Wreath’ which surrounds the ‘farewell tree,’ which is sacredly treasured as a last memento of College scenes and enjoyments.”² *Adopted*, in this quotation, must be, I think, a misprint for *adapted*, for Burns’s song has been fitted to Harvard after the following fashion:—

“Ye rooms, ye halls, ye rough old bricks,
Ye trees, ye walks of mine!
How are ye hallowed by the dreams
Of ‘auld lang syne.’”³

Every year the gathering grows larger and larger, and the “Spreads” become more numerous and more elaborate. In the *Class Day Supplement to the Harvard Crimson*, I found a column headed: “A List of the men who will spread, with the places where the Spreads will be given.” There were eighty-eight hosts in all, but as they had clubbed together in smaller or larger groups, there were only fourteen places where their hospitality was dispensed. At the end of the list were such announcements as the following: “The Pi Eta Spread is in the Hemenway Gymnasium on Friday in the middle of the day.” “The Spread in Lower Massachusetts is on Friday at 6.

¹ *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, II. 50.

² *College Words and Customs*, quoted in *An Historical Sketch*, etc., p. 58.

³ Quincy’s *Harvard*, II. 672.

After the Spread the hosts will receive their friends in their rooms." So extensive have become the preparations that "the constant services of a hired manager are required." In the early part of the century it was often on Commencement Day, and not on Class Day, that the young Bachelor entertained his friends. When Prescott took his degree, his father, proud of his son's having a part assigned to him in the Exercises, gave a sumptuous dinner to over five hundred guests in a great marquee. The day ended with "dancing and frolicking on the green."¹

The simple ceremony of the "Valedictory" had expanded on more sides than one. To the Orator a Poet, as has been seen, had been added; and later on an *Odist*, an Ivy Orator, a Chorister, a *Hymnist*, and a Chaplain. The Chaplain, the Hymnist, the Orator, and the Odist represented the sober side of life; the Poet and Ivy Orator its humorous. The Ivy Orator took his name from the custom that once prevailed of each Class planting an ivy-shoot on Class Day. At the place where it was put into the ground, he delivered his oration; but as the plant never grew, no doubt because it could not stand the summer heats, so the custom was abandoned. He answers to the *Terræ Filius* of the Oxford Commemoration in the old days, but he never goes to the lengths on which that gross, though licensed, buffoon used to venture. There are no scurrilous jests uttered by him against the President and the Professors. About the beginning of the present century the Orator ventured to give his Valedictory in English. This innovation the Faculty resisted, as "it gives," to quote their words, "more the appearance of a public Exhibition designed to display the talents of the Performers and entertain a mixed

¹ *Life of W. H. Prescott*, p. 25.

audience than of a merely valedictory address of the Class to the Government, and taking leave of the Society and of one another, in which Adieu Gentlemen and Ladies from abroad are not particularly interested.”¹ In the end the Faculty gave in, as Faculties almost always do give in, and Latin disappeared from Class Day. The Odist composes an ode to be sung to the tune of *Fair Harvard*. The Chorister had to write the music for the Class Song and conduct the singing at the Tree. For the Song, by a vote of the Class of 1891, *Fair Harvard* was substituted; so that one-half of the Chorister’s task has been swept away. The Chaplain and Hymnist have disappeared. The management of the day is under the control of a Secretary, three Marshals, and three Committee-men. Every October, soon after the beginning of the Academic Year, the Seniors meet to elect their Orators, Poets, and the rest. Those only have votes who are candidates for the Bachelor’s degree at the next Commencement. The voting is by secret ballot. In the list of the Poets are found the names of Story the Jurist, Palfrey and Bancroft the historians, Emerson, Holmes and Lowell. It is more by chance than by the discernment of his classmates that Emerson appears in this goodly company, for he was not chosen till seven of his comrades had refused to be inspired.² Among the Orators less distinguished names are found. In 1846, however, Longfellow recorded in his *Journal*³: “Class Day. The Oration by Child, extremely good; one of the best—on the whole the best—I have heard on such occasions.” Child is Professor F. J. Child, the learned editor of *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. On the

¹ *An Historical Sketch*, etc., p. 57.

² *R. W. Emerson*, by O. W. Holmes, p. 45.

³ *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, Vol. II. p. 50.

publication of the first part Lowell wrote to him: "You have really built an imperishable monument, and I rejoice as heartily as the love I bear you gives me the right in having lived to see its completion."¹ A few years ago the choice of the class for Orator fell on a negro, in whom there was not a drop of white blood. That a negro can be a fine speaker had been shown long before by Frederick Douglass. Whether this young man was chosen solely for his merits or as a noble expression of sympathy for a despised race, I do not know. Perhaps in the choice there was a touch of kindly humour.

The Orators and Poets of 1893 all distinguished themselves in the examinations. To two of them parts were assigned in the exercises at Commencement. In the Class Day election the balance, it seems, is held true between mind and body; the four who had been selected for their gifts of oratory and poetry were balanced by four who were selected for their services in athletics. The Marshals were the Captains of the Baseball and Football Teams and of the Boat; the Secretary was the Manager of the Football Eleven.² The three Committee-men were, no doubt, if not Orators, Poets, or Athletes, at least good fellows.

The greatest day in a Harvard student's career is surely also the longest day. On rising, he puts on evening dress, and he does not take it off till midnight, and often till long after. There is, however, for a brief interval an easier costume worn by those who take part in the exercises at the Tree. According to the old custom, to the evening dress a tall silk hat was added, but by the recent vote by which cap and gown have been made part of the costume of the day, the hat is no longer needed.

¹ *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, II. 304.

² *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, January, 1893, p. 306.

How much is done in the course of this midsummer's day is shown by the following official Programme : —

"9 A.M. The Senior Class will assemble in front of Holworthy and march to Appleton Chapel, where prayer will be offered by Rev. William Lawrence, S.T.D.¹

"10.45. The Senior Class will assemble in front of Holworthy and march to Sanders Theatre.

"2 to 5 P.M. Music in the Yard.

"3 to 5. Dancing in Memorial Hall.

"5. The Senior Class will assemble in front of Holworthy, cheer the College buildings and march to the Tree.

"8 to 11. Dancing in the Gymnasium and Memorial Hall. Music and Illumination in the College Yard.

"8.0. The Glee Club will sing in front of Holworthy.

"9.0. The Banjo Club and the Mandolin and Guitar Club will play on the Law School steps."

Even when the last dance has come to an end and the last guest has left, sleep, I am told, does not fall upon the College. The Seniors spend the few hours of night in talking over the stirring doings of the great day and in fond memories of their student life now so rapidly drawing to its close.

"Et jam nox humida cælo
Præcipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos,"

"Nature's soft nurse" bids, but bids in vain.

The weather, which I am told almost always favours Class Day, this year showed it no indulgence. I have heard Americans on our side of the Atlantic complain of the changeableness of the climate, not only of England, but of Europe. It was a disappointment to me to find how uncertain a New England June can be. There was a variety in it that was worthy

¹Dr. Lawrence last year succeeded Phillips Brooks as Bishop of Massachusetts.

of Cumberland or Devonshire. On the afternoon of the seventh of the month the thermometer in my room in Cambridge stood at 91, though the Venetian shutters had been kept closed. On the thirteenth, at a little village on the sea-coast we were all sitting round a blazing log fire. On the seventeenth fires were kept burning all day. On the twenty-fourth, calling at two houses in Cambridge, in both I found my friends sitting round the fire. In the southern parts of England I had never seen a fire so late in the summer, and yet Boston is in the same latitude as Rome. If the summer is late in coming and is uncertain even when it has come, in the clearness of the air and the blueness of the sea, on fine days, it displays the charms of the Mediterranean shore. Hawthorne was disappointed by the Italian skies. They were, he said, what he had been used to all his life in New England. In the exaggerated expectations which he had formed of them, he had been misled by the English poets, who had judged them by the quiet colours of cloudy England. It was with no Italian sky, but with cold and heavy rain that Class Day set in. The break in the weather that we anxiously looked for never came, and I was kept a prisoner to the house the whole day. The following description of all that went on I quote from a letter written by my wife : —

“Class Day this year broke wet and stormy, much to our disappointment. Great trouble had been taken to secure for us tickets for everything worth seeing. Without these tickets no one can gain admission. The Graduating Students are the hosts, and issue them to all as their guests. At ten we had to be in our places in Sanders Theatre. The whole place looked very much like the Sheldonian at Commemoration, crowded with mothers and sisters and cousins in gay summer dresses, a good many of the Professors and a fair

sprinkling of young men. We missed, however, the gowns, Professors looking only like ordinary mortals ; and there was no Undergraduates' Gallery and no noise such as we are used to at home. Imagine, if you can, a Commemoration at which all was done 'decently and in order,' no uproar, no foolish jokes ; but that is a flight beyond the imagination of any one who has seen and heard Oxford men on such an occasion.

"The body of the Hall was reserved for those students who were to receive their degree, and at eleven they marched in, two and two, in cap and gown. The Bishop-elect followed with the students who are the office-bearers of the year ; they took their seats on the dais on chairs placed in front of palms and flowering shrubs, with a gigantic '93 in flowers fastened to the gallery over their heads. In this gallery was an excellent string band which played between the various exercises. The meeting began with prayer, the Bishop praying in the name of the Class of 1893 ; and then the Senior Marshal called upon the Orator to begin his Oration. The Orator, who was a member of the graduating Class chosen for the office by his classmates, stepped to the front of the dais and began. He had learned his oration carefully by heart, and had been trained in the method of delivery ; he spoke it well ; matter and style were good, but they lacked fire and spontaneity. He was followed in turn by the Poet, the Ivy Orator (whose business it is to make a comic speech full of allusions to what has lately been happening in the University), and the Odist, who repeated a short ode of his own composition. It was then sung by every one to the tune of *Fair Harvard*, i.e. 'My lodging is on the cold ground,' which may be called the national air of Harvard. After this we were dismissed by the Bishop-elect with his blessing.

“The one distinguishing feature of the gathering was its completely democratic nature. The President of the University sat there with his wife in the central seat of the Auditorium ; but he was nothing more than one of the many spectators. The Dons, as Dons, were non-existent. The men of '93 were everything. They had chosen the spokesmen of the day ; orations, poem, and ode were all addressed to them ; every arrangement had been made by them, and was carried out by them as supreme. Even in what was said and sung there was not the slightest reference to any other authority. Harvard took form in one's mind as a large democracy, the students governing themselves in all things.

“Our next duty was to attend one of the ‘Spreads.’ *Spread* is the name given to a meal provided by the students, and means lunch or supper, or still more often one that goes on a great part of the day. It is of the nature of a ball supper ; salads, sandwiches, and ice-creams, with many varieties of cake, being what is usually provided. Strawberries and cream are usually added during the summer. One of the largest and gayest of the Spreads on Friday was held in the great Gymnasium. Here the large hall had been adorned with a profusion of flowers and evergreens, and with garlands hung from side to side of the high roof. Again a great **'93** in flowers was conspicuous in front of the gallery. When we arrived there about half-past three o'clock, dancing was going on vigorously. The Class of '93 looked very droll dancing in cap and gown. Many of the girls had pretty dresses and pretty faces, too, the exercise giving them just that touch of colour which American girls so often lack. The chaperones sat round the room, and the long refreshment-table was down one side ; the band in the gallery above. The expense of the

whole was borne by a small party of young men of the Graduating Class.

“ By half-past four the ball was over, the Gymnasium deserted, and we were once more plodding through the rain and mire, in goloshes and waterproofs, to the quadrangle in which were to take place the Tree Exercises, the thing I was especially anxious to see. This part of Harvard Class Day is always considered the most important, as well as the prettiest sight for visitors to see. The tree, a tall and stately American elm, stands in the centre of a wide lawn with College buildings on three sides. For Class Day the lawn is enclosed by tiers of wooden raised seats, and the tree is garlanded by a long wreath of flowers wound many times closely round the trunk about ten or twelve feet above the ground ; while the date of the year in crimson and white flowers is placed some eight feet higher still. Above this again the branches spring, the bark below being quite unbroken and offering a difficult task enough to climbers. The rain continued as pitilessly as ever. The seats had been covered with awnings, but not to much effect. When we arrived they were all shining with water, and every here and there a small stream descended from some hole, or drop by drop fell upon some devoted bonnet from a thinner spot in the canvas. At five o'clock the Class of '94 marched in under umbrellas ; followed by more of '95 and '96 ; then all in turn seated themselves on carpets which had been hurriedly spread upon the grass. A large group of Graduates took up their position near them ; when all were settled, to the sound of a band in marched the men of '93. First came the three marshals, then the band, and then some seventy or eighty young fellows in football dress, stout jerseys, buff knickerbockers, long stockings and buff shoes, and all bareheaded. They came in two by

two ; the men behind with their hands on the shoulders of those in front, making a long, continuous winding chain, which wound round and round the tree, and finally formed a compact mass encircling it and the Senior Marshal, who stood at its foot in cap and gown. Those of the Class who were not to take part in the struggle, also in cap and gown, took up their position near.

“ And now began the cheering. Led by the Marshal they gave the Harvard yell — Rah-rah-rah ; Rah-rah-rah ; Rah-rah-rah ; Har — vard ! rising in a sort of yell and repeated over and over again in perfect time. It was begun first by '93, and then taken up by '94, '95, '96, and the Graduates in regular succession. They cheered the Classes ; they cheered the Halls ; they cheered the President and a few favourite Professors, and then they cheered the Ladies ; each body cheering alone and in regular order. Finally all joined in cheering Harvard, and then the whole mass standing, visitors and students together, sang *Fair Harvard*. As we came to the last line of the song the first marshal gave a signal to the athletes, and at once a tussling began ; each one of them trying to get at the trunk of the tree and to mount high enough on the shoulders of the man in front to be within reach of the garland. The struggle was tremendous, like a gigantic scrimmage at football ; the mass seemed at one time all legs and arms, at another a furious combat in which some one must lose life or limb. First one and then another rose high on the backs or shoulders of those below, only to fall back and be lost in the crowd. The spectators cheered and shouted and screamed with laughter. When at last the first bunch of flowers was successfully torn away, we all cheered as if some great and glorious victory had been gained. It took about ten minutes to gain possession of the long wreath ; bit by bit it was

clutched away, and flung among the men below. But there still remained the crimson '93 high above, and I dare say another ten minutes were spent before the frantic efforts to reach it were crowned with success. Only two or three men were brave enough to attempt the feat; the famous gymnast of the year was the one finally to achieve it. Again and again he was dragged down; again and again we saw him engaged in a free fight with obstinate opponents from the vantage ground of the shoulders of his supporters; his jersey was torn, his body must have been covered with bruises and his nails all in pieces; but in the end the rosy '93 fell amid the shouts of everybody, and the fun was over.

"But only for a time. The crowd dispersed to rest and eat, and dress for the various balls and receptions which closed this busy day. Those students who were lucky enough to have rooms looking on the College Yard had them thronged with guests by eight in the evening. From wide-open windows every one was looking down on the coloured lamps hung from the fine trees and listening to the Harvard Glee Club, who, in spite of the heavy rain, sang manfully under their umbrellas the songs that have been sung for so many years. But we were too wet and too tired to go out again, and we feel that we shall have to come back some day to Cambridge to see Class Day under a blue sky and learn what it really is."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Undergraduates. — Harvardians and Oxonians contrasted. — The Athletic Craze. — A Baseball Match. — Games regulated by the Governing Body of the University. — President Eliot's Report.

OF my first impressions of the undergraduates, I made the following record in my journal: "They are shorter and slighter than our Oxford men, with much less colour; a year or two older, I think, unless the hot climate makes them look older. I do not see so many gross, stupid faces, but, on the other hand, I have not as yet noticed any of those fresh-coloured, pleasant, innocent faces which are so attractive at Oxford." On seeing more of the men, I came to doubt whether in appearance they were older than our undergraduates. Near the end of my residence in Cambridge, I thus sum up my observations: "How few are the signs here of university life compared with those seen in Oxford! In Oxford, a real town though it is, and not a suburban village like Cambridge, the presence of the students, nevertheless, is much more conspicuous. No one can walk about its streets and roads without noticing the large number of young men — often moving in a long stream — young men, moreover, who, as their very appearance, their dress, their manner of walking, their features show, are not in business. In the afternoon their suit of flannel makes it clear that they are bent on pleasure, or, at all events, on exercise; in the morning and evening the cap and gown indicate the student. The style, the very make of

their clothes, are not those of the young business man. Their easy, confident step distinguishes them from the ordinary youth of a town. The separation of the Colleges distributes this life over the city, so that undergraduates and graduates are constantly passing along the streets from College to College, or from College to the University buildings. The Parks, the upper river, the lower river, and the Cherwell increase this diffusion. It is increased, moreover, by the Englishman's love of walking and riding."

In the American Cambridge there is very little of this open and palpable university life. The College buildings, which are numerous, are mostly in one enclosure, the Yard. Those which are not there — the more modern additions — are separated from them only by a road. The students, therefore, in going to and from lectures, do not cross the town. Outside the Yard I have never seen them moving in a stream, except on the days of some great baseball or football match, and then they have but a few yards to traverse. Beyond the immediate surroundings of the College they are scarcely noticeable. A stranger, whose walks did not lead him past the Yard, might for some time live within a quarter of a mile of the College, without discovering that he was in a University town. Boston attracts the students in large numbers, and to Boston they go, not on foot but on the tram-cars. In their dress, their general appearance, their gait, I discover little of the undergraduate. In England and Germany this clan does not hide itself. An Oxford man lets the world know that he is an Oxford man. His self-satisfaction gives an assurance, sometimes even a kind of swagger, to his whole behaviour. He walks along the High Street as if it belonged, not to the Corporation, but to himself. His apparel too oft

proclaims the *man*. There is nothing of this here. The Harvard undergraduate talks of himself and his comrades as boys. He has not learnt to swagger. Probably it takes many years at a great English public school to acquire the true manner. Like the art of beating the French at Waterloo, it is best learnt on the Playing Fields of Eton. His dress, too, is much less costly and showy; for the most part it is of a dark cloth. I notice none of those waistcoats with which an Oxford man dazzles the poorer scholars of his college and startles his friends at home. The ordinary Harvard man might have stepped out of a city office or a Normal School for Teachers. He belongs to a poorer class. Clothing, moreover, is so expensive that many have to be content with one suit a year. An undergraduate who had visited Europe in the previous Long Vacation, told me that the clothes he was wearing, for which he had paid three pounds in England, in Cambridge would have cost him six. Every afternoon there are no doubt men to be seen in the dress of young athletes; but though there is the greatest possible interest taken in the yearly boat-race with Yale, and in the baseball and football matches, nevertheless, those who share in these sports are far fewer than we should find in an English university. It is, I am sure, a picked few rather than the mass of men who play. Nowhere is there such a sight as is to be seen any afternoon at Oxford on the river and in the Parks on the days when there is no great race or match. The build of the men proves, moreover, that they have not gone through that long course of rough games which has formed the active and powerful frames of the young English undergraduates. I am told, however, that during the winter half of the year, North Avenue is a training-ground for runners, who in the afternoon

and evening sweep along the "sidewalks," as if the smooth pavement had been laid down for them, and not for quiet, decent Christians. A noble gymnasium, moreover, has been lately built, which is much frequented. "The fever of renown," gained not by the brain, but by the body, is spreading rapidly through the veins of young America. By its "strong contagion" Harvard has been badly caught. One of my friends, whose three sons have recently graduated, lamented to me the excessive interest they all took in the contests of athletes. How different it was when he was young! In those happy days his brother, when home from College, used to talk of books. His sons' talk was of running and jumping, of rowing, baseball, and football. The change is great, indeed, since the time when Dr. Wendell Holmes lamented the general indifference of the youth of New England to bodily exercise. In the seventh chapter of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, he wrote in the year 1858: "I am satisfied that such a set of black-coated, stiff-jointed, soft-muscle, paste-complexioned youth as we can boast in our Atlantic cities never before sprang from loins of Anglo-Saxon lineage. . . . We have a few good boatmen, — no good horsemen that I hear of, — I cannot speak for cricketing, — but as for any great athletic feat performed by a gentleman in these latitudes, society would drop a man who should run round the Common in five minutes."

Emerson, nearly thirty years ago, speaking of Harvard, "compared later times unfavourably with his own. 'The Class,' he said, 'thought nothing of a man who did not have an enthusiasm for something.' " ¹ There is enthusiasm enough

¹ *The Present and Future of Harvard College*, by Professor W. W. Goodwin, 1891, p. 11.

at the present day, but far too much of it is enthusiasm of a baser sort. The hero of to-day is the captain of a "team." If a man should now be dropped because he ran round the Common in five minutes, he would be dropped because a lighter-footed rival had run round it in four minutes, fifty-nine seconds and four-fifths. On the last Saturday in June I witnessed the fag-end of the baseball match between Harvard and Yale. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, kindest and, I trust, happiest of old men, in his long life has seen many revolutions, political, social, literary, and scientific. Has he ever sat upon the benches of the lofty stands on this great day of the Harvard year? If he has, he would have had to own that few revolutions had been more rapid, and none more thorough, than that whose effects he was witnessing. Society drop a man who should run round the Common in five minutes! Why, here was society, unprotected by its parasols, for three hours enduring the blaze of a New England midsummer sun, now carried high upon the wave of triumph, now sunk low down in the trough of despair, as victory or defeat alternately hovered over the nine chosen heroes of Harvard. The Autocrat has known and has outlived many famous men. He himself was not the least of that group of men — that Saturday Club — which gave Boston a fresh renown. His friends were Prescott, Emerson, Motley, Hawthorne, Agassiz, Dana, Lowell. What triumph of the most triumphant of these men could compare with that in which, on this June afternoon, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three, the immortal Jack H—— was borne along and aloft by those few, those happy few, who had got hold of one of his glorious limbs, amid the shouts and the replication of the shouts of surrounding thousands? It was indeed a great day. Yale

had been at last overcome — Yale, whose long line of victories, not only at baseball, but at football and on the river, inflicts on Harvard its solitary shame. It had been overcome, too, by the mighty strength and the “sage command” of the glorious Jack H——, of Jack H——, who for many a day, like Achilles, had not mingled in the fray. It was no fit of the sulks which had restrained his ponderous arm and fettered, as it were, his huge leg. It was to fate, not to caprice, that he had yielded. For five long weeks he had been “on probation.” A man gets “on probation” by his devotion to the nobler side of university life, and by his spirited neglect of his lectures and his lecturers. While he is on it, he is debarred from taking part in all matches with outsiders. A blow, it was felt, was impending over the whole Commonwealth of Massachusetts, with which the glory of Harvard is inseparably bound up; but the stern President did not yield to the indignant outcry. There was to be no *Rex Supragrammaticus* in the College, and the hero, if he had not to swallow the leek, at all events had to swallow the needful amount of knowledge. He did it, and he did it in time. His brain, happily, was unaffected by the unwonted strain; all that weight of learning he bore lightly as a flower, and his unrivalled skill as a pitcher he displayed in its fullest extent. The honour of Harvard, of Cambridge, of Boston, and of Massachusetts was saved, and the pride of Yale, of New Haven, and of Connecticut was laid low.

The last act in this “swelling pageant” I had, as I have said, myself witnessed. “Fag-end,” I called it; but when I used that word, I but imperfectly recalled to my mind the hero and the triumph. My journal has refreshed my memory. The following is my record: “On the way to lunch with Pro-

fessor —, as I passed the entrance to the baseball ground, I saw a body of police, twenty-eight in number, marching in to keep order. The American policemen are much less stolid-looking than our men; they do not seem part of a machine. They have been but little drilled. No mischievous undergraduate, by thrusting his walking-stick between the feet of the front man, could lay low a whole file of them, as a whole file was once laid low in the High Street of Oxford. They have not the air of men who are ever looking over somebody's head. Their appearance is that of "good householders." Falstaff would have pressed them without a moment's hesitation. Bardolph would speedily have had "four Harry ten shillings in French crowns" to set them free. Their work must be light, to judge by a certain comfortable rotundity of that part of the body which the English policeman confines with a belt. Their tunic hangs loosely. "Unbuttoning thee after supper" could never be uttered by way of reproach against one of them. I had scarcely seen the last of these easy-going constables, when there drove up in procession four two-horse flies, containing the Yale team, and some of their chief supporters. On this fine summer day they came in closed carriages, as if they were too delicate to stand the air. Such "drags" as I have seen in Oxford I never see here. I was late in getting back to the ground, so hard had I found it to tear myself away from the good talk of my friend, the most cheery of learned Professors. A vast gathering had been following the changing fortunes of the game for full two hours. Round half the field stands had been raised for the reserved seats, sloping upwards to the height of nearly twenty feet. They all seemed full. The very roofs of the neighbouring buildings were crowded, while on the level ground, and up the

sloping bank at one end many thousands were massed together. A dollar (four shillings and a penny) was more than I cared to pay for a seat; for half a dollar I got standing-room. The people were orderly and good-humoured, though very many, like myself, got but glimpses of the game over the heads of those who stood in front. There were not a few negroes in the crowd, who elbowed their way like the rest. It was surprising to see how many of the working class could afford so large a sum as half a dollar for admittance. A common labouring-man, however, could earn it by two and a half hours' work.

The game, so far as I could see it, is but a poor one compared with cricket. It is the old baseball of my boyhood expanded and refined. It is almost as much below cricket as skittles is below billiards. It is, however, far more easily understood and followed by the ordinary spectator. Its alternations of triumph are sudden. It is not an affair of days, but of hours. A match can be played between lunch and afternoon tea; but what do these benighted heathen cousins of ours know of afternoon tea? As fortune began to incline towards Harvard, the din of applause became oppressive. The cheering — the "Harvard Yell," as it is called — being mechanical, led by conductors, and kept up for many minutes together, is tiresome. The undergraduates sat all together, massed in rows, one above the other. At the foot of each block of seats stood the leader of the cheering, facing the spectators, and giving the time by waving both his hands, the men responding, not only with their voices but with the movement of the upper part of the body. The Harvard "yell" I have already described. Yale responds with *rah* nine times repeated, but without any pause at the third and sixth

repetitions, followed by *Yale*, also drawn out and in an ascending scale. Even Wellesley, the Ladies' College, has its gentle "yell" — W-e-l; l-e-s; l-e-y; Wellesley. This cheering, it seemed to me, went on all the time some great player was in, or else when the fortune was so evenly balanced that friends needed encouragement and foes depression. It was just as if at a cricket-match the clapping was kept up through many "overs" together. Being so mechanical, it had none of that exhilarating effect of the loud but brief applause at one of our matches after a great hit, which at once subsides into a dead silence as the bowler takes the ball and prepares to deliver it. It must surely mar the pleasure of the lookers-on, and, moreover, unfairly depress the opposing nine, who have to play in the continuous din that is raised against them. In the slang of the field this is known as "rattling the team." It is foes, not friends, who are rattled. In this match it was, I am told, carried to a height never before known, to the great indignation of many of the older men. Earlier in the season the *Crimson* had mourned over the decay of "the old Harvard spirit," due, they maintained, to the rapid increase in the number of undergraduates. This spirit was one of "gentlemanliness." A Harvard man, it used to be said, could never understand "the Yale fondness for pure noise." Their understandings must have been a good deal enlightened by this match, though perhaps it might be objected that the noise was anything but pure, having in end victory through intimidation.

At the end of the game, when Harvard was victorious, the crowd rushed to the goal. It was a strange sight this throng, till this glorious moment so closely packed, so easily kept in by the barrier of a single cord, on a sudden streaming in.

dense masses towards one point. The victors were hoisted on men's shoulders and carried round the field at a running pace. The hero of the day, borne before all the rest, was Jack H——, a huge mass of bone, flesh, and muscle, unwieldy but immortal. When at length he and his eight great brethren reached the Pavilion, they went up to the balcony and displayed themselves to the admiring and shouting host below. Whether in England, in the yearly matches at cricket and football between Oxford and Cambridge, such wild scenes of triumph are now to be witnessed I do not know. It is many a year since I was a spectator; in the days when Plancus was consul there was sobriety at all events in our games. If in the idolatry of bodily strength and bodily skill our American cousins are carrying craziness beyond even the point to which we have advanced it, they are but bettering our instructions. Let them remain where they are; in a year or two we shall catch them up in the mad race.

I could wish that at Harvard they had been content to follow us in our athletic frenzy, and had stopped short of our slang. Even the humblest of "the ten leading Universities" of some Western State ought to feel degraded should it be spoken of and written of as the 'Varsity. Thirty-five years ago in Oxford this vile pronunciation was confined to the men who hung about the cricket-grounds and the College barges, ready to pick up a chance sixpence by rendering some trifling service, or to drink a gentleman's health without rendering any service at all. Even a junior scout would have disdained to use it. From these idlers it passed to the cricketers and boating-men, and so gradually onwards to the whole body of undergraduates. Now it is familiar as a household word in the mouths of Fellows of Colleges and Tutors.

Grave Proctors have not been kept by the velvet sleeves of their gowns and their dignity from employing it, and from the lips of Professors in their lighter moods it occasionally drops when they wish to show that they are not unacquainted with the modes of the modern world. Major Pendennis caught from the young men the fashion of speaking of his card as his "pasteboard." Degradation has not as yet spread so far as this at Harvard. No Professor, no Assistant Professor, I verily believe, has as yet lost so much of "the old Harvard spirit" as to call his beloved *Alma Mater* the 'Varsity.

Matches are regulated by the governing bodies in Harvard in a way which is altogether unknown in Oxford. There the control, such as it is, is exercised by each College. The University, beyond giving over part of the Parks to the cricket and football clubs, knows nothing of games. At Harvard, up to the year 1882, there had been but one restriction imposed on the athletes. No match or race could take place till after the last recitation¹ hour on Saturday (one o'clock), or after four o'clock on other days. This rule shows how great is the difference in the daily life of the two Universities. At Oxford the common hours for exercise are between half-past one and half-past four. In the winter half of the year, by four o'clock or a little later all the games at football are over, and men stream homewards from the Parks, in all the glory of mud and sweat, not yielding the path to any. About the same time the boating-men are flocking in from the river. In summer, when there is no match, the cricketers return by half-past four. They all come back in time to change their

¹ That which we call a college lecture, that is to say, a class taken by a college tutor, as distinguished from a public lecture delivered by a university professor, is at Harvard known as a *recitation*.

clothes and take a cup of tea before the reading-men get to work with their tutors. This kind of work goes on till nearly seven — the general hour for dinner — and is often resumed after a two hours' interval. In my time at Oxford, "the rather luxurious practice," with which President Eliot charges the Law School, "of using for lectures chiefly the hours from nine to one,"¹ was, I believe, very general. With the stroke of one we had done with lecturing and the tutors had done with us — the rest of the day was ours, to dispose of as we pleased. I remember the kind of shock it gave me when, on a visit to Oxford, two or three years after I had taken my degree, calling in the evening on a young and zealous tutor I found him engaged with a small class of reading-men. There used to be, and no doubt there still is, a great difference, not only among different Colleges, but among the tutors of the same College, in the strictness with which attendance at lectures is enforced. One of my tutors, who was described in the *Cricketers' Guide* as "the remains of a fine player," was full of indulgence when a match was coming off. As Master of the College, he still kept up his interest in games. The last time I saw him was one day in the late autumn when he was drawn in his Bath Chair to the Football Field. A great match was to be played, and though he had nearly reached the limit of fourscore years, he would not miss it. A pleasant story is told of the kind old man which shows the tact with which he governed the undergraduates. The College boat was one year at the head of the river. The eight, in their pride at seeing one of the smallest of the Colleges in this great position, invited the University crew to dine with them in Hall.

¹ *Annual Reports of the President and Treasurer of Harvard College*, 1891-92, p. 25.

There is a limit in the cost of the dinner beyond which no one is allowed to go. This they would have exceeded by the haunch of venison which they ordered. The manciple, not caring to face the wrath of headstrong youth, instead of refusing to provide it, consulted the Master. He sent for the Captain of the Eight, and told him that by a regulation of the College which was not to be set aside, the venison could not be had. As the young man, full of vexation, was leaving the room, the old man called him back. "You are going," he said, "to entertain the University crew. It is a great day for you and the College, and I am sorry that any of our regulations, excellent though they may be in themselves, should stand in your way. I think I see a way out of the difficulty. There is no rule of the College which forbids the Master to ask you to accept a haunch of venison, and I shall have great pleasure in sending one for you and your friends."

In Harvard, in the spring of 1882, one of the Professors, who had none of the tastes of my old Master, drew the attention of the Faculty to the list of matches of the Baseball Club for the coming season. Out of twenty-eight, nineteen were to be played away from Cambridge. "Could the members of the teams," he indignantly asked, "be said to be fulfilling the purpose for which they came to College?" A Standing Committee on the Regulation of Athletic Sports was appointed. It was composed of three members, all of the Faculty. They had the good sense to begin their work by taking the leading athletes into their counsels. "The attitude of the young men was one of friendly tolerance. They evidently feared that in the main the Members of the Committee were practically too inexpert to be safely intrusted with legislation on such important matters. . . . The Faculty received

from them a remonstrance, in which it was skilfully but clearly intimated that they should hesitate to pass laws in regard to a game which they did not understand. This gave rise to the celebrated *mot* of one of the older members, a man of gentle spirit but then thoroughly roused, who said that he and his colleagues, it was true, might not know when the ball was kicked properly, but they certainly did know when a man was kicked improperly. The game was at this time notoriously rough. During this discussion a new definition of the Rugby game was given by a Cambridge wit. 'The games,' she said, 'in which they carry the ball and kick one another.' "

After the first Committee had sat for three years, its place was taken by a second composed of five members, two of whom were undergraduates. All five were selected by the President of the University. Like its predecessor, "it regulated athletic contests as friends and not as enemies. Meanwhile trouble was brewing in a new and unexpected quarter." The Board of Overseers took alarm "at the abuses, excesses, and accidents incident to athletic exercises. In 1886-87 there had been, on the average, more than one intercollegiate contest each week of the College year." The elderly men who sat on the Board looked back to those uncontentious days, when the annual boat-race with Yale alone disturbed the smooth current of university life. The race with Oxford, which in the summer of 1869 lined the banks of the Thames with a dense crowd, being rowed in the Long Vacation, was not an exception. "I did not expect our crew to win," wrote Lowell to the author of *Tom Brown*, "though I hoped they would. Especially I hoped it because I thought it would do more towards bringing about a more friendly feeling between

the two countries than anything else. I am glad to think that it has had that result as it is.”¹ I watched the race from a point about half-way along the course. The Harvard boat was leading by nearly half a length. The result we did not learn till the umpire’s steamer came down the river with the Oxford flag flying at the top. Some minutes before the news of victory reached us the result was known in all the chief cities of the United States.

The alarm of the Overseers in 1888 led to the appointment of a newly modelled Committee. It consisted of three members of the Faculty and three graduates of the College, appointed by the President and Fellows with the consent of the Overseers, and of three undergraduates chosen by indirect election. It is subject to the authority of the Faculty; but during the last four years this authority has not once been exercised. Saturday, as far as possible, has been made the day for all kinds of contests. On no other day of the week can any take place outside Cambridge, “unless permission is first obtained from the Committee in writing.” Articles of agreement have been drawn up by it between Harvard and Yale, by which a dishonest practice is stopped which had crept into some of the contests. In the eagerness for victory, “men who were not *bona fide* students and who were not amateurs” had been taken into the “teams.” Harvard and Yale agreed that henceforth no one should be allowed to play who had ever engaged for money in any athletic competition. By another rule, intercollegiate matches have almost wholly been confined to New England. As Massachusetts, one only of the six New England States, is one hundred and sixty miles long and one hundred broad, the confinement does not

¹ *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, ed. 1893, II. 46.

seem excessive. President Eliot, in his *Report to the Board of Overseers* for last year, points out the evils which arise when the match takes place near one of the great towns. "The public interest in baseball and football has made it easy to collect large sums of gate-money, both on College grounds and on public grounds convenient to New York and other cities. The money thus easily got is often wastefully and ineffectively spent. There is something exquisitely inappropriate in the extravagant expenditure on athletic sports at such institutions as Harvard and Yale — institutions which have been painfully built up by the self-denial, frugality, and public spirit of generations that certainly did not lack physical and moral courage, endurance, and toughness, yet always put the things of the spirit above the things of sense. At these Universities there must be constant economy and inadequacy in expenditure for intellectual and spiritual objects; how repulsive then must be foolish and pernicious expenditures on sports."¹ This collection of gate-money on College grounds as surely admits of an easy remedy as it needs one. The charge of a dollar for a seat at the baseball match seems to me excessive; but this was surpassed at the football match played last year between Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania on Thanksgiving Day, when the lowest price for a seat was a dollar and a half (six shillings and two pence), while so much as two dollars and even two dollars and a half was charged. In Oxford almost all the matches, both of cricket and football, are played in the University Parks, which are open to all, gown and town alike. There, without any payment, I have watched even the great Grace play — that summer hero, perhaps the most famous man in England from May till August.

¹ *Annual Reports*, 1892-93, p. 14.

In the remaining eight months he and his fame hibernate. New playing-fields are shortly to be opened at Harvard. They should be kept pure from this contamination of gate-money. "It is not," to quote the President's words, "an appropriate function for a College or University to provide periodical entertainments during term-time for multitudes of people who are not students."¹ These multitudes would not attend if, as in the Parks at Oxford, the spectators had nothing but standing-room provided, and that free of charge. It is the high prices which make the spectacle fashionable.

In the last ten years the four great sports, baseball, boating, football, and athletics, have grown so fast "that undergraduates are now unable single-handed to manage them successfully." To "assume the office of intimate advisers to the officers of each of the athletic organizations" was more than the Committee chose to do. They proposed that a permanent Graduate Advisory Committee should be appointed by each association, composed of three graduates "who in their own College days had been leaders in athletics." The plan was approved of by the undergraduates, and the Committees have been established.

The training of the athletes has not been neglected by the President and the Fellows. So early as 1883 the Committee on Athletics "recommended that there should be attached to the staff of the Gymnasium a person of good education and breeding, with the qualifications requisite to enable him to advise students as to the best modes of training and practice in Track Athletics and Field Sports."² The following year

¹ *Annual Reports*, 1892-93, p. 12.

² The word *Field Sports* at Harvard does not mean "the diversions of the field, as of fowling, hunting, fishing" (to use Johnson's definition). It means, I think, such exercises as jumping, leaping, etc.

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an Assistant in the Department of Physical Training was accordingly appointed. "He is an officer of the College and is paid from its funds. Under his skilful training Harvard has had teams which have met with only two defeats in the intercollegiate contests with Yale in Track Athletics and Field Sports." Nothing better shows the strong hold that races and matches have taken of Young America than an offer made three years ago by some graduates of Harvard of "ten thousand dollars to be paid to Mr. Bancroft, who was then engaged in the practice of his profession in Boston, for three years' service as coach simply of the University and Freshman crews." The offer was declined by the officers of the Boat Club — why, we are not told.¹

I have often thought, in walking by the river at Oxford and watching the training of the crews, that the labour they underwent, the strictness of the discipline to which they were exposed, and the abuse which they had to suffer in silence, made the life of a boating-man harder than that of a young soldier, and almost as hard as the criminal's on the treadmill. But their lot is freedom itself when measured by the standard of Harvard and Yale. They breathe, at all events, the air of heaven, and are not made, during the winter months, to tug at the labouring oar in a dismal vault. In the long frosts of New England the rivers are frozen hard and boating becomes impossible. At such times the crews are exercised in a great tank, covered in and kept unfrozen by the heat of a furnace. There, under the eye of their trainer, they pull their oars

¹ These facts I have extracted from an article entitled *The Committee on Athletics*, published in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for January, 1893. In the number for March, 1894, it is stated thus: "Thousands of dollars are now paid for the services and expenses of graduate 'coaches.'"

through the water without moving the boat, for it is fastened to the side. Had Dante seen them at work, he would have added one more torment to his Hell.

President Eliot in his Report¹ deals at some length with the great and rapidly growing evil of this excessive devotion to athletic sports. He is fully aware of the good that has been done by the growth of manly exercises in American Colleges. "There has been," he says, "a decided improvement in the average health and strength of Harvard students during the last twenty-five years." "Athletic sports," he adds, "have supplied a new and effective motive for resisting all sins which weaken or corrupt the body; they have quickened admiration for such manly qualities as courage, fortitude, and presence of mind in emergencies and under difficulties; they have cultivated in a few the habit of command, and in many the habit of quick obedience and intelligent subordination; and finally, they have set before young men prizes and distinctions which are uncontaminated by any commercial value, and which no one can win who does not possess much patience, perseverance, and self-control, in addition to rare bodily endowments." But, on the other hand, carried as they so often are to excess, they do not "permit the main end of College life — hard study. No student can keep up his studies, and also play his full part in any one of these sports as at present conducted. The faithful member of a crew or team may, perhaps, manage to attend most of his lectures or other College exercises; but he rarely has any mind to give to his studies." As I read this passage I called to mind how nearly forty years ago one of my tutors at Oxford pointed out to me — not that any pointing out was needful — the

¹ *Annual Reports*, 1892-93, pp. 12-22.

drowsy state in which a great oarsman — the chief glory of our College — always came to lectures. Over his Greek and Latin he rested from the real labours of the day. He was as sleepy over his book as he was wakeful over his oar. His vast muscles seemed to have invaded his brain. "Wantonly exaggerated athletic sports," continues the President, "convert the student into a powerful animal, and dull for the time his intellectual parts; they present the Colleges to the public, educated and uneducated, as places of mere physical sport, and not of intellectual training; they make familiar to the student a coarse publicity which destroys his rightful privacy while in training for intellectual service, and subjects him to insolent and vulgar comments on his personal qualities; they induce in masses of spectators at interesting games an hysterical excitement which too many Americans enjoy, but which is evidence, not of physical strength and depth of passion, but of feebleness and shallowness; and they tend to dwarf mental and moral pre-eminence by unduly magnifying physical prowess."

In *Harvard Stories* there is set before us this scene of "hysterical excitement." The football match with Yale is described, where the friends and supporters of each University muster nearly ten thousand strong, among them "Governors, Congressmen, Judges, Architects, and Clergymen." After a long struggle, the ball is at length carried over the Yale line. "Then did all the Harvard hosts shout with a mighty shout that made the air tremble. For five minutes dignified men, old and young, cheered and hugged each other, and acted as they never do on any other occasion, except, perhaps, a College boat-race."¹

¹ *Harvard Stories*, by W. K. Post, 1893, p. 23.

CHAPTER IX.

Caps and Gowns. — Harvard College and University. — The Dormitors.
— Room Rents. — Students' Life Seventy Years Ago. — Memorial Hall.

THE Harvard men in their imitation of the English universities are doing better in their attempt to introduce the cap and gown. In America republican simplicity is gone too far in abolishing state and in discarding robes. Nowhere but in the Supreme Court at Washington is so much even as a gown worn by the Judges. Barristers everywhere are robeless and wigless. Yet, if "robes and furred gowns be all," in the courts of more than one City and perhaps of more than one State the temptation to wear them must surely sometimes be very strong. In New York, in no remote antiquity, there have been Judges known who, it might have been expected, would have kept them on term time and vacation, day and night. Among all the Bishops of the Episcopal Church, I am told, there is but one apron and but one pair of gaiters to be seen. What are they among sixty millions of people? In Appleton Chapel at Harvard, where every Sunday evening the university sermon is preached, no seats are set apart for the Professors. The President often shows in his way with the rest, and takes a place wherever he may find one unoccupied. He and the immortal Jack H——, if that hero ever brings down his mighty soul to the low level of a sermon, might shoulder to shoulder. On the evening when I attended the

service, I chanced to sit just behind a dignitary of the University. When, on standing up for the opening hymn, I discovered that he was wearing a dark grey coat and a pair of brown shoes, and when I thought of our Vice-Chancellor in the red and black gown of a Doctor of Divinity, or in the crimson gown of a Doctor of Civil Law, marshalled to his chair of state by the Bedells with their silver maces, and supported by the long line of Doctors, Proctors, and Heads of Houses in their gowns and hoods, the organ pealing forth, and the whole congregation — Masters, Bachelors, and undergraduates — rising to do them honour, my mind was greatly troubled. Lost in thought, it was some time before I could give my attention to the preacher.

The need of ceremony is gradually becoming felt. On Commencement Day, when all the degrees of the year are given, the gown has for some while been commonly worn by “the Graduating Class.” On this great day, and on this alone, the President and the Professors wear their gowns. The bright adornment of the hood was for the most part wanting. Nevertheless, on the shoulders of a great classical scholar, over his Harvard gown, I saw the blue hood of a Doctor of Laws of Edinburgh; and on the shoulders of one of the youngest of the Professors, the red and black hood of a Master of Arts of Oxford. Some fifty or sixty years ago, Professor Ticknor — so the story runs — brought back from Oxford, where he had received an honorary degree, a gown which was, he said, that of a Doctor of Civil Law. This he wore at Harvard on solemn occasions. On resigning his professorship, he bequeathed it to Longfellow, who succeeded him in his chair, who in his turn wore it, and in his turn, on his resignation, bequeathed it to his successor Lowell. In its faded glories the author of the *Biglow Papers* delivered his opening address, troubled though he was by a doubt that it

was not really the gown of a Doctor of Oxford. In the year 1873, when Oxford conferred on him an honorary degree, he looked round the Sheldonian Theatre for a robe of the same kind as his venerable relique. After a long search he discovered a single specimen. It was, he was told, the gown of an Archdeacon !

Prescott, if in his later years he was ever present on Commencement Day, must, I should think, have worn the Doctor's gown which was conferred on him at Oxford. "He had," says his biographer, "already received more than one honorary degree at home ; but, with his accustomed ingenuousness and simplicity, remembering how lavishly and carelessly such distinctions are conferred by most of our American Colleges, he could not repress his satisfaction that he was "now a *real* Doctor."¹

The square cap has been but lately introduced — not, I believe, before the summer of 1892. Till then the tall silk hat had been always worn with the gown. Nowhere is this hat much seen in New England. In the streets of Boston I doubt whether it is worn by one man in a hundred. It is not there, as it is in the city of London and in the Temple and Lincoln's Inn, the very badge of commercial and professional respectability. Neither is it seen on the broad Avenues to the west of Boston, where are the houses of the fashionable world. On Sunday, however, I am told, before and after church it is commonly worn by highly respectable people. For Commencement the graduating Bachelor bought one for the first and last time. A young man of a frugal mind was content with hiring one for the day. At Oxford the gown of the honorary Doctor is, in like manner, commonly hired, and perhaps sometimes

¹ *Life of W. H. Prescott*, by George Ticknor, p. 293.

the cap. In the *Crimson*, a little while before the great day of last year, "a Member of the Graduating Class who loves congruities" complained of "the incongruity of the action when the Seniors removed their caps in entering the auditorium of Sanders Theatre. It jarred a little upon one's sense of fitness. The cap, indeed, is not a hat to be removed during exercises, but on the contrary to be worn. In Cambridge and Oxford its place is thus understood. The unique effect of both is quite lost when one is taken away; especially when the cap is of the peculiar form." The unique effect of a large body of undergraduates wearing their caps on Degree Day in the presence of the President—the Vice-Chancellor, that is to say, and more than the Vice-Chancellor—of this American University, was prevented by a letter from a better informed correspondent.

Americans, like all other foreigners, do not easily understand the mixed government of Oxford and Cambridge, each with its numerous Colleges, self-governing and independent corporations, and its one University. In the *Crimson*, in an article headed *The Oxford Student*, I find it stated that "no Oxford student is allowed to enter or leave the University after nine o'clock. The gates are shut at that time." An Oxford man, of course, enters the University on the day he matriculates, and leaves it when he goes out of residence. Many never leave it till they leave life. It is no more capable of having gates than a Federal Government, or any other metaphysical body. In the New England Cambridge, *College* and *University* seemed to me interchangeable terms. For instance, in Professor Goodwin's *Present and Future of Harvard College*, though the learned author mainly considers the Arts Course, the Course, that is to say, which has its seat in the College, nevertheless he also deals with the whole system of a University. No one, so far as I

heard, speaks of Harvard University, but always of Harvard College. It was not till I turned over the pages of the *Catalogue*¹ that I discovered the difference. "Harvard University," as there I read, "comprehends the following departments: Harvard College, the Lawrence Scientific School, the Graduate School, the Divinity School, the Law School, the Medical School, the Dental School, the School of Veterinary Medicine, the Bussey Institute (a School of Agriculture), the Arnold Arboretum, the University Library, the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, the University Museum, the Botanic Garden, the Herbarium, and the Astronomical Observatory." The President of the College is the President of every Faculty and President of the whole University. The Professors of the College are Professors of the University, but not all the Professors of the University are Professors of the College. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, for instance, is Emeritus Professor not of Harvard College, but of Harvard University. The accomplished editor of *Lowell's Letters* is a Professor of Harvard College and also of Harvard University. It was, writes Mr. W. R. Thayer, "the Presidency of Kirkland," who held office from 1810 to 1829, "that witnessed the expansion of Harvard from a College into a University by the creation of several departments or schools, in addition to the Academic department." Mr. Thayer nevertheless entitles his work, *An Historical Sketch of Harvard University from its Foundation to May, 1890*. He thus seems to confuse the University with the College, going back for its foundation nearly two centuries before, according to his statement, it was created. Harvard, however, in the ordinary sense of the word was a University from the beginning, for it has always been a corporate body giving instruction in "polite

¹ *The Calendar* of the University.

learning," and conferring degrees. So early as 1657, in *An Appendix to the College Charter*, I find it stated that "the Corporation and the Body of Overseers remain to the present time the governing powers of the University." Up to the time then that the new Schools were added, somewhat early in this century, the College was the University and the University was the College. Its founders, who were mainly graduates of our English Cambridge, had hoped, we may feel sure, that as wealth increased, pious founders would arise, by whose munificence new Colleges would cluster round Harvard, as they had clustered round the earliest foundations in the old country, each a corporation in itself, and all forming one great University. Here, as the years went by, should some wanderer come from the banks of the English Cam, he would, they dreamt, in very truth find

"Parvam Trojam, simulataque magnis
Pergama."

If such were their hopes and such their dreams, these hopes and these dreams have this very year in part come true; but in a way which would have startled these old Puritans, if not dismayed them. By a vote of the Governing Bodies of Harvard University and by an Act of the Legislature, an institution in Cambridge in which women students have for some years received an academical education, has been united to the University, while it still remains an independent corporation. Radcliffe College, the college of the "sweet girl-graduates," is the second founded in the American Cambridge. May it not be the last!

Till this year the University had followed a course of its own. Of the new "Departments" which had gathered round it, the Divinity School alone bears any likeness to one of our

Colleges. Like them it has its Chapel, Library, and rooms for residence, but it has no separate Corporation, no common kitchen and no common dining-hall. The students, who are scarcely forty in number, board where they please. They are all Bachelors of Arts of Harvard or of some other University, or graduates of a Theological School. The members of the Lawrence Scientific School can have rooms in College. The students in the Law School have only the privilege, shared in by all the Departments, of having their meals in Memorial Hall. For their instruction they have indeed a stately Hall and a noble Library. The Graduate School, as its name implies, is composed of men who have already taken their degree. They have no local habitation. The three Medical Schools are situated in Boston, three miles or so from Cambridge. These students live in lodgings. The School of Agriculture is on a farm. There is, therefore, excluding Divinity Hall, but one College in Harvard in the Oxford and Cambridge sense of the word.

To the Americans, our peculiar Academic system can be made clearer than to the French or Germans by Professor Freeman's ingenious comparison of their forty-two States, each self-governed, but held together by a Federal Government.¹ They are familiar, moreover, with the notion of students residing in collegiate buildings, under a discipline more or less strict. "Harvard," writes Professor Goodwin, "began as an

¹ Milman, in his *History of Latin Christianity*, ed. 1858, Vol. VI., p. 102, writing of the time of Wycliffe, says: "The English Universities had already begun to take their peculiar character, a league, as it were, of separate, independent Colleges, each a distinct republic, with its endowments, statutes, internal government; though the University was still paramount, and the Chancellor, with his inferior officers, held the supreme, all-embracing authority."

English college of the Cambridge type, and it remained essentially an English college down to the early years of this century. . . . It has always had the traditional freedom of an English college, and none of the smaller discipline of a German gymnasium ; but it has never had any of the very different freedom of a German university.”¹ More than half of the students of the College live in great blocks of buildings known as Dormitories, mostly standing in the Yard. These Dormitories may be likened to the different quadrangles of a large Oxford College, such as Christ Church, or, better still, to the New Buildings of Magdalen — still known as *New*, though it was in that “stately pile” that Gibbon had his rooms. Each Dormitory stands apart. Round the Yard there is no lofty enclosure with its single gateway, its great doors thrown open in the daytime and closed after dark, its little wicket, and its porter’s lodge. There is, to be sure, at the main entrance a gateway of fine proportions, built a few years ago by a former student, but it stands there for state, not for use. The Yard is almost everywhere enclosed by nothing more than a low railing, with numerous openings. Undergraduates can leave their rooms and return to them at all hours. *Noctes atque dies patet janua*. There is no “gateing” here.²

The twelve Dormitories of the College “have accommodations for 973 students, provided all double rooms are occupied by two persons.” In the oldest buildings the occupant has but a single room, in which he lives by day and sleeps by night. Many of the apartments consist of one sitting-room and two bed-rooms. Two students often join together in taking one of

¹ *The Present and Future of Harvard College*, p. 21.

² At Oxford an undergraduate is said to be *gated* when he is forbidden to leave the College after the dinner hour.

these, for the expense of the sitting-room is shared. "I shall chum next year with Dorr," wrote Emerson, "and he appears to be perfectly disposed to study hard."¹ *Chumming* was of old common enough in Oxford; the evidences of it were left less than forty years ago. When I entered Pembroke College in 1855, there did not happen to be a set of rooms vacant. By a University statute an undergraduate was at that time required to sleep within his College during his first three years of residence. Another Freshman and I had each to find a sitting-room in a neighbouring street. For a bedroom I had to choose between "a double room," or a hole under a staircase which was commonly used as a "scout's" pantry. With an Englishman's love of independence, I chose the pantry. In Harvard it often happens that a double room has but a single tenant, when it is occupied by a student who is rich enough to pay the full rent. The rents range from \$25 (£5.2.0) to \$350 (£71.10) a year. There are, however, only eighteen rooms for which the charge is so low as \$56 (£11.9.0).² In the Oxford Colleges the lowest rent is £4 (\$19.56). At Oriel the average is £11 (\$53.80); at New College, £14 (\$68.46); at Balliol, £15 (\$73.35). In Christ Church the lowest rent is £8 (\$39.12), and the highest £28 (\$137). In Magdalen, even in Gibbon's "stately pile," not more than £20 (\$98) is charged; in the other Colleges the rents are below this sum. In Harvard 292 rooms are rented more highly than the dearest

¹ *Emerson in Concord*, ed. 1889, p. 23.

² "The occupants of the only low-priced rooms in the College Yard dormitories received in March the following notice: 'By vote of the Corporation, February 26, 1894, the scale of prices of rooms in Hollis and Stoughton is to be increased from the beginning of the academic year 1894-95.' The new rates are from 50 to 75 per cent. higher than the old." *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, June, 1894, p. 604.

in Oxford. As a considerable set-off against this higher charge, the residence is longer by eleven weeks in each year.

In Oxford, when I was an undergraduate, the furniture was always the property of the occupant, who took it, or as much of it as he pleased, at a valuation from his predecessor. Whatever additions he made were in like manner valued. For the furniture of my rooms, which were in the Attics, I was charged on entrance about £14 (\$68.50). I laid out £4 (\$19.56), and received on leaving nearly as much as I had paid at first. At the present time in many Colleges the furniture is owned by the Corporation, who charge for it in a higher rent. In Harvard the rooms are let unfurnished. Professor Peabody, in his lively *Reminiscences*, thus describes the furniture as he had known it nearly seventy years ago: "In my time a student's room was remarkable chiefly for what it did not have — for the absence, I might almost say, of all tokens of civilization. The feather-bed was regarded as a valuable chattel; but ten dollars [£2.1] would have been a fair auction-price for all the other contents of an average room. I doubt whether any fellow-students of mine owned a carpet. A second-hand dealer had a few threadbare carpets, which he leased at an extravagant price to certain Southern members of the Senior Class. The rooms were heated by open wood-fires. Almost every room had among its *transmittenda* a cannon-ball, which on very cold days was heated to a red heat, and placed on a skillet; while at other times it was often utilized by being rolled down stairs at such times as might most nearly bisect a tutor's night-sleep." ¹

The late Master of my College, who died less than three years ago, told me that, when he was a Junior Fellow, the

¹ *Reminiscences of Harvard College*, p. 196.

floor of the Common Room, which was carpetless, was sprinkled with fine sand every morning. An ancient Fellow of Exeter College, who is still remembered by one or two of the Seniors, angrily resisted the proposal to introduce a carpet into their Common Room. If one were laid down, he said, he would never set foot on it. It was laid down, and he kept to his word.

Mr. Frank Bolles, late Secretary of Harvard University, whose untimely death is greatly deplored, recently published a curious collection of letters from forty students of the College, — all “very poor, earnest, scholarly, eager to secure remunerative work, and likely to be methodical and accurate in money matters,” in which “are described in detail their necessary expenses.”¹ Some of these men lived in furnished lodgings; others have not separated their room-rent from their outlay for furniture. In the sixteen letters where the charges are kept apart, the lowest expenditure in a year on furniture was \$5 (£1.0.5); the highest \$48 (£9.16.0); the average being \$20 (£4.1.8). Some of this outlay would, no doubt, be recovered by each student as he went out of residence, but the sale is not managed by the College as it is at Oxford. There is no transference from the out-going to the in-coming tenant. Every man before leaving sells his furniture as best he can, piece by piece. It sometimes happens that a rich student, in all the carelessness which comes from a full purse, leaves his furniture behind as a present to his fortunate but unknown successor.

A Loan-Furniture Association has lately been founded, “which lends students sets of furniture at a price just sufficient to replace the property as it is worn out. The charge for a

¹ *Students' Expenses*, by Frank Bolles, 1893, p. 9.

set is \$5 (£1.0.5) a year." It is managed by a Board of Directors chosen by ballot from among the officers and students of the University.¹

The students who do not "room" in College—to use a word in common use in America—reside in "private Dormitories," in boarding-houses, in private families, or in ordinary lodgings. The University Committee on the Reception of Students, at the opening of each year, publishes a descriptive list of rooms to let, with the rents asked for the academic year. "This grouping of facts and figures," writes the Secretary, "has tended to establish uniformity and stability in rates. By covering a large residence area, the list has extended competition and made rates more moderate than they might otherwise have been."² The following entries which I have selected from this list show both the character of the lodgings and the fulness of the information:—

"Rent \$50 (£10.4.6), one-eighth of a mile from the College, one room on the fourth floor [the third according to our reckoning, for in America the ground floor is the first], twelve feet by eleven, with one window to the south, furnished; stove; light; fuel not provided; no bath-room."

"Rent \$200 (£40.18.0), suite of two rooms on the second floor, one sixteen feet and a half square, the other sixteen by eleven, with four windows to the south and west, unfurnished; stove; no fuel or light."

"Rent \$500 (£102.4.0), half a mile from the College; suite of two rooms on the second floor, one twelve feet by fourteen, the other eleven feet by thirteen, with five windows to the north and west; stove; bath-room; no fuel or light."

Many of the lodgings consist of only one room. In Oxford, in the lodgings licensed by the University, in which alone undergraduates are allowed to lodge, a separate bedroom must be

¹ *Students' Expenses*, p. 5; *Harvard University*, by Frank Bolles, p. 5.

² *Students' Expenses*, p. 5.

provided. It is, however, sometimes little better than a closet. "Good order is maintained in College and private Dormitories by graduates or instructors holding appointments as Proctors. Proctors are under the direction of the Regent. At the discretion of the Regent, a Proctor may be placed in any private house where students lodge, if the maintenance of good order in the house seems to require it."¹ This is a heavy, though a just tax on the householder, who has to provide a room for the Proctor free of charge. A studious set of men living in College have been known to ask that a more rigorous Proctor might be sent to reside on their staircase.

The students board where they please. There is no buttery-hatch or kitchen-hatch, whence breakfasts, lunches, and suppers are sent out to men's rooms. They had both existed in old days, for they were not among the institutions from which the Puritans had fled, who, with all their strictness, were by no means careless of the creature comforts. In the early days each student "received his sizing of food upon a pewter plate and his beer in a pewter mug. They were delivered by the butler to the servitors," who would carry them into the Hall.² The buttery-hatch fell first. In the first year of this century it was closed forever. The kitchen-hatch struggled on for a few years longer, but it, too, was at length closed. "Commons," the meals provided by the College and eaten in the Hall, continued till 1849.³ Professor Peabody gives the following

¹ *Harvard University*, by F. Bolles, p. 5. "The Regent is a University officer who exercises a general supervision over the conduct and welfare of the students." *Catalogue*, p. 32.

² *The Early College Buildings at Cambridge*, by A. M. Davis, p. 22.

³ *An Historical Sketch of Harvard University*, by W. R. Thayer, 1890, p. 42.

description of a student's fare and daily life, as he had known it seventy years ago : —

“The student's life was hard. Morning prayers were in summer at six ;¹ in winter about half an hour before sunrise, in a bitterly cold chapel. Thence half of each Class passed into the several recitation-rooms, and three-quarters of an hour later the bell rang for a second set of recitations, including the remaining half of the students. Then came breakfast, which, in the College Commons, consisted solely of coffee, hot rolls and butter, except when the members of a mess had succeeded in pinning to the nether surface of the table, by a two-pronged fork, some slices of meat from the previous day's dinner. Between ten and twelve every student attended another recitation or a lecture. Dinner was at half-past twelve. There was another recitation in the afternoon, except on Saturdays ; then evening prayers at six, or in winter at early twilight ; then the evening meal, plain as the breakfast, with tea instead of coffee, and cold bread for the hot rolls. After tea the Dormitories rang with song and merriment till the study-bell, at eight in winter, at nine in summer, sounded the curfew for fun and frolic, proclaiming dead silence throughout the College premises. On Sunday all were required to attend worship twice each day in the College Chapel. . . . The charge for Commons was a dollar and seventy-five cents a week [seven shillings and two pence]. The food had not been deficient in quantity, but it was so mean in quality, so poorly cooked and so coarsely served as to disgust those who had been accustomed to the decencies of the table, and to encourage a mutinous spirit, rude manners,

¹ Dr. Johnson, writing from University College, Oxford, on June 1, 1775, says: “I went this morning to the chapel at six.” *Letters of Samuel Johnson*, I. 323.

and ungentlemanly habits ; so that the dining-halls were seats of boisterous misrule and nurseries of rebellion.”¹

It was in coming from Hall that Prescott the historian was struck in the eye by a piece of hard crust thrown by a disorderly student, and half-blinded for life. Like Milton, he was supported in his task — supported by a deep love of learning and an unconquerable spirit.

In defiance of rules, the undergraduates began to take their meals outside the College. It was in vain that President Quincy,² who came into office in 1829, purchased in England for the use of the Hall a handsome service of plate stamped with the College seal. During the war between the North and the South it was all sold. For some time, however, it had been lying idle, for “Commons” had been abolished a few years earlier. When the kitchen was closed, “the half-score or more of swine,” no doubt, disappeared ; in Professor Peabody’s time they had been kept in sties close to the back of the Hall.

For fifteen years the students boarded where they pleased — singly or in clubs. According to the American custom, even those who lived in lodgings must have gone out of the house for their meals. Our lodging-house system, where each lodger provides his own food and has his meals in his own room, and where the landlady supplies the cooking and the service, is unknown in New England. All who occupy rooms in a house either take their meals at one common table or go abroad for them. There could be no Autocrat of the Breakfast Table with us. Our Autocrat would be a king without subjects. In 1865,

¹ *Reminiscences*, pp. 29, 197.

² The name of this distinguished New England family is always pronounced *Quinzy*. The English author De Quincey is in like manner by Americans called *De Quinzey*.



MEMORIAL HALL.



the Corporation fitted up an old railway station for a dining-club. As they had met with no success as caterers, they put it mainly under the management of the members. How far had "Fair Harvard" sunk beneath its English model—"but oh how fallen!"—with its undergraduates dining, not in a noble hall, but in a renovated "depot."¹ The age of meanness was soon to pass away. In the Civil War twelve hundred and thirty-nine Harvard men served in the army and navy of the North. Ninety-five fell fighting on the side of liberty. To their memory a noble building has been raised under the name of Memorial Hall.

In it more than a thousand students take their meals. As they pass in through the spacious transept, they see inscribed before them on the walls the names of those who fell. Few more touching records are anywhere to be read than the long list of these men who died for their country, most of them in the very prime of their youth. Here in a few simple lines, without one wasted word of praise, are given each man's name, his birthplace, his age, his standing in the University, and the battle in which he fell. Dull, indeed, must be the heart of the young American who does not here feel his love strengthened for that Union and that liberty which these men died to save.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*."

The dining-hall is hung round with the portraits of Harvard worthies, old Presidents, Judges, and Governors of the Common-

¹ A railway station—or rather I should say a railroad station—is commonly called a *depot*. Though in *trait* and *restaurant* the final *t* is sounded by Americans, in *depot* it is left silent.

wealth ; soldiers and builders-up of Constitutions ; Story the great jurist ; Prescott, Emerson, Motley, Longfellow, and Lowell. Here stands the bust of Charles Russell Lowell ; “ the perfection of a man and a soldier,” as Sheridan said of him. Fifteen years before the battle at Cedar Creek, in which he fell, his uncle had urged the lad “ to pay his way honourably in life by being of use.”¹ He paid his way full royally.

¹ *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, I. 181.

CHAPTER X.

A Visit to Three Dormitories. — Dining Clubs. — The Liquor Law. — Baths. — Signs and “Shingles.” — Clubs. — Politics. — Christmas. — A Student’s Library.

ON a pleasant afternoon in June a friendly undergraduate showed me three sets of rooms; the first in a lodging-house, the second in Hastings, the most modern of the Dormitories, and the third in Matthews, a Dormitory built twenty-one years ago. In the lodging-house he himself lived with three friends, each having a separate bedroom, but all sharing in a common sitting-room. I might almost have thought myself in a comfortable lodging in Oxford. In the sitting-room there was a piano and a couch or two, but none of those absurdly deep and low chairs in which the English undergraduate delights, though, if his room is small, a single one nearly blocks it up. On the walls hung engravings and photographs, mostly gathered by my undergraduate friend in a recent tour in Europe. There is, I am told, a small knot of men which affects engravings after Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and their school of painters. On the shelves there was a large and well-chosen set of books, most of them historical, for he was studying history. I asked him how with his three chums — “room-mates,” to use the American term — he managed to secure a quiet time for study. He replied that he mostly read in the Library — in a room set apart for students of history, and well stocked with all the works they can need. Of the authors most in

request there are several copies kept. His meals he took in Memorial Hall. He complained much of the quality of the food and the cookery. Though in his own home a plain table was kept, nevertheless the fare always seemed to him luxurious after Harvard. Some allowance must probably be made for the ordinary discontent of an undergraduate. I remember how in my college days some of my fellow-students grumbled over their dinner — “it was not fit,” they said, “for a gentleman to eat”; though it was quite as good as any young fellow with a healthy appetite could require, and much better than many got at home. From a late number of the *Crimson* I have extracted the following information about the meals in Memorial Hall: “There have been on the average one thousand and eighty-five students per meal, half at the club tables and half at the general tables. The price of board has averaged for the past year three dollars ninety-two cents [16s.] a week. The bread is baked in the kitchens. The food left over is never served again in any form, but is sold daily to the poor people of Cambridge. Among the items of expenditure are 756 boxes of oranges, 13,680 pounds of grapes, 590 pounds of honey, 306 tons of ice, and 534 tons of coal.” The consumption of ice seems enormous; in an Oxford College I doubt whether in my time a single pound was bought for use at the table, and even now it is very rarely seen. Ices, if we indulged in any, were ordered from the confectioner’s. In America ice is everywhere used at almost every meal, at all events in the summer. If they ever come to take afternoon tea like other good Christians, they will, I verily believe, begin it, and perhaps end it, with a glass of iced water. Ice-cream — ice-milk would, I suspect, more accurately describe the dish — is twice a week served instead of pudding

to the one thousand and eighty-five students in Memorial Hall, and is served plentifully. Americans who have travelled complain of the niggardliness of the helping of ices in England. At my first evening party at Cambridge I was so much astonished at the size of the piece that was brought me that I asked the servant to let me have only half the quantity. Even then I had at least three times as much as I was used to at home. Everything is on a great scale in the United States—even ices. After this experience I had no difficulty in understanding how one thousand and eighty-five students required three hundred and six tons of ice for thirty-six weeks of residence. After all, it only gives them a weekly allowance of seventeen and a half pounds for each man, and a great deal of it they take in icing their water.

The charges of Memorial Hall were too high for the poorer students, who, in 1889, founded a Club of their own, under the name of the Foxcroft. It opened with sixty members, but in less than three years it numbered over two hundred. It provides no common meal, but every one orders what he pleases, as at a tavern. The average expenditure is less than two dollars eighty cents a week (eleven shillings and six pence), while some members bring theirs as low as two dollars (eight shillings and two pence).¹ A student gives the following curious account of a club on a much smaller scale:—

“I have tried boarding in several ways and find the most pleasant and economical, as well as healthful, to be a club of about twenty-five men, which we manage ourselves. We have an organization under the management of a board of three Directors, who oversee matters, recommend members, and decide other questions. We hire a lady who furnishes dining-room and everything, except dishes, and prepares the food. A Steward collects the board, buys provisions, and manages the finances for

¹ *Harvard University*, by F. Bolles, p. 5; *Students' Expenses*, p. 4.

his board. Monthly statements show the financial standing, and we live as well as possible upon \$2.50 [10s. 3d.] per week. We have good food and plenty, as attested by the fact that each of our men has gained in weight each year. Many wiser heads have predicted our failure, but by close economy and a general feeling of co-operation, we are this year more prosperous than ever.”¹

It is in vain for any young scapegrace of a student at dinner in an American University “to remember the poor creature, small beer.” To desire it would show as vilely in him as in Prince Hal. My friend, the undergraduate, told me that this prohibition had, he thought, a bad result. It was better for those who liked a glass of beer to take it at their meals, and not, as they now do, in their rooms. It cannot be bought in Cambridge, which, with its widely-scattered population of seventy thousand thirsty souls, has put itself under the prohibition law; but it is got in casks or in bottles from Boston, and is offered to callers as wine used to be offered at Oxford. After a great victory at baseball or football, men are known to go all the way to Boston to drink, and often drink heavily.

Under the guidance of my friend, I passed from his lodgings to Hastings Dormitory, where the accommodation is excellent. Like the other dormitories, it is built with separate staircases, on much the same plan as an Oxford College. There were, moreover, bath-rooms for common use, and a water supply to each floor. In all the other dormitories the water has to be carried up in cans from the ground floor, as is still the case in most Oxford Colleges. Every staircase has its porter and “goody.” The “goody” corresponds to our bed-maker. “Tenants who desire to employ any one to make fires, black boots, etc., must arrange with the porters of the buildings in which they live.” So says the *University Catalogue*.

¹ *Students' Expenses*, p. 35.

The porter is not required to carry up fuel or water, to light the fire, to carry down the ashes, or to take care of the lamps. For each of these services there is a separate charge. The poorer students save their money by doing some or all of these duties themselves. My guide hoped that a wealthy benefactor would, before long, be found, who would lay a supply of water on every floor of every dormitory. The use of the bath in the bedchamber is, I was informed, not common. Less than sixty years ago it was scarcely known at Oxford. The Head of one of our Colleges, who, on Sunday evenings when he is in the vein, charms the Common Room with his stories of past days, told me that soon after he entered, an aggrieved "scout" complained to one of the tutors of an undergraduate on his staircase, who required him every day to carry all the way up to his room a can of cold water for his morning bath. The tutor replied that he could not interfere, and that his master's orders must be obeyed. At the same time he sent for the youth, who, like Swift, "washed himself with oriental scrupulosity," and remonstrated with him on the needless trouble he was giving. "I myself," he added, "take a hot bath once a week, and no gentleman need take more." When I entered Oxford in the year 1855, the morning bath had become somewhat general. At Harvard, the River Charles which flows hard by, into which Longfellow, Lowell, and the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table used to plunge, is now too foul for bathing. There are no public baths in the town. The Gymnasium has a few, but a very few. In the *Crimson* I have seen more than one complaint of their deficiency. In this respect Harvard is far behind Yale, whose noble gymnasium is amply supplied. It has been said, and with some reason too, that Harvard has only to make its wants known, when a benefactor speedily

arises. I trust that the voice of a stranger may reach a rich man's ears, and remove this reproach from a great University.

The rooms we visited in Hastings were on the top floor. They were pleasant and comfortable — very like the rooms in one of our Colleges, only the bedchamber was far better. There was the wide window-seat with its red cushions and outlook over the tops of the graceful American elms. Above the two doors of the sitting-room were hanging one or two printed notices, which had been appropriated or misappropriated by some means or other. It is the pride of a Freshman to have his walls adorned with signs and “shingles” which he has “ragged.”¹ An oblong piece of wood called a *shingle* takes the place in America of the brass plate on the outside door. It is not fastened to the door, but is hung near it on the wall. These shingles, and in fact all kinds of announcements and notices, the adventurous Freshman delights to carry off, surveying his room with just pride, when he sees on the walls such inscriptions as: “Jones & Co., Civil, Sanitary, and Landscape Engineers”; “Thomas Smith, M.D., Office Hours 2-4; 7-9”; “Hair-dressing and Complexion Parlors”; “Undertakers. Locker's Casket Warehouse”; “The College Dining Rooms and Ice Cream Parlors.” These trophies correspond to the door-knockers which have been known to adorn the rooms of a Christ Church undergraduate. One kind of shingles is won by easier, but, perhaps, no less glorious means.

“Peace hath her victories no less renowned
Than war.”

Harvard abounds in clubs, and each club has its own shingle.

¹ “*Ragging* simply means *stealing*.” — *Harvard Stories*, by W. K. Post, p. 66.

These are not looked upon as lawful trophies of war. There is no honour among thieves. Shame and not glory would be the lot of him who should hang on his walls the shingle of a club to which he did not belong. So nice is the point of honour that, much as admission into some of these clubs is coveted, when the period of election is drawing near, a youth of a delicate mind, if he has a friend among the members, shuns his rooms for fear he should be suspected of improperly canvassing him for his vote. With the cavalier poet he would say, —

“I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.”

Some clubs, it should seem, are started only to increase the display of shingles. A student told me that he belonged to more than one which, to the best of his knowledge, had never met since the day of their creation. Undergraduate-nature seems to be the same on both sides of the Atlantic, however much it may vary in its manifestations. In America it is perhaps a little more transparently boyish. Some of these clubs imitate the follies of Freemasonry in their secret rites of initiation. Their very names they try to conceal, letting themselves be known to outsiders only by one or two letters of the Greek alphabet. The most famous of all the clubs, the Phi Beta Kappa, — “our beloved Phi Beta Kappa,” as Professor Goodwin justly calls it, — which was founded in 1779, remained a mystery for more than fifty years. It was not till 1831 that the veil of secrecy was withdrawn, and the mystic letters Φ . β . κ . were found to stand for *Φιλοσοφία Βίου Κυβερνήτης* — Philosophy the guide of life. The Δ . κ . ϵ . is now the most harmful society in the College ; its regular meetings resemble the *Kneipe* of German students ; its neophytes are subjected to

silly and injurious hazing, under the guise of initiation." These three letters stand for the Dickey Club, a society conspicuous for its brutality and its folly.¹ A few years ago it carried matters to such a pitch that its barbarous rites of initiation were made known by the father of a student whose health had suffered under them. A strong and general feeling of indignation was roused. Fortunately the members are often satisfied with merely bringing down the neophyte to their own level, by compelling him publicly to make a fool of himself. He is forced to dress himself in a ridiculous costume, and either in the streets or at some great baseball or football match to strut about. So much is this the practice, that if any young man is seen in the neighbourhood conspicuously making a fool of himself, without the justification of being drunk, he is at once set down as a candidate for the Dickey Club. The members would do well to change their name to the Dogberry Club, and to take as their motto, — "But, masters, remember that I am an ass." Nevertheless, so strange is the timidity of youth in the presence of their own set of companions, that not many men, as I am informed, when elected to these clubs dare to decline the dishonour. Timid though some of these youths may be, nevertheless, if the need arose, they would show, I have little doubt, that though they dared not face the scoffs of the Dickey Club, they were not unworthy sons of the men who faced death on the bloody battle-fields of Virginia.

In our universities such follies are unknown; they have even well-nigh died out in our public schools. We are not indeed

¹ "The Δ. K. E. (I am informed), like Φ. B. K., is a fraternity having branches in many colleges; the Harvard society started as a branch of this, but has long since ceased to recognize any connection with the general society."

free from a certain kind of tyranny even in Oxford. The undergraduate, poor though he may be, who does not pinch himself to subscribe to the boat-club is too often looked upon askance. I remember hearing one of my companions spoken ill of on this account. He was very poor, but when the Florence Nightingale Fund was raised his subscription was the largest in the College.

Not a few of the Harvard Clubs have shaken themselves free from these follies of initiation and secrecy. It is not easy to believe that in some of them they had ever existed. Emerson was elected to a club, and became thereby, as he wrote to his brother, "one of the fifteen smartest fellows." It is incredible that the New England philosopher, even when in a short jacket, ever consciously made a fool of himself. "There are," said Burlingame, the first American Minister to the Court of Peking, "there are twenty thousand Ralph Waldo Emersons in China." We could as easily picture to ourselves Confucius submitting to being "hazed" as the sage of Concord.

The Medical Faculty Club deserves immortality for one of its pranks. "It conferred its honorary degrees liberally upon conspicuous persons at home and abroad. Not only did it raise Chang and Heng, the Siamese twins, and Day and Martin, the proprietors of the celebrated blacking, to the rank of Doctors of Medicine, but it had the audacity to send a diploma to Alexander, Czar of all the Russias. The Emperor, not to be left behind in the race of honour, sent to the Medical Faculty Club a valuable case of surgical instruments, which by a fortunate mistake was delivered to the Medical School of the University."¹ It is perhaps by no means wonderful that the historian Motley, himself a Harvard man, many years later writing

¹ *An Historical Sketch of Harvard University*, by W. R. Thayer, p. 61.

of "the affection which is supposed to exist between Russia and America," said: "At any rate it is a very platonic affection; being founded, however, on entire incompatibility of character, absence of sympathy, and a plentiful lack of any common interest, it may prove a very enduring passion."¹ The wit of the Medical Faculty Club has long been a matter of the past. "Its proceedings have been kept so secret for so many years that only on Class Day are even the Seniors who belong to it known, from their wearing a black rosette with a skull and bones in silver upon it." When these clubs first took their rise Harvard was little more than a great school. The students were mostly mere lads, and the discipline was strict, as it had been of old in Oxford and Cambridge. It is no longer a school. It is a university and a great university. It is time for it to put away childish things.

The strife of the last Presidential election led to the formation of two political clubs—The Harvard Republican Club and The Democratic Campaign Club. Under their management a vote was taken of the whole body of undergraduates. It showed that if the choice of President had been in their hands, General Harrison would have carried the day over Mr. Cleveland by 1114 votes to 851. The learning of the University went the other way. Of the Professors whose views could be ascertained, a very large majority indeed were for Mr. Cleveland. The Democratic Club came to an end with the election, but not before, to quote the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, "it had strengthened the feeling that there is no incompatibility between one's membership in a university like Harvard and a dignified participation in political affairs, even in a strictly partisan way." What a curious in-

¹ *Correspondence of J. L. Motley*, New York, 1889, II. 336.

sight is given by such a passage as this into the vast difference between England and America in the great field of politics ! In England, at all events outside London, a man who should altogether refuse to play his part in political life, would be much less respected. However dignified he might be, if he stood quite aloof from public affairs, he would be looked upon as a bad citizen. Day has dawned in the United States, and good men are seeing that the more corrupt party-life may be, the more it is each man's duty to do his best to work its purification.

The Harvard Republican Club, numbering about six hundred active members, still carries on its operations. During the Presidential election it far outdid any Society that ever existed for the Diffusion of Knowledge—or Ignorance. More than thirty thousand speeches, documents, and circulars were sent to the students in Cambridge. In the great Republican torch-light procession in Boston “over six hundred Harvard Republicans marched, wearing crimson gowns and white caps, the Law School being distinguished by the barrister's wig.” The wig, a compliment, we may take it, to the English Bar, is some slight compensation for the general aim of the Republican party to ruin our trade. For the first time, we are told, in American political history “College speakers” (thank heaven, they are not called orators !) were sent about to public meetings. At Oxford, in my time, the speeches of undergraduates were confined to the narrow limits of the College Debating Societies and of the Union. They never overflowed into the town and the neighbouring villages. I remember how much surprised I one day was on learning that some of my friends—two of them now famous as writers on constitutional history, one a Liberal and the other a Liberal-Unionist—were going all the

way to Birmingham to hear John Bright make one of his great speeches. Had we ever thought of speaking, in those days of a narrow franchise our eloquence would have been of little avail. It was not till working-men got a vote that youthful speakers bestirred themselves. In the old days in a corrupt constituency such as Oxford then was, and among the squires and farmers in the surrounding counties, no undergraduate would have got a hearing.

Harvard boasts of three Musical Clubs, The Glee Club, The Pierian Sodality, and The Banjo and Mandolin. Of their skill I know nothing, but in their dealings with each other they seem to be unusually harmonious. In the short Christmas vacation of the winter before last, uniting in one body, they made a musical tour throughout the country. The first performance they gave on December 22, at New York, and the last at Albany on January 2, having in the meantime travelled as far west as Milwaukee, a great city on the shore of Lake Michigan. I doubt whether a Club of Oxonians would traverse a longer distance than these wandering musicians, were they in a like tour to begin their performances in Brussels and end them in Paris, having in the short interval of eleven days given them also in Venice, Genoa, and Naples. The trip was taken in the midst of the American winter. So much were the trains delayed by the snow that once at least, if not twice, the musicians were prisoners in a snow-drift at the very time that they ought to have been in the Music Hall. It seems strange to us that so large a party of young men should be willing to be away from their homes at Christmas. Longfellow recorded in his *Journal* on December 25, 1856: "Not a very merry Christmas. We are in a transition state about Christmas in New England. The old Puritan feeling prevents it from being

a cheerful, hearty holiday, though every year makes it more so.”¹ Samuel Sewall, one of the cruel judges who sent the Salem witches to the gallows, more than once records in his *Diary*, with great satisfaction, the utter disregard of the festival, in spite of the efforts of a Church of England governor. Time, no doubt, has done much to loosen the bonds of Puritanism, and to give a cheerfulness and a heartiness to the holiday in lands where once it was strictly *not* kept ; but the genius of one man has done even more than time. Neither New England nor Scotland has been able to withstand the kindly influence of Charles Dickens. In the diffusion of the Christmas spirit his *Christmas Carol* has done more than all the Societies and all the preachers. I remember a story of a poor half-witted fellow who lived in a village in Scotland. When the yearly fast came round, which was kept on different days in different parishes, oppressed by the gloom of his own village he was heard to say, “I’ll just go across the burnie and hear them whistle.” The Scotch and the New Englanders, now that the general joy of Christendom has been brought home to their hearts, have become in like manner oppressed by the gloom in which they were spending the great yearly festival. They have done much to scatter it ; but “the rear of darkness” still seems to overhang them, or we should not have seen these lads, far from their homes, spending so much of Christmas-tide in a Pullman car.

This digression about Clubs has led me far away from my friendly undergraduate and from my visit to students’ rooms. He next led me to Matthews — one of the Dormitories in the Yard. Here, too, I could almost have thought that I was in an Oxford College, and here, too, I found shelves well stocked

¹ *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, II. 290.

with books. I was not to infer, I was told, from what I had seen that afternoon, that the ordinary undergraduate owns a library. I have examined the expenses of the forty poor students published by the Secretary of the University, and find that their average yearly expenditure on books and stationery—for these two items are not kept apart—was about nineteen dollars and a half (£3.19.8.). One man one year raised his outlay to fifty dollars (£10.4.0.), and one brought his as low as four and a half (18s. 5d.). As I looked over my host's collection I called him "an honest man," thinking how Johnson, when he was shown Dr. Burney's collection, said to him: "You are an honest man to have formed so great an accumulation of knowledge." He replied that from childhood he had been brought up to think that he ought to have books of his own. I wish wealthy Englishmen could have had this wholesome belief given them from their cradle. It would be a blessed time for authors. Even respectability, the god at whose altars we offer up our most costly sacrifices, no longer requires that the home of an English gentleman should have a decent library. So far as books go he is naked and not ashamed.

My host showed me a copy of *The Pilgrim's Progress* which he had lately had splendidly bound. It was, he said, the first book that he had ever loved; most of it he knew by heart. He quoted Johnson's saying to Percy's little daughter, when the great man found that she had not read it: "No; then I would not give one farthing for you"; but by a slip of memory he confused Bishop Percy with Bishop Butler. I told him how the only time I had the honour of meeting Mr. Gladstone, he had insisted on the pre-eminent place Butler held among the great writers of the eighteenth century, and how I had re-

marked how strange it was that the author of the *Analogy* is nowhere mentioned either in Johnson's recorded talk or in his writings. Our host knew enough of English ways to give us afternoon tea. He flavoured it with slices of lemon instead of cream, after the Russian fashion. He had invited one or two of his friends to meet us, and the time slipped pleasantly by in a talk about authors and books.

Had I visited a room in one of the more ancient Dormitories, I might have been shown names and dates carved in the woodwork by earlier occupants. These short and simple annals have not been written in the light of day. They are cut in some secret place, behind the wainscot or under the floor. The new-comer oft-time has a long search before he can discover them. He adds his name and preserves the mystery.

CHAPTER XI.

Harvard "Boys." — "Harvard Indifference." — Harvard and Yale. — Honest Poverty. — Oxford Servitors. — Poor Students. — "Money Aids."

AN anecdote which I have from a Senior — a man, that is to say, in his fourth year — seems to indicate a certain modest timidity in the American undergraduate. Nowhere in the United States, I am told, does a young man carry a walking-stick. It belongs there to the evening of life, as it belonged in ancient Greece. That it was used half a century ago is shown by a regulation of 1849 forbidding a student to take his cane into Chapel. An attempt has been lately made to reintroduce it into Harvard, probably by some undergraduate who has been to England, and noticed how in our Universities it has become as indispensable a part of the outfit for walking as a hat. My friend the Senior says that hitherto it has only been under the cover of night that he and his friends have ventured to carry a cane.¹ I hope, by the way, that they do *carry* it, and do not commit the vulgarity of letting it touch the ground, as if it were of any manner of use to them. I am not sure, on second thoughts, that an English undergraduate has any more courage in doing what is unusual. In

¹ A friend who has read my proof-sheets writes to me: "I am afraid this man was playing on your credulity. Almost every student carries a cane, except when going about in Cambridge for exercise, or to lecture." If the story is not true, it ought to be; so I leave it in.

my day we never, when in cap and gown, carried an umbrella, however heavily it might rain. We used to wrap our gowns round our shoulders and run. This point of etiquette no longer exists. It has yielded, I conjecture, to the large increase in the number of undergraduates not lodging in College. Even at the present day, a man carrying a walking-stick when he is in cap and gown is a sight never seen in either graduate or undergraduate. A cripple alone can venture to use one without blushing. It is only a few years ago that a Master of Arts, a Fellow and Tutor of his College, gravely pointed out to me the impropriety of which I was guilty in using a walking-stick when in my Academic costume. I have never repeated the offence, except once when I was lame. On the other hand, an undergraduate, and perhaps even a Junior Fellow, would have a feeling of uneasiness, if not of positive shame, if he were caught walking about in his ordinary costume without a cane in his hand. A cane, I have been told on very good authority, is the distinguishing sign of the University man when not in cap and gown. Without it a "man" may be mistaken for an errand-boy. The use of the word *man*, not only in our universities, but even in our schools, nay, in our preparatory schools, where boys are no more to be found than the pinafores which were worn in my young days, is a sign, however, of the greater confidence of the English youth. In America, boys are still boys, at all events in name; for often they are forward enough in conduct. Even in Harvard there are no men among the undergraduates; they always speak of themselves as boys.¹

Harvard has not been quite free from a certain kind of

¹ The same friend writes to me: "This is chiefly among the students from the West; not at all so in the case of the typical student, least of all

affectation which is only too common in the English Universities, but which is known in America as "Harvard indifference." It was not from their forefathers that the New Englanders got this poor quality. It was never carried across the sea in the ships of the early settlers. It is the very opposite of that stubborn strength of character, and of that burning zeal which sent them to the wilderness, and their descendants, "the embattled farmers," to Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill. It is the contempt for all that eagerness of heart and thought and life which inspires "the young enthusiast" when first "he quits his ease for fame." "I do not love a man," said Goldsmith, "who is zealous for nothing." These lovers of indifference he would have shunned. Long indulged, it becomes ingrained in the character. It is a great maker of bad citizens. In a young man it almost always begins with affectation, and happily often dies an early death. It is killed by his nobler qualities, or by some strong influence from without.

More than sixty years ago Channing rebuked it. When the Revolution of 1830 broke out in France, he was "astonished that the freemen of America, especially the young, should be so moderate in their expressions of joy. He went back in memory to his boyish days, when the Cambridge collegians had processions, speeches, and bonfires. Now all was still. One evening a graduate called upon him. 'Well, Mr. —,' said he, 'are you too so old and so wise, like the young men at Harvard, as to have no foolish enthusiasm to throw away upon the heroes of the Polytechnic School?' 'Sir,' answered —, 'you seem to me to be the only young man I one who has social training.' I was, however, much struck with the use of the term *boy*; so I leave the text unchanged.

know.' 'Always young for liberty, I trust,' replied Dr. Channing with a bright smile and a ringing tone, as he pressed him warmly by the hand."¹ Thirty years had to pass, and then this Harvard indifference was swept away by the Southern revolt. In the presence of that dreadful strife, indifference would no longer have been ridiculous, it would have become hateful.

Professor Goodwin thinks that it was by "the equable pressure" of a revised system of instruction and examination that "the older enthusiasm" of the place was mainly repressed, and this indifference was encouraged.² Free play was no longer given to the student's mind. He was forced to attain to mediocrity in many subjects, and was not encouraged, and was scarcely allowed to secure excellence in one or two. There had been students who had refused to cramp themselves in the narrowness of the prescribed course. Lowell read widely, and was rusticated in consequence. Motley escaped this disgrace, but not the reproach of his tutor, who one day "remonstrated with him upon the heaps of novels upon his table. 'Yes,' said Motley, 'I am reading historically, and have come to the novels of the nineteenth century. Taken in the lump, they are very hard reading.'"³ At the present day the author of *The Biglow Papers* and the historian of the Dutch Republic could have indulged their tastes to the full. This "Harvard indifference" cannot surely long survive the great reforms in education which have already done so much to transform the University from a mere place of teaching to a place of learning.

¹ *Memoir of W. E. Channing*, 1848, III. 304.

² *The Present and Future of Harvard College*, p. 13.

³ Holmes's *Memoir of J. L. Motley*, ed. 1889, p. 13.

There is another fault for which Harvard men are reproached by their rivals and enemies. They are distinguished, it is said, by a certain priggishness, a certain consciousness too openly shown that they are not only the salt, but the superfine salt, of the earth — a priggishness and a self-consciousness which, it is said, sometimes cling to them throughout life. What Boston is to Massachusetts, what Massachusetts is to New England, what New England is to the United States, what the United States are to the Universe, that Harvard is to Boston. Among “the five points of Massachusetts decency” laid down by Wendell Phillips, to be a graduate of Harvard College holds the second place. The “old Harvard spirit” on which they prided themselves, was thought by some to be the spirit of a gentleman carried to preciseness. They are fond of telling a story of a man who had twin sons, one of whom he sent to Harvard, and the other to Yale. Before they entered College, no one, not even their father, could tell them apart; but after graduation the difference was plain. One was a Harvard gentleman, the other a Yale *tough*. Wealth and family are said to count for much at Harvard. The New Englander is as proud of his pedigree, and often with as much reason, as any English nobleman or squire. A Bachelor of Arts of Yale, who recently spent two years at Harvard, the first as a graduate-student, and the second as an instructor,—evidently a fair-minded man,—writes: “I have lived long enough at Yale to know that Yale students are not commonly ruffians; and I have seen enough of Harvard to know that Harvard students are not as a class snobs. Yet there is a slight element of truth even in these gross caricatures; it is the difference between ‘Fair’ Harvard and ‘Dear Old’ Yale. The Harvard atmosphere occasionally produces ‘an affectioned

ass,' and the Yale spirit sometimes turns out an insolent rowdy." ¹

I have been told by one familiar with the Continental Universities that, measured by their standard, the Harvard students are deficient in those graces which were so dear to Lord Chesterfield's heart. In formal politeness, in the lesser morals, the students in their behaviour towards a Professor fall short of the standard which is observed in Germany and France in their behaviour towards each other. Nevertheless, beneath this somewhat unpolished outside much real kindness lies hidden. A young Professor, who had but recently joined the University, told me that in the midst of the work of his first term he had been struck down by diphtheria. His pupils not only every day sent flowers and fruit, but begged that one of them in turns should always sleep in his house as long as the illness lasted, so that in case of sudden need there might be a swift messenger close at hand to summon the doctor. He had won their hearts, as I learnt from another source, by his courage and his devotion to his work. As soon as he knew the nature of his illness, he had sent them word that he was attacked by a dangerous malady, which would very likely carry him off; but that he hoped that they would go on with the experiments on which he had left them engaged. To such students as these might be applied Goldsmith's saying about Johnson: "He has nothing of the bear about him but the skin."

Whatever pride of wealth and birth may exist in Harvard or in Yale, no student in either of these great Universities need hang his head for honest poverty. Many of them gain their own living more or less, and gain it by bodily labour.

¹ *The Harvard Crimson*, June 23, 1893.

Wages are so much higher in America than in the old country that it takes far less time, and draws far less on a man's strength for him to earn money by the use of his arms and legs. Bodily work, happily, is not commonly looked upon as anything degrading. To gain his livelihood by the sweat of his brow is not disgraceful even in an undergraduate. Emerson, when a student in Divinity Hall, after he had taken his degree as a Bachelor of Arts, falling ill, went to his uncle's farm for a change. The Emersons were too poor for idleness, so he helped to till the ground. "Working here in the field with a labourer, they fell a-talking, and the man, a Methodist, said that men are always praying, and that all prayers are answered. This statement struck Emerson, and upon this theme he wrote his first sermon, which he preached that summer in Waltham in the church of his uncle Ripley. Next day in the stage-coach a farmer said to him, 'Young man, you'll never preach a better sermon than that.'"¹ Not only will students work on a farm, for which they might as Republicans plead, if they were weak-minded enough to need a plea, the example of the ancient Romans, but they work as servants. They have not that miserable shame of "doing anything menial" which so often besets needy people in the old country, who would think it less dishonourable to live on alms than by honest service. When I was at Yale, I was told that the poorer students of that University, without any loss of general estimation, help to gain their livelihood by bodily work. Some of them in the winter tend house-furnaces, which only need looking after early every morning and late every evening. In America, the whole house is often warmed by a single furnace in the cellar, whence hot-water pipes are carried

¹ *Emerson in Concord*, 1889, p. 31.

to the hall and all the rooms. The maid-servants never attend to it, for it is not thought to be fit work for a woman. Wages are so high that it is only the wealthy who can afford to keep a man-servant, so that the furnace must be tended by the master of the house and his sons, or by an odd-job man. Such a man is said "to do the chores."¹ A student tries to get two or three houses to look after in the same part of the town, so that he may not lose time in going from one to the other. Some give their services as waiters at the clubs where their comrades take their meals, receiving in return their board free of charge. I was assured by an undergraduate that no one is thought worse of for doing such work as this. Emerson, in his first year at Harvard, had a room rent-free in the President's house, by holding the post of President's Freshman. He had to carry official messages to the students and officers of the College.

It was common enough in Oxford till early this century for undergraduates to wait at table. Dr. Johnson represented to Lord Macaulay's great-uncle, a Scotch minister, the advantages of a servitorship, by which a poor scholar earned his living and his education by menial services given during part of every day. Two servitors of his own College attained great eminence last century, though an eminence of a very different kind. One was Whitefield, the famous Methodist preacher, and the other Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury.

¹ *Chore*, which is of the same root as *char* in *charwoman*, is used to describe the odd jobs about a house which are properly done by a man. It is never applied to the work done by a charwoman. By Shakespeare (I follow Johnson's edition) *chore* is used of woman's work:—"The maid that milks and does the meanest chores." *Anthony and Cleopatra*, Act IV., Sc. 15.

Each of them might proudly have said with the King's son: —

“Some kinds of labour
Are nobly undergone, and most base matters
Point to rich ends.”

I was told in my undergraduate days, but I do not know whether there is any truth in the story, that it was the Earl of Derby, afterwards Chancellor of the University and Prime Minister, who gave the system of servitorships the blow of which it died. When he was a gentleman-commoner of Christ Church he refused, it was said, to be waited on by his fellow-undergraduates. Dean Liddell informs me “that in 1830, when he first went up to Christ Church, the Junior Servitor used, immediately after grace had been said, to walk up to the High Table with a sauce-boat. This was of course a relic of the old custom.” In Exeter College, less than half a century ago, the Bible-clerk¹ dined off the leavings of the Fellows' Table. He used to come late to dinner, hitting off the time when the joint was likely to be done with, and could be sent down to him.

Goldsmith, who had too often suffered humiliation, and who felt its bitterness to the full, had raised his voice against the system. “Surely,” he wrote, “pride itself has dictated to the Fellows of our Colleges the absurd passion of being attended at meals, and on other public occasions, by those poor men who, willing to be scholars, come in upon some charitable

¹ “The Bible-clerk had the duty of reading the lessons in chapel and of saying grace in Hall.” Dr. Murray's *Dictionary*. In my College the Bible-clerks — there were two of them — did not read the lessons. In Chapel they kept the list each service of those who were present. In Hall they said grace. They were on an equality with the rest of the undergraduates.

foundation. It implies a contradiction for men to be at once learning the *liberal* arts, and at the same time treated as *slaves*; at once studying freedom and practising servitude.”¹ He forgot that often it was the case, if not indeed always, that the charitable foundation in itself was not sufficient to support and educate these poor men. Like many a needy student outside a university, for part of each day they had to work for their living. Whitefield had been a servant in his mother’s inn at Gloucester—the inn whose praises are sounded in *Tom Jones*. When he came to Pembroke College he was still a servant, but he was a student also. It is doubtful whether poor scholars were not greatly wronged by a change which was meant to give them freedom. The funds which supported them, now that the badge of servitude was removed, were far too commonly competed for in examinations by all alike, and far too often fell to the lot of the well-to-do. In the long training needed for the athletics of the class-room, money is of great service, for by money the services of the most skilful trainers are secured. The poor man fighting with difficulties may get the better education for the great main of life; but through the narrow straits of the examination-room the son of the rich man, unless his industry has been sapped by wealth, is often borne along in triumph. “As many a poor man has worked his passage over the sea to some settlement where a freer and a larger life awaited him, so by a servitorship has many a man worked his way from a life of low drudgery to some high and honourable calling. The student-servant is no longer to be found at Oxford. But the poor student who, in his eager-

¹ *An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*, Chap. 13.

ness to fight his way by his learning, is ready for any duty, however humble it may be, finds one way barred to him that was open to the men of former generations.”¹ I knew a young man who supported himself and his widowed mother by the humblest kind of work in a large factory. By great self-denial he had got together a well-selected library of five or six hundred volumes. In philosophy his knowledge was surprisingly great, considering the difficulties against which all his life he had struggled. In some parts of the Natural Sciences he was deeply interested. When, on a visit to Oxford, he was taken into one of the lecture-rooms at the Museum, he sat down on a bench, and looking about him, after a pause said that there was no sacrifice that he would not make could he sit there as a learner. “How gladly,” he exclaimed, “would I sweep out these rooms, if I could thereby get a right to sit on these benches.” There was indeed no honest service that he would not cheerfully have rendered could he thereby have supported himself as an Oxford student. “Gladly wolde he learne.” Inquiry was made on all sides, but with all the wealth of the University there was no opening for such a man.

At Yale I was told of a fund of money which, not many years ago, had been placed in the hands of one of the Professors by a wealthy man, as a memorial to a son who had died in his undergraduate days. It was to be used in the relief of needy but meritorious students. The Professor sent for one of the most promising of his men, an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, who was, he knew, very poor. The young man, when assistance was offered him, nobly replied that there were others who stood in greater need than he did, for he had regu-

¹ I am quoting a book which I published in 1878 under the title of *Dr. Johnson: His Friends and His Critics*, p. 30.

lar employment,— enough to make the two ends meet. He rose every morning at four o'clock, and went to a newspaper office, where he was engaged in the delivery of the papers. The Professor pointed out to him that such work as this lessened his strength for his studies, and so at last he induced him to take the money. At the end of his University course, he came out the first man of his year. The same Professor, who had spent part of the summer vacation in an hotel on the mountains, told me that one morning rising early he came across a youth who was the night-watchman and shoe-black of the house. Falling into talk with him, he learnt that he was a student of one of the Western colleges. On being asked for the first line of the *Æneid*, he readily gave it. The first line of the *Iliad* he did not know, for as yet in his Greek he had not gone beyond the New Testament. In his night-watch he had his hourly rounds to make, one or two furnaces to look after; in the morning he had the shoes to clean. In the intervals of work he had time enough left for the vacation task which had been set his class — the perusal of four novels, two of which were *Esmond* and *Dombey and Son*. At the Chicago Exhibition my friend the Professor found out that a Bath-chairman whom he employed was a university student. Another Yale Professor told me that in his undergraduate days “ability and good-fellowship were the qualities which did most to make a student generally popular. There was a small set of poor men, distinguished by their ability, into which the richest men would have been proud to enter.” At the present time I fear that both at Yale and Harvard excellence in athletic sports would outweigh with many of these men even ability and good-fellowship.

Out of regard to the convenience of the poor students, the

Long Vacation down to the year 1869 came in the winter. "The longest vacation," wrote Ticknor, in 1825, "should happen in the hot season, when insubordination and misconduct are now most frequent, partly from the indolence produced by the season. There is a reason against this, I know, — the poverty of many students who keep school for a part of their subsistence."¹ It was in the winter that the children attended school. In the summer they were, no doubt, employed on the farms. Even at the present day, in New England, the village schools are commonly closed from about the middle of June to the middle of September. *A Plan for the Distribution of the Tutors' Work and Service*, drawn up in 1766, gives a curious insight not only into the poverty of some of the students, but into a mode of life altogether different from that which now prevails. It was proposed "that, to prevent the great inconvenience attending some of the scholars going home at one time and some at another, in the spring and fall, to procure clothing, there shall be a short vacation in the spring and fall."² The clothing which they went to procure no doubt had been spun and woven on their fathers' farms.

By the substitution in recent years of the summer for the winter as the time of the Long Vacation, the poor but industrious student has gained more than he has lost. I was one day taken by a friend into a large hotel on the southern coast of Cape Cod where the maid-servants and the waiters were mostly school-teachers or university students. Many of the women belonged to one of the Colleges where women-students are admitted, and four of the waiters were Harvard undergraduates. The shoeblack of the year before had

¹ *Life of George Ticknor*, I. 358.

² Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 498.

been a medical student from New York. This season he had earned his promotion, and was now the bath-room steward. These young people did their work well, my friend told me, and were courteously treated by the guests. They would not, he added, have tamely submitted to rudeness. They all took their meals together, apart from a lower class of servants who did the rough work of the kitchen and scullery. An American lady told me that sometimes at a winter dance in Cambridge or Boston a girl would meet among the guests a Harvard undergraduate who had been a waiter in the hotel where she had passed the summer. I asked her what reception he would have. It depended, she said, on the character of the girl. Most, having sense and good feeling enough to respect him for his courage in earning his living, would be pleased; some few would be offended.

When I was staying in a seaside village, I four times took a drive in a hired carriage. One day my driver was an undergraduate home for the vacation, and another day a youth who next term was to enter college. On the third day I was driven by a man who worked in a large shoe-factory, and who was taking a week's holiday. His uncle, he said, had been a Senator of Massachusetts. One of his nephews had just entered Brown University, and he hoped in time to send his own son there also. With one of my companions, who was a Harvard Professor, he discussed the advantages and disadvantages of some of the New England Universities.

In the *Harvard Crimson*, as the Long Vacation was drawing near, there appeared from time to time advertisements by business firms offering employment, such as the following:—

“Houghton, Mifflin and Co. are desirous of corresponding with College men who like employment through the summer.”

“A large manufacturing house wishes a brainy [*sic*] young man for its office.”

Students, moreover, who were already acting as agents, put forth their advertisements.

“YALE’S DISADVANTAGES. — She has not eight quick sail or rail-and-water routes to the World’s Fair, as I have. Stop at Washington, D.C., Niagara Falls, White Mts. \$13.60 saved. Tickets to all points West. Please call before I leave, June 20.”

“HOTEL SORRENTO, SORRENTO, ME. — First-class in every respect — has a beautiful location, on Frenchman’s Bay, seven miles from Bar Harbor. SPECIAL RATES for July. CHARLES V. CARTER, Mang. Illustrated pamphlet and terms of . . .”¹

The Governing Body of Harvard, in their desire to bring the University within the reach of poor scholars, seven years ago opened “an Employment Bureau in the University Office. All needy students are encouraged to seek through this agency for opportunities to earn money. As the Bureau extends its services to those who are about to take degrees in Arts and Sciences, and as it is able to secure permanent positions for the great majority of those who are graduated with good standing, men of small means feel more confidence in their future, and less dread of being unable to repay loans and advances to those who are encouraging them in securing a College education.”²

There are usually about two hundred names on the books of the Bureau. From the letters of the poor students I have extracted the following account of the ways by which money is earned: —

“Teaching a private school and giving lessons in German to students in the College.”

¹ I have suppressed the names and addresses of these two advertisers.

² *Students’ Expenses*, p. 5.



THE COLLEGE GATE.

"Officiating in a small congregation."

"Lecturing and writing for papers."

"Waiting on table,¹ teaching night-school, tutoring, singing, and by at least a dozen other business schemes."

"Tending the furnaces in the house where I roomed."

"Gardening."

"Index-making."

"Laboratory assistant."

"Clerk in a summer hotel."

"Clerk in Memorial Hall."

"Porter in a summer hotel."

"Publishing notes, waiting on tables, type-writing, outside jobs, as posting bills, copying, etc."

"Odd jobs, publishing placards, advertising scheme, teaching school, publishing books."

The notes which one of these students published were no doubt those which he had taken down in the lecture room. The Dean of the College in his Report for 1892-93, speaking of that temptation which besets lazy students everywhere to do no work until just before an examination, says: "If they were then left to themselves, they might learn the consequence of idleness and teach it to their successors; but, unhappily, their demands have created a supply of wage-earners who sell notes, make a careful study of the questions likely to occur and recur in large elementary courses, hold, on the night before an examination, 'seminars' in which they review, at one, two, or three dollars a ticket, the work of a half-year, and in general abet idle students in shirking their daily duty." At Harvard, as at Oxford and Cambridge, the orthodox race of "crammers" or "coaches" flourishes, composed entirely of graduates who have acquired a great dexterity in driving knowledge into heads not always intended by nature to receive it.

¹ In America the servant waits *on* table; in England, *at* table.

The following advertisement I cut out of the *Harvard Crim-son*: —

"History 12 Review. — The course will be reviewed in Manter [a Block of Rooms] at 2 to-day as follows: English History from 1760 to 1837, at 2 p.m.; English History from 1837, and Continental History at 7.15 p.m. Fee for each review, \$4 [16s. 4d.]. Gentlemen will confer a favour by not opening accounts for reviews."

In the last paragraph it is delicately implied that the four dollars must be paid before the "review" begins. With such men as these the Dean does not attempt to deal. Indeed, he admits that in certain cases they have their use. The undergraduates who traffic in notes he would suppress so far as he can. "Students engaged in illegitimate coaching," he says, "should receive no scholarship or other pecuniary aid; for, however studious they may be, however resolute in educating themselves, however temperate in their private life, they are — directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously — enemies to College learning, College morality, and College honour." ¹

One of the poor students, describing his trials as a Freshman, says: "Part of this year I was very poor. My washing I did myself. About mid-year I was so short of money that for nearly two months I ate but one or two meals a day. This was the hardest period of my course, but rather incited than discouraged me." In spite of all he went through, he ends by saying: "My health, when I entered, was very poor. I left College strong in body, better than at any time for ten years. I have no hesitation in saying that an economical student can get through honourably and happily for three hundred dollars a year [£61.6.0]." ² "A poor student's

¹ *Annual Reports*, 1892-93, p. 103.

² *Students' Expenses*, p. 43.

berth," writes another man, "is not exactly a bed of roses, but I know that a sober-minded, industrious man can study in Harvard College, and not only exist, but have an enjoyable time on four hundred dollars a year [$\text{\pounds}81.15.0$]." ¹ A third writer says: "A bright scholar or a shrewd business fellow can entirely pay his expenses at Harvard; but it is no place for a poor scholar or a lazy man." ²

There is a danger lest, in this sharp struggle for existence in a university, somewhat too much of "the shrewd business fellow" may be brought out in a youth's character. Almost all these ways of earning money are honourable; but the advertising scheme is unworthy of a student. I do not like the puff of the young man who heads his advertisement, "YALE'S DISADVANTAGES." Such a heading would, no doubt, catch the eye of a Harvard man; but it would little please him to know that in his own University a race of young Barnums is growing up.

In the *Boston Sunday Globe* for December 31, 1893, "a Poor Student at Harvard" published his *Memoirs*. He is apparently still at College, so that a supplementary chapter will some day have to be added. His father works in a factory, earning about nine dollars ($\text{\pounds}1.16.9$) a week. The son entered Harvard with a capital of twenty-seven dollars ($\text{\pounds}5.10.3$), all that was left over, after he had paid his debts, of his earnings in the summer as a waiter in a mountain hotel. He hired a room thirteen feet long by seven wide. At first he spent on his food no more than one dollar and fifteen cents a week ($4s.10\frac{1}{2}d.$). "I remembered," he writes, "how Garfield had lived for thirty-three cents [$1s.4\frac{1}{2}d.$] a week on milk. I felt sure if he could, I could." He soon found that

¹ *Students' Expenses*, p. 22.

² *Ib.* p. 26.

his health was sinking under the spare diet, and that he was becoming unfit for work. He took a better dinner, and so raised his expenditure to two dollars and sixty-five cents a week [10s. 10½d.]. "It kept me well; only I would get awfully hungry every night at about ten o'clock. I used to drink water for that." He at once set about earning money, and before long was made one of the waiters at the Foxcroft Club. He suffered from the humiliation of his position. "I felt that there was a sort of feeling against me by many, and it grated against my pride to be at the absolute mercy of some of the men there. I have always thought that some knew just how I felt, and rather added to my discomfort in all the ways they could." He does not, however, give any instance of insolence or unkindness. A man in such a position as his is apt to see "the proud man's contumely" even where there is none. He was too poor to pay for a laundress, and had to keep his soiled linen till Thanksgiving Day, when he took it home and had it washed there. When his clean clothes came to an end he wore a jersey. "This, of course, caused remarks, which I felt very deeply, but I went on my way with a heightened colour, but still with a feeling that I was doing what was right."

In his vacations he got work as a druggist's assistant, as head-waiter, and afterwards as manager in a summer hotel, and as bookkeeper in a shoe-factory. He and one of his comrades were engaged one summer by a firm of publishers to sell books. "We were given a large city several hundred miles away. We started in high feather; we walked and tramped the streets for a week, and I never sold one. My partner sold three, but two days later they all countermanded their orders. That was the last straw,—we quit." It was, I

suspected, an undergraduate who, one day when I was sitting under the veranda of a house at a seaside village on Cape Cod asked me to buy, first some books and then some scents. He asked but once, and went away the moment I refused. By his looks and his gentle manners, he seemed far too good for so bad a trade. A man can pay too dearly even for a university education. The "Poor Student" in term-time got various kinds of employment. He canvassed for more than one election; he worked in a lawyer's office; he read proofs, and he was an author's copyist. This last piece of work extended into the vacation. In term-time he used to begin work with the author at ten at night, and kept on at it till an hour and a half after midnight; all through the vacation he was employed from twelve to fifteen hours a day. When this heavy task came to an end he got an engagement on a newspaper as the Harvard correspondent. "It was the busiest time of the year. Two things had to be followed daily,—baseball and rowing. It really took all my day from three in the afternoon. It was just the time of the year when I needed every hour on my College work. The examinations were at hand. But there was no help for it." He has gone through the main part of the struggle, he says, and now makes enough money to be able to indulge in a few comforts. He has no longer to try to endure a New England winter in a fireless room. When the thermometer fell below zero he had been forced to order a supply of coal. He laments that his studies have suffered greatly from the need that he has always been under to give so much of his strength and time to earning his bread. "But," he adds, "I have more than ten times overbalanced that by the practical knowledge that comes only by actual personal experience. When I get through

Harvard there'll be no such thing as my 'going out into the world.' "

Many of the wealthy students are ready enough to help their needy comrades. "Rich men," wrote the Dean of the College in 1892, "even rich undergraduates, answer cheerfully a call for money; but generosity of this sort tends to pauperize such students as take kindly to pauperizing. Something has been accomplished by a sort of floating loan-fund. Money for the student is put into the hands of the Dean, who gives the student to understand that, as soon as it is returned, it will be lent to some other student equally in need. The obligation thus involved is thought to be more effective than a written promise to pay, which seems of itself a sort of *quid pro quo*." ¹

It is not only on his earnings that the poor scholar has to depend. Just as we have in Oxford and Cambridge endowments for scholarships and exhibitions, so Harvard is in possession of large funds for distribution as "money-aids to students. Merit and need are the elements which determine distribution." ² No money is given, as it is so abundantly given in the great English Universities, to merit alone, however great it may be. The merit of the wealthy student is at Harvard rewarded only by honour; but even honour will not always stir him up. "It is an interesting inquiry," writes the President, "how the College can supply the rich young man with an appropriate stimulus to do his best. The problem, however, is one which does not vex Harvard College alone; it has long vexed rich parents and civilized society." ³ When

¹ *Annual Reports*, 1891-92, p. 88.

² *Harvard University*, by F. Bolles, p. 7.

³ *Annual Reports*, 1891-92, p. 21.

Lord Southampton asked Bishop Watson of Llandaff, "how he was to bring up his son so as to make him get forward in the world, 'I know of but one way,' replied the Bishop; 'give him parts and poverty.' 'Well, then,' replied Lord Southampton, 'if God has given him parts, I will manage as to the poverty.'"¹ Poverty at Harvard, however great, without at all events some parts, is not looked upon as a title to relief. Those only are to be helped who are worthy of receiving a liberal education. In 1887 about fifty thousand dollars (£10,225) were thus distributed; by 1893 the fund had increased to eighty-nine thousand (£18,200.) By such leaps and bounds does munificence advance in the United States. Even this large sum can scarcely suffice for all the demands of studious poverty. "One-half the students," writes a Harvard Instructor in Philosophy, "must be conceived as very poor, brought to College by intellectual and practical ambition, working hard at their books and for their maintenance, and without time or money for much recreation, exercise, or society. This class, from which the best scholars generally come, is dubbed 'the grinds.'"² They are like the men whom Arthur Pendennis despised, who every afternoon were to be seen in their hob-nailed shoes trudging along the 'Trumpington Road.'

Of the well-to-do students the expenses seem to be higher even than at Oxford. How much they have risen in the last fifty years is shown by the following passage in the *Life of Charles Sumner*.³ "His College bills did not exceed the average bills of his Class. Including instruction, board in commons, rent and charge of room, fuel, use of class-books

¹ H. C. Robinson's *Diary*, I. 337.

² *Educational Review*, April, 1894, p. 322.

³ Vol. I., p. 53.

and other fees, they amounted for the four years to less than eight hundred dollars [$\text{£}163$], which is now quite a moderate expenditure for a single year." An undergraduate may still live in great comfort at Oxford on two hundred pounds a year, even though out of this sum he has to defray his outlay on clothes, amusements, and travelling.

CHAPTER XII.

From a College to a University. — George Ticknor. — Influence of Germany. — Oxford Colleges Forty Years Ago. — Provincialism. — Foundation of New Schools at Harvard. — Duties of Professors.

THOUGH Harvard College had from the beginning been a university, in that it was a place where the arts and sciences were studied and where degrees were conferred, yet it was a university after the later English, and not after the continental manner. It did not freely impart knowledge to all who sought it in all the great departments of learning. It bound down the students to a certain limited course; it confined them to a four years' track to be beaten by all alike. Along this track all moved at the same pace — the quick kept back by the slow, the hard workers by the idlers. There was not that choice between classics and mathematics which, even under the early examination schemes at Oxford, was allowed to a certain extent; neither was there that separation made between passmen and classmen¹ in the college lectures by which the abler students were carried over a far wider field. Everywhere there was a dead level, a dreary uniformity. Down to the year 1767 each tutor had taught every subject to the Class assigned to him, throughout the whole course. In that year a change was made, and henceforth Greek, Latin,

¹ *Classmen* or *Honours-men* at Oxford correspond to those who at Harvard take their degree *cum laude*, *magna cum laude*, *summa cum laude*.

philosophy and mathematics were assigned each to a single teacher.¹ The tutors were no doubt for the most part sound scholars of the old narrow school—much the same kind of men as the masters of the English grammar schools and the Fellows of the Oxford and Cambridge Colleges. Among them, however, had never risen a Bentley or a Porson, not even a Markland or a Parr, to set and to keep the standard of scholarship high. Greek must have been but little studied, for, according to Ticknor, in the early years of the present century, “a copy of *Euripides* in the original could not be bought at any bookseller’s shop in New England.”² He had been educated at Dartmouth College—Daniel Webster’s College. “It is, Sir, a small College; and yet there are those who love it,” said that great advocate, with his eyes full of tears, when upholding its charter before the Supreme Court. Ticknor had afterwards studied privately under a good scholar, an Englishman, who had been taught by Dr. Parr. On leaving him, he entered a lawyer’s office, but his heart was not in his work. In the year 1814, when he was two and twenty, he chanced to read a defence of the University of Göttingen that had been written “against the ill-intentions of Jerome Bonaparte.” He had never before known the true nature of a university. “My astonishment at these revelations,” he writes, “was increased by an account of its library, given by an Englishman who had been there. I was sure that I should like to study at such a university, but it was in vain that I endeavoured to get further knowledge upon the subject. I would gladly have prepared for it by learning German, but there was no one in Boston who could teach me. Nor was it possible to get books. I borrowed a Meidinger’s Grammar, French and German, from my

¹ Quincy’s *Harvard*, II. 132.

² *Life of W. H. Prescott*, p. 8.

friend, Mr. Everett, and sent to New Hampshire, where I knew there was a German Dictionary, and procured it. I also obtained a copy of Goethe's *Werther* (through Mr. Shaw's connivance) from amongst Mr. J. Q. Adams's books deposited by him, on going to Europe, in the Athenæum."¹ Nevertheless, in all this dearth of Greek and German books Boston was known as "The Literary Emporium."² Judge Story, writing of Harvard as he had known it in the last years of the eighteenth century, says: "The intercourse between us and foreign countries was infrequent; and except to English literature and science, I might almost say, we had no means of access. Even in respect to them we had little more than a semi-annual importation of the most common works. Two ships only plied as regular packets between Boston and London, one in the spring and the other in the autumn, and their arrival was an era in our college life."³ Ticknor's father, a well-to-do Boston grocer, who, like Ticknor himself, had passed through Dartmouth College and had a respect for learning, allowed his son to give up the law and to go and study at Göttingen.

It was a great day in the history of Harvard when this young Bostonian set out to explore a German university. On November 10, 1815, he wrote to his father from Göttingen of his Greek tutor, Dr. Schultze: "Every day I am filled with new astonishment at the variety and accuracy, the minuteness and readiness, of his learning. Every day I feel anew, under the oppressive weight of his admirable acquirements, what a mortifying distance there is between a European and an American

¹ *Life of George Ticknor*, I. 11.

² At all events, a few years later it was frequently so called. *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, I. 37.

³ *Life of Joseph Story*, I. 48.

scholar ! We do not yet know what a Greek scholar is ; we do not even know the process by which a man is to be made one. Dr. Schultze is hardly older than I am. It never entered into my imagination to conceive that any expense of time or talent could make a man so accomplished in this forgotten language as he is.”¹ For the first time in his life, something beyond a mere collection of books, a library fit for scholars was opened to the young American. He had, moreover, at his service a large staff of able and learned Professors. “At least seventy or eighty different courses of lectures,” he wrote, “are going on at the same time.” Some of the Professors were poor enough, for the miseries caused by the great wars still overhung the land. One of them told him “that when Germany was thus impoverished, if a Professor at Jena appeared in his lecture-room with a new waistcoat, the students applauded him ; being asked what occurred if a new coat made its appearance, he exclaimed : ‘Gott bewahre ! such a thing never happened.’ ”² Ticknor was struck with “the accuracy with which time is measured and sold by the Professors. Every clock that strikes is the signal for four or five lectures to begin and four or five others to close. In the intervals you may go into the streets and find they are silent and empty ; but the bell has hardly told the hour before they are filled with students, with their portfolios under their arms, hastening from the feet of one Gamaliel to those of another — generally running in order to save time, and often without a hat. As soon as they reach the room they take their places and prepare their pens and paper. The Professor comes in almost immediately, and from that time till he goes out the sound of his disciples taking notes does not for an instant cease.”³

¹ *Life of Ticknor*, I. 73.

² *Ib.* I. 280.

³ *Ib.* I. 82.

Ticknor had been studying at Göttingen little more than a year when he received from Harvard the offer of the Smith Professorship of the French and Spanish Languages and Literature, and the College Professorship of the Belles-Lettres.¹ He was to stay on in Europe for some time longer to complete his education. He stayed four years in all, studying in Germany, France, Italy, and Spain. One lesson the future Professor learned in a talk with Goethe, on whom he called when passing through Weimar. "Once Goethe's genius kindled, and in spite of himself he grew almost fervent as he deplored the want of extemporaneous eloquence in Germany, and said that the English is kept a much more living language by its influence. 'Here,' he said, 'we have no eloquence — our preaching is a monotonous, middling declamation — public debate we have not at all, and if a little inspiration sometimes comes to us in our lecture-rooms, it is out of place, for eloquence does not teach.'"² Ticknor was but eight and twenty when he returned to America, and entered on his new duties at Harvard. On August 10, 1819, he delivered his opening address in the Old Church of Cambridge before "a cultivated audience" which came together "to listen to the utterance of the ripest scholarship America could then boast."³ These are the words of Ticknor's biographer, George Hillard, himself no mean scholar. America surely can look back with some complacency on the advance she has made in learning since those days.

Ticknor, though he was by far the most important, was not the first student sent from the United States to qualify himself for a Professor's chair. In 1802, Benjamin Silliman at the age of twenty-two had been appointed Professor of Chemistry and Geology at Yale. Of neither science had he any knowledge,

¹ *Life of Ticknor*, I. 116, 321.

² *Ib.* I. 114.

³ *Ib.* I. 320.

but he had distinguished himself in his mathematical studies. Such appointments are not unknown in the history of English Universities. Last century Watson, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff, was appointed to the Chair of Chemistry at Cambridge. He was as ignorant of the science as young Silliman. Nevertheless, of his *Chemical Essays* Sir Humphry Davy said that "he could scarcely imagine a time in which they would be superannuated."¹ From the Chair of Chemistry he was transferred to the Chair of Divinity, of which he knew no more than an ordinary parson — that is to say, very little. By his industry, however, he filled the post not without distinction. In the same University seventy-six years ago, Adam Sedgwick was made Professor of Geology, though he was as ignorant of that science as Watson had been of Chemistry. He, too, justified the appointment. In like manner in modern days Oxford has seen a retired naval captain appointed to a Professorship of History over the heads of Dr. Stubbs, Mr. Freeman, Mr. Froude, Mr. Church, and Mr. Pearson. No doubt it was thought that with time he would add to his first class and his orthodoxy a competent knowledge of the subject which he was advanced to teach. This, I believe, he has succeeded in doing. The late Professor of Arabic in Oxford, who had been appointed with the same ignorance and the same expectation, never took the trouble to dispel the one and to satisfy the other. Silliman made but a short stay in Europe. For the winter session he studied in the University of Edinburgh. On his return to America he wrote: "A much higher standard of excellence than I had before seen was presented to me, especially in Edinburgh."²

¹ De Quincey's *Works*, II. 106.

² *Life of Benjamin Silliman*, I. 195.

In 1825, six years after Ticknor entered on his duties at Harvard, Longfellow graduated at Bowdoin College — the *Alma Mater* not only of him but of Hawthorne. It so happened that at the Commencement at which he took his degree, the Board of Trustees voted to found a Chair of Modern Languages. The young Bachelor of Arts, who was but eighteen, had, it is said, in his examination pleased one of the Trustees by his elegant translation of an Ode of Horace. An informal proposal was made by the Board to his father that the youth “should visit Europe, for the purpose of fitting himself for his position, with the understanding that on his return he should be appointed to the Professorship.”¹ Accordingly, he spent three years in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. Like Ticknor, he studied in Göttingen. On his return at the age of two and twenty he received the appointment. Five years later, on Ticknor’s resignation, he was offered his Professorship at Harvard; but it was suggested to him by the President that he would do well “to reside in Europe, at his own expense, a year or eighteen months for the purpose of a more perfect attainment of the German.” For eighteen months he studied the Northern languages in Sweden, Denmark, Germany, and Holland, and on his return at the age of twenty-nine was made Professor.²

It was “with the vision of a real University, where all the great divisions of human knowledge should be duly represented and taught,” that Ticknor “returned fresh from a two years’ residence at Göttingen.”³ He was before his time, and he saw the vision “fade into the light of common day.” “When I came home from Europe,” he writes, “not having

¹ *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, I. 68.

² *Ib.* I. 203, 243.

³ *Life of G. Ticknor*, II. 422.

been educated at Cambridge [Massachusetts], and having always looked upon it with great veneration, I had no misgivings about the wisdom of the organization and management of the College there.”¹ He soon discovered how great were the changes which were needed in Harvard. He set about one of the hardest of tasks that a young man can take upon himself — to teach teachers, to instruct instructors, to convince a University that its time-honoured system needs a thorough reform. The President was against him; almost all the Professors were against him; even the students were against him. The President was Kirkland, whom Lowell has so pleasantly described. “He was a man of genius, but of genius that evaded utilization. . . . There was that in the soft and rounded (I had almost said melting) outlines of his face which reminded one of Chaucer. . . . He was one of those misplaced persons whose misfortune it is that their lives overlap two distinct eras, and are already so impregnated with one that they can never be in healthy sympathy with the other.”² Ticknor appealed to the Corporation, who consulted the whole body of teachers about his proposals. A large majority of them steadily resisted any change of importance.³ Among the Professors was Edward Everett, “whose coming from Germany,” Emerson said, “was an immediate and profound influence in New England education.”⁴ It does not appear, however, that he supported Ticknor in his great reformation. Some years later, when he was President of the College, “he threw his weight against the system.”⁵

¹ *Life of G. Ticknor*, I. 354.

² *Literary Essays*, by J. R. Lowell, ed. 1890, I. 83.

³ *Life of Ticknor*, I. 356.

⁴ *Higher Education*, etc., p. 215.

⁵ *Annual Reports*, 1883-84, p. 16.

In July, 1823, nine men, of whom Judge Story was one, met at Ticknor's house to consider what steps should be taken to reform Harvard. The faults which he found with the system he stated both in a paper which he laid before them, and also in a pamphlet which he subsequently published. "All our Colleges," he said, "have been long considered merely places for obtaining a degree of Bachelor of Arts, to serve as a means and certificate whereon to build the future plans and purposes of life." No change had been made in the old system by which every student was taught by every tutor, receiving exactly the same instruction, neither more nor less, as the rest of his classmates. But at Harvard "there are now," he continues, "twenty or more teachers and three hundred students, and yet the division into Classes remains exactly the same, and every student is obliged to pass through the hands of nearly or quite every instructor. The recitations [the lectures of an Oxford College] become mere enumerations. The most that an instructor now undertakes is to ascertain, from day to day, whether the young men who are assembled in his presence have probably studied the lesson prescribed to them. . . . We are neither an University—which we call ourselves—nor a respectable High School, which we ought to be. . . . As many years are given to the great work of education here as are given in Europe, and it costs more money with us to be very imperfectly educated than it does to enjoy the great advantages of some of the best universities on the Continent. And yet who in this country, by means here offered him, has been enabled to make himself a good Greek scholar? Who has been taught thoroughly to read, write, and speak Latin?"¹ Nearly half a century later,

¹ *Life of G. Ticknor*, I. 356-363.

as one of the Trustees of the Zoölogical Museum at Harvard, Ticknor had to address a Committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts. Speaking of the great work done by Professor Agassiz in the University, he said that by making Natural Science "move," he had made languages, history, and literature follow. "Natural Science has tended to open Harvard College; to make it a free University, accessible to all, whether they desire to receive instruction in one branch or in many." ¹

The whole work of the College was not, however, confined to "recitations" at the time when Ticknor was trying to introduce his reforms. Professor Peabody writing of those days says: "The recitations were mere hearings of lessons, without comment or collateral illustrations. The leading feature of the College was the rich provision made for courses of lectures. It may be doubted whether so many lecturers of an exceptionally high order have ever, at any one time, been brought together in the service of an American College. By far the largest part of our actual instruction was that of the lecture-room, where it was our custom to take copious notes, which were afterwards written out in full. The amount of study and actual attainment was, I think, much greater with the best scholars of each class, much less with those of a lower grade than now. The really good scholar gave himself wholly to his work. He had no distractions, no outside society, no newspapers. Consequently there remained for him nothing but hard study; and there were some in every class whose hours of study were not less than sixty a week." ² Ticknor, it must be remembered, wrote as a young man, with

¹ *Life of G. Ticknor*, II. 423.

² *Reminiscences of Harvard Collège*, p. 202.

his mind full of the evils which thwarted him at every step; Professor Peabody as an aged man, complacently surveying a happy and a studious youth. What he tells us of the study of German shows how limited was the range of knowledge in New England. It was in the year 1825 that he joined the first German class ever formed in Harvard. "We were looked upon with very much the amazement with which a class in some obscure tribal dialect of the remote Orient would be now regarded. There were no German books in the book-stores. A friend gave me a copy of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, which I read as soon as I was able to do so, and then passed it from hand to hand among those who could obtain nothing else to read." ¹

In many respects a member of one of the smaller Oxford Colleges forty years ago was quite as ill-provided with instruction as a Harvard undergraduate. In my own College, for instance, during the greater part of my residence, there were but three tutors, among whom were divided all the departments of learning that were taught. The Master, it is true, every Sunday lectured on the Epistles of St. Paul. Of the three, one taught mathematics, and mathematics alone. Happy was the youth who had a taste for that science, as he met with all the encouragement that can be given by a most able teacher. The other two took between them the rest of the sciences that were recognized in the College — Latin, Greek, metaphysics, ethics, logic, ancient history, and divinity. One of them was a sound, old-fashioned scholar, but a somewhat ponderous teacher; the other was a man of amiable character, but of very moderate attainments. In later years he one day modestly owned to me that he had never cared for books. For-

¹ *Reminiscences of Harvard College*, p. 117.

tunately for us, we were able to obtain a certain amount of instruction outside the College. The end was at length coming to that long and shameful succession of University Professors who, to quote Gibbon's words, "well remembered that they had a salary to receive, and only forgot that they had a duty to perform." Some still survived — one or two even now are extant — men who, if they did anything, did nothing more than year after year offer to read aloud the same course of lectures. An ardent and ingenuous youth of my time, or a little earlier, attended the first lecture of the yearly course of the Camden Professor of Ancient History, and formed the whole audience. The venerable Professor sat silent in his chair for some ten minutes; then addressing him, he said: "Sir, it seems that you alone wish to hear my lecture. Perhaps it will do you quite as much good if you take it to your rooms and read it there to yourself; but if you desire it, I will, as I am bound by the statutes of the University, deliver it orally." The youth politely assented to his suggestion. He read it, found it pleasingly written, returned it, but did not venture to form the audience for the second lecture. To some of the Chairs younger men had been appointed. Mansell was lecturing on Aristotle, Jowett on Plato, and Conington on Latin composition. Their lectures were open to the undergraduates of every college. So many men attended Conington's lectures on Latin prose composition that he ceased giving them. The College tutors, he said, were throwing their work on him. It seems incredible that less than forty years ago a course of public lectures in the University of Oxford was brought to a close because it was so largely attended. Conington, no doubt, was indignant at being drawn away from his higher work as a scholar by the drudgery

of correcting twice a week some hundred exercises. That he should be provided with an assistant professor did not seem to have occurred to anybody's mind. Natural Science was at this time just beginning to be recognized — crouching like a second Cinderella among the scornful sister sciences. In my first term I saw the foundation stone laid of the New Museum by the Chancellor, the Earl of Derby. One of my college friends was placed in the first class in the first examination ever held in Natural Science. His high position had cost him but a few months' study. I remember his telling us one evening at dinner how that day in the Schools¹ he had gone up to an examiner and pointed out an error in the paper of questions. The poor man nervously maintained that he was right, and offered to show his authority. He produced some learned work ; but, as my friend convinced him, he had altogether misread it. Oxford, in many of the great branches of learning, and in some respects in all, was indeed far distant in those days from that "real university" of which Ticknor had a vision. There is still not a little for her to do before it shall be completely realized, but in the last forty years, much, very much, has been done. How much, too, has been done in Harvard !

It was in the spring of 1821 that Ticknor, by an appeal to the President, made his first attempt to transform the College. By June, 1825, though he had failed to convince either him or a large majority of the Professors, he had brought over the Corporation and the Overseers to many of his views. They were willing to do as much as perhaps it was wise to attempt. They divided the College into departments, in which the undergraduates were to be classified according to their proficiency ;

¹ The examination-rooms.

they allowed a limited choice of studies, and they admitted to special studies students who had no intention of taking a degree.¹ The reform failed, as reforms almost always do fail when they are under the management of those who do not wish well to their success. There are few bodies of men who cling more to old ways and old customs than teachers, unless perchance it be their pupils. The undergraduates—at all events the dull and indolent majority—raised the standard of revolt. They, it seemed, liked the good old system by which quick and slow, well-taught and ill-taught, jogged along at the same even pace. Their acts of disorder were so frequent that in less than two years the old system was resumed to nearly its full extent, everywhere but in the Department of Modern Languages. There Ticknor, working his own scheme, met with great success. He describes how in January, 1826, fifty-five Freshmen entered for French, of whom forty-eight were wholly ignorant of the language. The seven who knew something of it he put into an advanced class by themselves; the rest he broke up into five alphabetical divisions. In March he rearranged them all according to their proficiency. By the end of the year “there were more than five hundred pages between the highest and the lowest divisions, besides a great difference in grammatical progress.” Of the seven who had the lead on entering, not a single one kept it. The system succeeded, he maintained, because “the law was administered according to its spirit and intent, by officers who approved it, and it was, from this administration of it, felt by the students to be useful, just, and beneficial.”² Perhaps, after all, the acts of disorder in the other departments were due more to the prejudices of the Professors than to the obstinacy of the pupils.

¹ *Life of G. Ticknor*, I. 362.

² *Ib.* I. 367.

Ticknor's biographer tells us that "he often dwelt with satisfaction on the fact that, in the fifteen years during which he was Professor, he was never obliged to apply to the College Faculty on account of any misdemeanour in the recitation-rooms under his charge, or in his lecture-room; nor did he ever send up the name of any young man for reproof." The constant opposition which he encountered, whenever he tried to realize his vision of a great university, at last wore out his patience. "As long as I hoped to advance these changes," he wrote, "I continued attached to the College; when I gave up all hope I determined to resign."¹

Harvard was impeded in its progress, not only by that inherited narrowness which is common to so many universities, but also by an excessive provincialism unknown in England and Germany. Between Oxford and Glasgow a close connection has existed for nearly two centuries. Adam Smith spent six or seven years of his youth at Balliol College. When Motley followed his countrymen to Göttingen, the Hanoverian University, he had for his fellow-student that Prussian of Prussians, Bismarck. But Harvard, so far from being the University of the United States, was not even the University of New England, and scarcely of Massachusetts. In 1831, B. R. Curtis, writing to Ticknor from Northfield, in the northwest of that State, about the causes of dissatisfaction with Harvard in that part of the country, mentions as "the last, but far from least cause, that it is the College of Boston and Salem, and not of the Commonwealth."² Thirteen years later, in 1844, Mr. D. A. White, in an address to the Alumni, maintained that "Harvard is fast becoming simply a High School for a portion of

¹ *Life of G. Ticknor*, I. 368, 400.

² *Life of B. R. Curtis*, I. 50.

our youth of Boston and its vicinity.”¹ Even at the present time, with all the width of its studies and the liberality of its government, it has scarcely succeeded in becoming the great National University. A writer in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for January, 1893,² says: “The frequent remark is true, that Harvard is a Massachusetts and New England College. Although the whole number of Harvard men [he is speaking of graduates] is greater by 800 than the whole number of Yale men, yet in the Middle States Harvard has only 1303 and Yale 1986. In the State of New York Harvard has 976 graduates and Yale 1417. In sixteen Western States Harvard has 669 graduates and Yale 915.” It was mainly Harvard's Unitarianism which made the outlying States unfriendly towards her. “The West is Orthodox. The States of the West are filled with Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and Episcopal Churches. To certain Western men the word *Unitarian* means something almost as harrowing as the word *Indian* meant to their children of forty years ago. Harvard is no longer a Unitarian College, but the reputation of Harvard as a Unitarian College still lingers.”³ Even the attempt to free it from religious domination of any kind gave a shock. In 1846, B. R. Curtis, who had been a Judge in the Supreme Court of the United States, and who was a member of the Corporation, wrote: “I am pained to learn, even imperfectly as yet, how lax Mr. Quincy's administration has been of late years, and how lazy many of the Faculty have become. What do you think of a New England College where most of the teachers do not go to church at all, and next to none go in the afternoon?”⁴ This laziness was not due to Presi-

¹ *History of Higher Education in Massachusetts*, p. 82.

² *Ib.* p. 194.

³ *Ib.* p. 200.

⁴ *Life of B. R. Curtis*, I. 110.

dent Quincy's example, for "during the sixteen years of his administration he was absent from prayers twice only, and then he was detained in Court as a witness."¹ It was, as I have shown, in the hope of overcoming all prejudices connected with religion, that nearly forty years ago the attempt was made to lop off the Divinity School from the University. It is, no doubt, the same hope that so liberally opens the College Chapel and the Lecture Room to divines of every denomination, and that last Commencement conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity on the Bishop-elect of Massachusetts and of Doctor of Laws on a Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church. The prejudice happily seems to be weakening. In 1886 only sixteen in every hundred students came from the West and South; by 1892 the proportion of sixteen had risen to over nineteen. Nevertheless, "Massachusetts alone furnishes considerably more than half the total number."²

By the foundation of the School of Medicine in 1783, of the School of Law in 1817, and of the School of Theology in 1819, much had been done towards preparing the way for a real University. "In the establishment of our Schools of Theology, Law, and Medicine," writes Professor Goodwin,³ "which largely follow German precedents, we made the greatest departure from our English antecedents." It was not so much in their first establishment as in their later modifications that "these three professional Schools have," to use his words, "fairly represented three of the Faculties of the German

¹ *An Historical Sketch*, etc., p. 45.

² *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, January, 1893, p. 248. There are more than three hundred Catholic students in the University. *Ib.* June, 1894, p. 531.

³ *The Present and Future of Harvard College*, p. 22.

University." The Faculty of Arts and Sciences had, moreover, been greatly widened and strengthened. In the first fifty years of the present century more than twenty professorships in the different schools were established. The work generally demanded of the Professors, new and old alike, was excessive in amount and far too mechanical in quality. They sat behind a schoolmaster's desk many more hours every week than they filled a Professor's chair. While in term time their whole strength was used up, not so much in lecturing as in hearing lessons, their vacations were not long enough to allow of much scholarly work. Longfellow, soon after his appointment, began to complain bitterly of his position, as the following entries in his Journal show: "March 6, 1839. I am weary and sick to-night. College duties called me from my bed before daylight. I hate such over-early rising. The apparition of a tall negro with a lanthorn in my bedroom at such a holy hour disturbs the morning vision. Breakfast at six is intolerable." "March 18, 1839. I have three lectures a week and recitations without number. Three days in the week I go into my class-room between seven and eight, and come out between three and four — with one hour's intermission." "September 21, 1839. My work here grows quite intolerable, and unless they make some change I will leave them — with or without anything to do. I will not consent to have my life crushed out of me so."¹ He asked for an assistant in the French courses. The Corporation in reply voted: "The Smith Professor ought to continue to give all instruction required in the French language." He refused to submit, and in the end was allowed "a French instructor."²

¹ *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, I. 315, 316, 332.

² *Ib.* pp. 330, 336.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Elective System. — American Schools. — The Study of Greek at Oxford and Cambridge. — Examinations and Prizes. — The Graduate School.

THOUGH Ticknor's great scheme of reformation failed for the time, yet the seeds were sown. Retrograde Presidents might be appointed such as Jared Sparks, of whom Longfellow recorded in his Journal: "June 20, 1849. Mr. Sparks's inauguration. His Address very substantial, but retrograde. He spoke of the College only, and not of the University."¹ Nevertheless, as time went on, and the men who had been bred under the old system dropped off one by one, their successors, many of whom had studied in Germany, revived the scheme and slowly but steadily carried it forward into every department. Harvard grew more and more unlike its mother University, showing, to use Professor Goodwin's words, that its "chief reforms in teaching and in organization have been inspired from Göttingen and Berlin rather than from Cambridge and Oxford."² It was at something more than the perfection of Harvard as a place of instruction and education that the young reformers aimed. They were bent on making it a great seat of learning, where not only men should be taught all that is already known, but where teachers and students should join in advancing the boundaries of knowledge.

It was not till the year 1867 that the first great step was taken

¹ *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, II. 142.

² *The Present and Future of Harvard College*, p. 22.

towards this noble end. "It was in that year," writes Professor Goodwin, "that the elective system of studies was introduced. It gave a great, even an unexpected, stimulus to freedom of every kind both in teaching and in studying."¹ "The Faculty," to quote President Eliot's words, "set out upon a road which they have steadily followed ever since."² It was not till seventeen years later that the victory was won all along the line.

The faults of the old system are nowhere more clearly shown than in the following anecdote told of Prescott's College days by his biographer, George Ticknor. "Mathematics seemed to constitute an insurmountable obstacle. He became desperate and took to desperate remedies. He committed to memory, with perfect exactness, the whole mathematical demonstration required of his class, so as to be able to recite every syllable and letter of it as they stood in the book, without comprehending the demonstration at all, or attaching any meaning to the words and signs of which it was composed." At length "he went to his Professor and told him the truth; not only his ignorance of geometry, and his belief that he was incapable of understanding a word of it, but the mode by which he had seemed to comply with the requisitions of the recitation-room, while, in fact, he evaded them; adding, at the same time, that as a proof of mere industry, he was willing to persevere in committing the lessons to memory." The Professor was a sensible man. "He merely exacted his attendance at the regular hours, from which, in fact, he had no power to excuse him; but gave him to understand that he should not be troubled further with the duty of reciting. The solemn farce, therefore, of going to the exercise, book in hand, for several months,

¹ *The Present and Future of Harvard College*, p. 6.

² *Annual Reports*, 1883-84, p. 21.

without looking at the lesson, was continued, and Prescott was always grateful to the kindly Professor for his forbearance.”¹

Charles Sumner had no more taste for the study than his friend Prescott. “With downright frankness he said one day in the recitation-room to the Professor who was pursuing him with questions: ‘I don’t know, you know I don’t pretend to know, anything about mathematics.’ Quickly, but good-humouredly, the Professor replied, getting the laugh on the pupil, ‘Sumner! Mathematics! mathematics! Don’t you know the difference? This is not *mathematics*. This is *physics*.’ ”²

One of the most eminent mathematicians at Oxford told me, that in the days when for the final examination for the Bachelor of Art’s degree some mathematics were required, he had before him an undergraduate who professed to know the first six books of Euclid. Whatever proposition he was called upon to do, he at once without a moment’s hesitation drew the figure; then, leaning back in his chair and fixing his eyes on the ceiling, he rapidly and without error went through the whole demonstration. He had done all that was required of him, and he took his degree; nevertheless, it was as clear as day that he was as ignorant of Euclid as he had been the day before he was first made to take his stand on this huge tread-mill. I remember how one of the friends of my undergraduate days—a man who has since made a mark in literature—triumphantly in the presence of two or three of us committed his copy of Colenso’s *Arithmetic* to the flames the moment he had passed his examination.

Emerson’s ideal university was a place “where attendance at lectures should be voluntary, and where the students’ conduct

¹ *Life of W. H. Prescott*, ed. 1864, p. 21.

² *Life of Sumner*, I. 47.

should be in the hands of the ordinary city police.”¹ As regards the attendance at lectures, the approach that has already been made towards his ideal would perhaps have satisfied the philosopher, at least for a time. Professor Goodwin, in his Address to the Phi Beta in 1891, said: “It is perfectly possible (though I sincerely hope it is not probable) that some whom we welcome here to-day for the first time have never studied a word of Greek or Latin, a line of Mathematics, or a page of Philosophy, Logic, or History, during their undergraduate course. And yet these were almost the only studies by which a student could gain admission to our Society fifty years ago.”²

Before they entered the College they must have studied, at all events, the elements of some of these subjects. But even in the examination which they had to pass for admission³ a considerable freedom of choice is allowed. Elementary Greek, Latin, French, and German are among the subjects required in the ordinary course; but one of the ancient and one of the modern languages may be omitted by those who pass in a certain number of more advanced subjects. For instance, for Greek and German might be substituted Physics and Chemistry, and a higher knowledge in Latin, French, and Mathematics. A candidate who has failed in some of the subjects, but who has distinguished himself in others, might nevertheless be admitted, on the condition that he makes up his deficiencies during his college course. Till he has done this he cannot advance beyond the Sophomore Class.⁴ The candidate, for

¹ *Educational Review* for April, 1894, p. 317.

² *The Present and Future of Harvard College*, p. 5.

³ *Matriculation* is a word not apparently in use in Harvard.

⁴ *Catalogue*, p. 189.

was, has of late years been a source of mischief to the cause of education in America. Self-complacency is none the less dangerous when it is found in a whole nation. Speaking of the first settlers, he said: "One great principle they contributed to the science of government, and the greatest of states and statesmen might well be proud of the contribution. That the education of the people is a public duty; that there is a right in every child and youth in the land to its rudiments, and to the opportunity for a larger and more liberal culture; that the provision for this is a legitimate public expenditure,—are principles of the greatest importance, and for these the world is indebted to them. The monuments to their own just fame which they reared by the establishment of this College and their provision for public schools are not to be found alone in these halls, . . . but equally in the humblest village schoolhouse wherever in the broad land it nestles in the valley or by the wayside." ¹

If it is true that America in public education was once ahead of all the nations, that lead she has lost. Cobden and Bright, were they living, would no longer point to her as an example for England to follow. In elementary education, in which we were so backward, we have now not only caught her up, but outstripped her. In the secondary schools, moreover, where university students receive most of their early training, she lags still farther behind. Instead of advancing, as we have greatly advanced of late, she has not, we are told, even maintained her former standard.

"It is a notorious and discreditable fact," writes Professor Goodwin, "that our students now come to college at the age of nineteen with no more knowledge than an English, French,

¹ *Harvard College, 250th Anniversary*, p. 251.

German, or Swiss boy has at seventeen, and — what is more discreditable still — with no more than our own New England boy had at seventeen fifty or sixty years ago. One of the greatest of the many great services which the President of the University has rendered to the cause of education is the complete demonstration which he has given, not only of these facts, but also of their causes. . . . The real waste of time seems to be effected chiefly in schools of the lower grades, where the skill sometimes shown in spreading the elements of learning *thin* would be laughable were it not pathetic. . . . Boys *enter* Exeter Academy now older than they once *left* it for college; and at this age (sixteen or seventeen) they are required merely to ‘have some knowledge of Common School Arithmetic, writing, spelling, and the elements of English Grammar.’ I select Exeter as an example, not by way of censure, but *honoris causa*. We are sure that she does her best with the material which comes to her from the lower schools. And this is the best which one of the oldest and most ambitious New England academies can now demand from boys of sixteen and seventeen, hardly as much as she could once have demanded and obtained from boys of twelve and thirteen.”¹

Two years ago a Committee on Secondary School Studies was appointed by the National Education Association. The Chairman was President Eliot. The Committee nominated nine “Conferences,” each composed of men of great experience in the subject which it was to investigate. In the nine reports which they issued, one common desire was found running through all: “That the elements of their several subjects should be taught earlier than they now are.”² The Latin Conference

¹ *The Present and Future of Harvard College*, pp. 36–39.

² *Report of the Committee on Secondary School Studies*, Washington, 1893, p. 14.

reported: "In the United States the average age at which the study of Latin is begun is about fifteen years, and probably above the number rather than below it. In England and on the Continent the study is seldom begun so late as at the age of twelve, and much oftener between the ages of nine and eleven; in other words, from four to six years earlier than with us."¹ In a footnote on this passage there is seen the curious change which has come over the words *Grammar School* in America. "In Michigan," we read, "successful experiments have been made in introducing the study of Latin into the Grammar School; and the trial is also being made in certain Grammar Schools in Massachusetts." In England, *Grammar School* almost everywhere retains the sense in which Johnson defines it: "A school in which the learned languages are grammatically taught." Such a school no doubt once was "The Faire Grammar School" in the American Cambridge, now, by an unhappy change, known as the Washington School. So much has even the tradition of the older education passed away, that "in a recent Convention of Teachers, not far from Boston, a story of some English schoolboys, who appeared to be as far advanced in their studies as most Sophomores or Juniors in New England colleges, was received with many expressions of astonishment and with some of incredulity."²

Of this general neglect to lay the foundations of the higher learning at an early age, there are doubtless many causes of which I know nothing. I have been told that many an American father, whose youth had been one hard struggle, is bent on letting his children have what he calls "a good time." "There

¹ *Report of the Committee on Secondary School Studies*, Washington, 1893, p. 60.

² *School and College*, February, 1892, p. 99.

must," writes Professor Goodwin, "be a thorough awakening and change of heart on the part of indulgent parents, so that they shall no longer consent to the long periods of idleness which now interrupt their children's study, or, at least, shall no longer encourage and seek to extend them."¹ Schoolmasters seem almost as weak as parents are indulgent. "Another evil, one peculiar to this country, but a most unnecessary one, is the constant interruption of study by calls of society, and by a thousand other distractions which in other countries would never be allowed to break in upon study in school."² But who can look for strictness in schoolmasters, who hold their office by an uncertain tenure, and who might be cast adrift by the votes of a few touchy parents? "Some of the conditions of the public school service in this country," writes President Eliot, "particularly the uncertain tenure of office, and the fluctuating quality of school committees or boards, are unfortunately averse to the creation of a class of highly educated and experienced schoolmasters; but custom, if not statute, makes some public school offices fairly permanent, the endowed schools of the country already offer a considerable number of desirable posts, and the large cities support many profitable private schools of great merit."³ That hateful system of "the spoils to the victors," has been allowed, it seems, to cast its taint even on the education of children.

The money which is laid out freely on schools is not always laid out wisely. "The same profuse liberality which spends a quarter or a half million of dollars on a schoolhouse would be equally ready to equip the school within on a corresponding

¹ *School and College*, February, 1892, p. 104.

² *The Present and Future of Harvard College*, p. 37.

³ *Reports*, 1891-92, p. 16.

scale, if it only knew how this could be wisely done.”¹ Bad systems of teaching, moreover, “which are imposed on the teachers by standing rules, and often compel a good teacher to waste nearly as much time as a poor one,” are answerable for a great part of the general backwardness. The quick and eager boy is sacrificed to the dull and sluggish, the hard worker to the idler. “Classes often have an amount of work given them for a year which any bright boy or girl can do in three months, while there is no regular provision by which those who can do it in less time shall as a matter of course go on to other work.”² It is this dead level at which the pupils are kept, added to the extraordinary delay in setting them to study Greek and Latin, which brings the most promising lads to the University so far behind our highest standard. There are no scholars of Balliol or of Trinity, Cambridge, to be found among them. “It is now a familiar truth to most of us,” writes Professor Goodwin, “that students come to Harvard College at nineteen, in most cases badly prepared to pass an examination which boys of sixteen or seventeen would find easy work in England, Germany, France, or Switzerland. Most of these young men have spent the preceding three, four, or five years in doing boys’ work, which should all have been finished before they were sixteen. At their age time is precious, at least in their parents’ eyes, and there is generally a struggle to finish their work in the shortest possible time. The preparatory schools, therefore, devote their chief energies to ‘fitting’ candidates for the examination, which the College mercifully divides between two years to temper its severity. It is, after all, a mere ‘pass’ examination, which seldom gives any opportunity to display real scholarship; and

¹ *School and College*, February, 1892, p. 100.

² *Present and Future of Harvard College*, p. 37.

yet it is held to be a distinction to attain three-quarters of the mark in any subject; and this attainment is paraded as an 'honour,' which reflects glory on the pupil and on the school which sent him."¹ After giving an account of the classical authors studied in the higher forms at our Westminster School, Professor Goodwin continues: "These boys need very little of this to enter either Cambridge or Oxford, where, in most colleges, hardly as much is required for admission as at Harvard or Yale; but they know that those who bring only the absolute requirements for admission are practically excluded from all the better instruction at both Universities, where no scholar of distinction gives his time to 'pass men.'" How little the highest kind of instruction is generally given in the American High Schools is shown by the fact that, "although Harvard draws rather more than one-third of her students from States outside New England, the whole number of students who have come to her from the High Schools of these States during a period of the last ten years is but sixty-six. Fitting for college is becoming an alarmingly technical matter, and is falling largely into the hands of private tutors and academies."²

It is not the duller students at Harvard, or even perhaps the average students, who are below the standard of the same two classes of men at our Universities. Nothing could surpass the grossness of the ignorance of many of the undergraduates who come from our most famous schools. I used to hear one of the first mathematicians in Oxford piteously lament the hard fate which condemned him to try to put a little arithmetic into the heads of young men whose understandings had been hope-

¹ *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, January, 1893, p. 190.

² *The New Education*, by G. H. Palmer, Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University, p. 75.

lessly disordered by bad teaching. "Why, sir, do you not use your common sense?" he one day impatiently asked one of his pupils. "I did not know that common sense had anything to do with arithmetic," was the reply. We are not, however, quite so bad as we were. We have made some advance since the day—forty years or so ago—when a promising classical scholar, fresh from Eton, was seen by his tutor adding up a column in which he had entered 2s. 6d. six times over. He was thus laboriously arriving at the cost of half a dozen pairs of stockings which he had just bought. "Why do you not do it by multiplying?" asked the tutor. "I do not know what you mean," the youth modestly answered. When he was shown the process and had had explained to him all the mystery of the multiplication table, he was so much taken with the extraordinary facilities which it afforded, that in less than a week he had it by heart.

In America, it is clear, a better classification is needed both in the schools and in the Universities. Democratic equality has been allowed, it seems, to invade even the province of the mind. All the realm of learning is in common. It is felony, not to drink small beer, but to ask for stronger ale than most heads can stand. In the school there should be that sixth form which the dull and backward are never suffered to encumber; and even in this sixth form there should be no absolute equality of study. The ablest scholars, while they did all that was done by the others, should have a wider range of subjects. In the University there should be established that division between "passmen" and "classmen" which is for the benefit of the slow and ignorant almost as much as of the well-trained scholar. He must no longer be made to work on the same lines as the dunce and the idler, merely doing well what they do ill. It is on a

higher level he should study, and at a greater pace that he should advance. At Harvard, as I am informed by one of the most eminent of the Professors, "it is perfectly possible for the best scholars (in rank) to earn their rank and their scholarships too in courses of study in which the lowest in rank can pass without censure. This is intolerable; and yet it would require a severe wrench to break us off from it. Our higher courses, it is true, give students an opportunity to study on a higher level; but we still give our rank and our scholarship to those who stand highest in the general competition; and it is much easier to *stand high* in a lower course than in a higher." To attain the highest success the student has to reach the top in each one of the sixteen courses through which he has passed in his four years at College. Whether he has stood on the summit of sixteen mole-hills or sixteen mountains matters not a whit.

These evils, great as they undoubtedly are, have happily been lessened by the elective system. Real scholars would not sacrifice rank to knowledge, but would choose the higher courses. Thus by a natural process they would classify themselves. It is in the Graduate School, however, free as it is from all artificial rewards, that the Professor who has the cause of learning deeply at heart finds his greatest comfort and hope. In it, I am told, there are students as good as the best in Oxford and Cambridge — not perhaps so ready and versatile, for they have not passed through a long and often harmful course of systematic training, but nevertheless nowise inferior to them in knowledge and in a love of learning.

In our ancient Universities, though of late years far greater freedom has been given than of old, nevertheless, the battle of "elective studies" — to use the American term — is still going on. At Oxford and at Cambridge no one can take his degree

who has not some knowledge of Greek and Latin. At Oxford he can bid farewell to the classics when he has passed his first examination;¹ but without some Greek and Latin, enough to be a worry, but scarcely enough to be an advantage, the University is barred even to the most ardent learner. It is but a short while since, at Cambridge, the attempt to make Greek an optional study was defeated by an overwhelming majority. In neither University does the widest knowledge in one department make up for total ignorance in another. A student might write as good Latin as Erasmus ever wrote, and might in Mathematics give the promise of a second Newton, or in Natural Science of a second Darwin,—unless he knows his Greek irregular verbs, Oxford and Cambridge will have none of him. Many years ago I had a pupil who was painfully carried on in Latin to the edge of the subjunctive mood. Over it he could never advance one step without coming to the ground. To attempt to force him to learn Greek would have been an act of wanton cruelty. At the end of one summer holidays his mother wrote to tell me that she had met the Honourable Mr. W——, who was astonished at finding that her son did not learn Greek. “Every English gentleman,” he said, “learnt Greek.” She wished, therefore, that her son should at once begin. Most unwillingly I set the poor dullard to work at the grammar. When he had struggled on as far as the end of the nouns, I told him that he need go no further; for that now, quite as much as a great many of these English gentlemen, he could say that he had learnt Greek. His mother was, I believe, satisfied. At all events, I heard no more of the Honourable Mr. W——. It is much to be wished that our universities, if they cannot make up their minds to altogether

¹ Responsions, once vulgarly known as *the little go*, but now as *smalls*.

abandoning compulsory Greek, should get over the difficulty by some ingenious fiction. They might, for instance, decree, that in the case of a student who shows unusual proficiency in any great branch of learning, it shall be taken for granted that he does know Greek, and that the examiners shall no more presume to test his knowledge of that language than Don Quixote presumed to test the strength of his patched-up helmet.

The advantage of this system of elective studies, not only in other branches of learning, but even in Greek, is set forth by a man whose name on such a point carries great weight on both sides of the Atlantic. The Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University, Dr. Goodwin, the man who, of all others, should have mourned over the change, is loud in its praise. It was in 1856 that he began to teach at Harvard. "In that year, when Greek and Latin were both required until the end of the Junior [third] year, all the work in them was done by five teachers. Now [in 1891], when both are entirely elective from the beginning, eleven or twelve teachers are fully employed. It need hardly be said that the standard of scholarship in every department was at once raised by this reform. It sprang up of itself the moment the old pressure was taken off. . . . I cannot emphasize too strongly that the chief merit of the present elective system is not that it lets students study what they like and avoid what they dislike, but that it opens to all a higher and wider range of study in every field ; in short, it has made really high scholarship possible."¹ President Eliot, speaking of the system generally, says that "it gives every teacher the precious privilege of having no student in his class who has not freely chosen to be there."² This

¹ *The Present and Future of Harvard College*, p. 14.

² *Annual Reports*, 1884-85, p. 46.

privilege, as I have shown, is too often abused by the idlers and the indolent, who at Harvard, just as it happens at Oxford, as far as they can, follow those studies in which, with the least trouble to themselves, they can take their degree. In Harvard the degree is not won, as in the English Universities, by success in three or four public examinations, conducted by Boards of Examiners, but by the student satisfying his instructor in each one of the eighteen courses through which he passes in his four years.¹ The instructor, I was told, does not altogether go by the answers in the examinations which he himself commonly holds, but he takes into consideration the difficulties which may have arisen through such circumstances as illness or the death of a near relative. He considers, moreover, a student's habits—whether of idleness or industry. One of the Professors whom I consulted thought the standard too low; another said that the system works well if each Professor examines his own class. He alone, who had taught them, was competent to test the student's knowledge of what they had been taught. At the end of each course "the standing of each student is expressed, according to his proficiency, by one of five grades." He who, at the close of his career, is found to have attained the highest grade in fifteen courses, takes his degree *summa cum laude*. The highest grade in nine courses, or the highest or second in fifteen, confers a *magna cum laude*; and the highest or second in nine courses confers a *cum laude*. The *summa cum laude*, moreover, is conferred on any one who, in a special examination, conducted by a committee of the Faculty, near the close of the Senior year, has shown great proficiency in any department.²

Such a system of examinations as I have described does not

¹ *Catalogue*, p. 209.

² *Ib.* pp. 210–215.

put the students through that severe course through which the highest students of Oxford and Cambridge pass—a course which, so long as it has not strained the mind or weakened the body, admirably fits a man for the severest toil of professional life. He who, with health unimpaired, is placed at Oxford in the First Class in the School of Literæ Humaniores, or at Cambridge high among the Wranglers, is not very likely in after life to be daunted or baffled by any kind of work, however hard or dry it may be. It does to perfection that which it was meant to do. It fits men for the great world—for success at the Bar and in public life. It turns out great lawyers and great statesmen. It keeps up a constant supply of leading-article writers—men who can rapidly make themselves masters of facts and as rapidly set them forth in a clear and able form. It confers infinite dexterity and readiness. On the other hand, it breaks down a certain number—perhaps not many—by the excessive strain it puts upon them, and it unfits still more for the scholar's life. It is for success, not for knowledge, that the struggle has been, and it is success and not knowledge that far too often is its great reward. “Do not spoil your careers,” the late Master of Balliol used to say to his undergraduates. He was the last man to have agreed with Mr. Lowell's notion of a University, that it is “a place where nothing useful is taught.”¹ I have heard of a humorous saying of the Master's that “Diogenes Laertius was a learned man in the worst sense of the word.” There are learned men even worse than Diogenes Laertius—men gifted with great powers, who, having by their learning won a high reputation, then turn traders, and instead of increasing knowledge, traffic in it. The Oxford and Cambridge scholars are far less likely

¹ *Harvard College, 250th Anniversary*, p. 216.

than the scholars of a German University to spoil their careers by giving themselves up to the noble, but ill-requited life of a man of learning. It is not in the Schools of either of our great Universities that is awakened that ardent spirit of research, that love of knowledge for its own sake, which is the glory of Germany. *Finis coronat opus*. The First Class, or the Wranglership, is achieved, and the goal is won. In a way as strange as it is absurd, these high distinctions sometimes chill aspirations. I have heard a great Greek scholar at Oxford pleasantly describe how a First Class man often becomes afraid of his own reputation — the reputation which he gained before his moustache was fully grown. Throughout life he will not give to the world any piece of learned work, lest it should not be found up to the high-water mark of his two and twentieth year. In Harvard there is none of this blaze of glory that comes at the end of a strain prolonged through many years. It is no training-place for mental athletes. But while something thereby is lost, much is gained. There are no false suns to dazzle the scholar's eyes. It is not the goal of a four years' course, with its shining pillars, that lies before him, but the boundless horizon of the great ocean of truth all undiscovered.

The Fellowships which the University offers to graduates are not prizes for what they have already learnt, but means of support while they learn more. No young Bachelor of Arts is splendidly rewarded for his success in examinations by an annual allowance of two hundred pounds for the next seven years. There is no Derby Scholarship that adds one hundred and fifty-seven pounds to the youth who, in all probability, has already won more money prizes than any man of his standing. There is no Tom Tiddler's ground where the "brilliant"

men¹ pick up gold and silver. All the money that is given, is given not to reward students, but to support them in further studies. They either go to work in some foreign university, or far more commonly, they stay on to work in the Graduate School — that School in which Ticknor's vision of the real university is fast taking a substantial and a noble form. It was founded in 1872; but "for many years its development was retarded by illiberal and artificial rules of admission. . . . In the meanwhile other universities, unhampered by inconvenient traditions, working on freer lines, and amply provided with fellowships of considerable value, with free tuition added, in many cases, to their stipend, outstripped us in the path we were entering."² "The enthusiasm," writes Professor Goodwin, "with which our best Universities are now organizing studies for Bachelors of Arts, and the increasing resort of graduates to these centres of learning, show the power of this movement towards true university education, a power which is just beginning to be felt. We owe special gratitude to the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, which called public attention to the importance of this movement by its bold experiment of establishing its Graduate School before any other department was organized, and by devoting its chief energies to this from the beginning. In these new Graduate Schools we see the brightest hope for the future American University."³

It is in this school that the best of the students not only

¹ At Oxford, and perhaps also at Cambridge, a "brilliant" man is an undergraduate who does "brilliant" work and writes "brilliant" essays. It not unfrequently seems that *brilliant* must have much the same derivation as *lucus* — *a non lucendo*.

² From a *Circular of Ten of the Members of the Administrative Board of the Graduate School*, dated November 20, 1893.

³ *The Present and Future of Harvard College*, p. 16.

gather knowledge but help to increase it. Here it is that is done "that work which is the highest duty of every university, without which no institution has ever been called a university by men who weigh their words with full intelligence, — the work of advancing the boundaries of knowledge by the original researches and the joint labours of its professors and its students."¹ Graduates of other Universities are flocking to it from all sides ; nay, even Professors, who, having obtained a year's leave of absence, descend from their chairs to take their seats once more on the scholars' bench. Among these ardent students I had the pleasure of meeting the President of one of the smaller Western Universities. Such a body of men as this gives a higher tone and a more vigorous life to the whole University. It inspires the work of the Professors, who no longer have to travel year after year the same round. It sets a higher standard before the undergraduates, who have in their midst "men full of the spirit of independent work, and of a sense of the value and meaning of learning." It opens up to them other and nobler fields of fame than the baseball and football grounds, and a greatness immeasurably above the greatness of the mightiest of athletes. The rapid growth of this school shows how much it was needed and how excellent are its methods. In 1886 it numbered but sixty-four resident students, and in 1889 ninety-six. It can now boast of two hundred and forty-five. Besides these it has eleven non-resident Fellows, of whom eight are studying in Germany and two in France. "It is already larger than Harvard College was fifty years ago."² One thing is wanting. It has none of that social life which not only throws a charm over the years spent in a great University, but which

¹ *A Circular*, etc.

² *Annual Reports*, 1892-93, pp. 28, 110 ; *Catalogue*, p. 287.

teaches a lesson which cannot be got out of books. "The majority of the students in the Graduate School," writes an Instructor in Philosophy, "are forlorn atoms, and their concourse is too fortuitous ever to make a world. A man who has been only at the Graduate School is not a Harvard man."¹ This statement, I am told, is somewhat overdrawn. Groups are formed of the men of each district of the country. The Californians, for instance, would hang together, and so would the students from the maritime provinces. The day, it is to be hoped, will come before long when, in some noble building, they will all share in a common life.

It was not till 1886 that admission to the school was put on a sound footing. It was in that year that the governing bodies at last shook themselves free from the conviction that none must come to study at a University but those who are candidates for a degree — a conviction which still constrains Oxford. They rose to the thought that at a University it is knowledge which should be sold and not distinctions, and that for all who thirst for it the gates of the fountains of learning should be opened wide. Every one is freely admitted who can show that he has already learnt enough to be able to follow the higher studies. In this school he finds "perfect freedom both in teaching and in learning. It has no degree in course for which all students are candidates, and consequently no paternal supervision of each student's daily work."² Many indeed aim at the higher degrees of Master of Arts or of Doctor of Philosophy or Science, for no longer are the higher degrees conferred without examination. Up to 1872, as is still the case in Oxford and Cambridge, the Master's degree had been given after a certain lapse of time

¹ *Educational Review*, April, 1894, p. 320.

² *The Present and Future of Harvard College*, p. 23.

as a matter of course. Now it is only awarded after a further study of one year at the College — a study which may be confined to a single department.¹ The Doctor's degree is given "on the ground of long study and high attainment in a special branch of learning, manifested not only by examinations, but by a thesis, which must be presented and accepted before the candidate is admitted to examination, and must show an original treatment of a fitting subject, or give evidence of independent research."²

In America it has hitherto been more difficult even than in England to give men the love of the scholar's life — the life of "plain living and high thinking." On that vast continent the great and rapid conquests of man over wild nature, with the splendid rewards that followed in their train, tempt almost all the ablest men away from the world of thought to the world of action. Even some of the lately-founded universities seem not unlikely, by the aid of their noble endowments, to bear their part in corrupting pure learning. In their eagerness to secure, perhaps not so much the ablest Professors as the fame of having them, they offer needlessly high salaries. During the academical year 1891-92, "seven universities and colleges made ineffectual efforts to draw teachers of Harvard into their service. Four Professors, four Assistant-Professors and six Instructors declined offers of higher pay and higher titles at other institutions." Among the causes "which bind its teachers to the University," President Eliot reckons "the dignity and stability of the institution; the perfect liberty of opinion; the freedom in teaching — every teacher teaching as he thinks best, except as the more experienced teachers may persuade and inform the less experienced; the great resources of the

¹ *Higher Education*, etc., p. 160; *Catalogue*, p. 297.

² *Ib.* p. 299.

University in books and collections, and the fact that any teacher can at any time cause books desirable in his department to be bought by the Library ; the separation of Cambridge from the luxurious society of great cities, etc., . . . and lastly, the consideration which learning and high character traditionally enjoy in Eastern Massachusetts, independent of pecuniary condition.”¹

¹ *Annual Reports*, 1891-92, p. 8.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Law School. — Nathan Dane. — Joseph Story. — Professor Langdell.
— The Law Library. — The Law Review.

OF her Law School Harvard can be prouder even than of her Graduate School ; for, great as are the hopes given by one, scarcely less great are the performances of the other. In it is done that which in some happier day in our own country will be done, not in the Solicitor's office and in the Barrister's chambers, but in Oxford and Cambridge. It is here that the young American receives his legal training. No lawyer of any standing, I was told, would admit into his office a pupil who had not been through the regular course of a University Law School. My legal friends were astonished when I spoke of the fee of three hundred guineas paid in England to a solicitor by his articted clerk, and of one hundred guineas paid to a barrister by his pupil for leave to work in his chambers for a year. In America, so far from there being a fee paid, there is often from the first a salary given, however small. The Harvard Law School, so President Eliot reported eight years ago, "for several summers past has been unable to fill all the places in lawyers' offices which have been offered it for its third-year students just graduating. There have been more places offered, with salaries sufficient to live on, than there were graduates to take them."¹ In these offices there is, of course, none of that license allowed which is the ruin of so

¹ Quoted in *The Green Bag* for January, 1889, p. 22.

many of our students of law at home. The same punctuality and industry are required of the young lawyer as of the common clerks. Not a few graduates in law, on taking their degree, at once begin to practise on their own account. Those, however, who are going to settle outside New England and New York, would have first to master the practice and statute law of the State in which they intend to establish themselves. "Honour graduates are certain to receive invitations to enter leading law offices in various parts of the country."¹ "The citizens of the United States," writes Professor Dicey, "are certainly neither pedants, nor, in general, theorists; but at the present moment English law is taught, and admirably taught, in the colleges of America. . . . The practising counsel of Massachusetts would undoubtedly tell you that the best preparation for practice in court is study in the lecture-rooms of Professor Langdell and his colleagues of Harvard University."²

The Law School was founded in 1817, but down to 1829 it was little more than a shadow. In that year Nathan Dane endowed a new professorship from the money which he had made by his "once famous *Abridgment of American Law*." Forty-two years earlier he had drafted that beneficent Ordinance by which the whole of the great Northwest was kept free from the taint of slavery. In his old age he not only founded the professorship, but he founded it on the condition that Judge Story first filled the chair. Even he, full of hope though he was, could hardly have foreseen the full measure of the benefit of this foundation and this condition, which were

¹ *Harvard University*, by F. Bolles, p. 68.

² *Can English Law be Taught at the Universities?* by A. V. Dicey, Vinerian Professor of English Law in the University of Oxford, 1883, p. 28.



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to turn an eminent judge into a great jurist. If Story had never filled a Professor's chair, in all likelihood we should never have had his *Conflict of Laws*, his *Equity Jurisprudence*, and his *Law of Agency*, — that "series of works which are the best of their kind in the English language."¹ During the whole of the year before his appointment "there had not been," I quote Story himself, "a single student. There was no Law Library; but a few and imperfect books being there." One long vacation he wrote to the most brilliant of his pupils, Charles Sumner: —

"I have given nearly the whole of last term, when not on judicial duty, two lectures every day, and even broke in upon the sanctity of the *dies non juridicus*, Saturday." Of this daring innovation we have an account from the author of *Two Years before the Mast*. The judge used to make his "boys" — "'my boys' he always called his pupils" — argue cases before him. "To compel a recitation on Saturday afternoon," writes Dana, "would have caused a rebellion. If a Moot-court had been forced upon the Law School, no one would have attended. At the close of a term there was one more case than there was an afternoon to hear it in, unless we took Saturday. Judge Story said: "'Gentlemen, the only time we can hear this case is Saturday afternoon. This is *dies non*, and no one is obliged or expected to attend. I am to hold Court in Boston until two o'clock. I will ride directly out, take a hasty dinner, and be here by half-past three o'clock, and hear the case, if you are willing.' He looked round the school for a reply. We felt ashamed, in our own business, where we were alone interested, to be outdone in zeal and labour by this aged and distinguished

¹ *Can English Law be Taught at the Universities?* by A. V. Dicey Vinerian Professor of English Law in the University of Oxford, 1883, p. 29.

man, to whom the case was but child's play, a tale twice told, and who was himself pressed down by almost incredible labours. The proposal was unanimously accepted. The judge was on the spot at the hour, the school was never more full, and he sat until late in the evening, hardly a man leaving the room."¹

Among the pupils in 1838 was Lowell. "I am reading Blackstone," he wrote, "with as good a grace and as few wry faces as I may." Eight months later he could write more cheerfully. "I begin to like the law. And therefore it is quite interesting. I am determined that I *will* like it, and therefore I *do*."² On Story's death, in 1845, the school numbered one hundred and sixty-five students, who had flocked to his teaching not only from New England, but from almost every State in the Union. During the sixteen years in which he filled the chair he gave to the world all his treatises on the law, filling no less than thirteen volumes. He had hoped that his vacant chair would be filled by Charles Sumner; but that young orator had shown far too radical a spirit to be acceptable to Harvard as it was in those days.³ Story's colleagues and successors were many of them men of great eminence. Among them were Simon Greenleaf, Joel Parker, Benjamin R. Curtis, Theophilus Parsons, and Emory Washburn. Nevertheless, in 1869, twenty-four years after Story's death, the number of students had fallen to one hundred and fifteen. In January, 1870, a man was appointed to the chair which Story had first filled, who has made as deep a mark as the great jurist himself, not only on the Harvard Law School, but on the theory and practice of legal education generally. He was one of the great lawyers, who, either by the

¹ *Life of Joseph Story*, II. 38, 299, 320, 554.

² *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, I. 33, 45.

³ *Life of Charles Sumner*, III. 11.

unkindness of fortune or by the want of one or more of the lower qualities of the mind, had never been a great advocate. "At the bar of New York, of which for more than fifteen years he had been a member, not many could be found who had even heard of him ; he had rarely been seen in the Courts."¹ President Eliot, in his address on the Law School Day at the great Commemoration in 1886, gives the following account of his appointment : "I remembered that when I was a Junior in College, in the year 1851-52, and used to go often in the early evening to the room of a friend who was in the Divinity School, I there heard a young man who was making the notes to *Parsons on Contracts* talk about law. He was generally eating his supper at the time, standing up in front of the fire and eating with good appetite a bowl of brown bread and milk. I was a mere boy, only eighteen years old ; but it was given to me to understand that I was listening to a man of genius. In the year 1870 I recalled the remarkable quality of that young man's expositions, sought him in New York, and induced him to become Dane Professor. So he became Professor Langdell. He then told me, in 1870, a great many of the things he has told you this afternoon. He told me that law was a science ; I was quite prepared to believe it. He told me that the way to study a science was to go to the original sources. I knew that was true, for I had been brought up in the science of chemistry myself ; and one of the first rules of a conscientious student of science is never to take a fact or a principle out of second-hand treatises, but to go to the original memoir of the discoverer of that fact or principle. Out of these two fundamental propositions—that law is a science, and that a science is to be studied in its sources—there gradually grew, first, a new

¹ *The Green Bag*, January, 1889, p. 17.

method of teaching law ; and, secondly, a reconstruction of the curriculum of the school.”¹

The method of construction pursued by Story and Greenleaf and their successors had been “oral lectures illustrating and explaining a previously prescribed text-reading, with more or less examination thereon.” No care had ever been taken at any time to exclude those whose ignorance unfitted them for the teaching of a university.² There was only one course of studies, and it lasted two years. The students, therefore, of every second year entered on it when it was half-way through. “This system,” writes President Eliot, “was only justified by poverty, and the convenient, though unsound, theory that there is neither beginning nor end to the law, neither fundamental principles nor natural development.”³ The ignorant students were henceforth to be excluded by an entrance examination in Latin or French, in Blackstone’s Commentaries (exclusive of editor’s notes), and in English spelling and composition. Those, however, who had taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts at any recognized university were admitted without any test. The course of instruction was lengthened from eighteen months, first to two years and later on to three. No one can enter on the studies of the second year who has not passed his examinations in the studies of the first year, or on the studies of the third year who has not passed in the studies of the second year. Nevertheless, the degree of Bachelor of Laws is conferred after a two years’ residence on those who pass in the entire course of three years. *Cum laude* is added to the degree of all who show “distinguished excellence.” Twelve such distinctions are

¹ *Harvard University, 250th Anniversary*, p. 97.

² *The Green Bag*, pp. 17, 18.

³ *Higher Education*, etc., by G. G. Bush, p. 135.

on the average gained each year. In 1893, seventy-three students in all graduated.¹

Far beyond all the other changes which followed on Professor Langdell's appointment, was the revolution made in the method of teaching. What this revolution was we have described in his own words. In his address at the Commemoration of 1886, he said : —

“It was indispensable to establish at least two things: first, that law is a science; secondly, that all the available materials of that science are contained in printed books. If law be not a science, a university will best consult its own dignity in declining to teach it. If it be not a science, it is a species of handicraft, and may best be learned by serving an apprenticeship to one who practises it. If it be a science, it will scarcely be disputed that it is one of the greatest and most difficult of sciences, and that it needs all the light that the most enlightened seat of learning can throw upon it. Again, law can only be learned and taught in a university by means of printed books. If, therefore, there are other and better means of teaching and learning law than printed books, or if printed books can only be used to the best advantage in connection with other means, — for instance, the work of a lawyer's office, or attendance upon the proceedings of Courts of Justice, — it must be confessed that such means cannot be provided by a university. But if printed books are the ultimate sources of all legal knowledge; if every student who would obtain any mastery of law as a science must resort to these ultimate sources; and if the only assistance which it is possible for the learner to receive, is such as can be afforded by teachers who have travelled the same road before him — then a university, and a university alone, can furnish every possible facility for teaching and learning law. I wish to emphasize the fact that a teacher of law should be a person who accompanies his pupils on a road which is new to them, but with which he is well acquainted from having often travelled it before. What qualifies a person, therefore, to teach law is not experience in the work of a lawyer's office, not experience in dealing with men, not experience in the trial or argument of causes, — not experience, in short, in using law, but experience in learning law; not the experience of the Roman advocate or of the Roman prætor, still less of the Roman procurator, but the experience of the Roman juris-consult.”²

¹ *Catalogue*, pp. 346-49, 511.

² *Harvard University, 250th Anniversary*, p. 85.

From an article on the Harvard Law School, by Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, one of the foremost among the younger lawyers of Boston, I extract the following account of the method by which Professor Langdell "teaches the student to think in a legal manner in accordance with the principles of the particular branch of the law." Mr. Brandeis begins by quoting the following passage from the Professor's *Select Cases on Contracts*, the first of a series published for the use of the School.

"Law, considered as a science, consists of certain principles or doctrines. To have such a mastery of these as to be able to apply them with constant facility and certainty to the ever-tangled skein of human affairs, is what constitutes a true lawyer; and hence to acquire that mastery should be the business of every earnest student of the law. Each of these doctrines has arrived at its present state by slow degrees; in other words, it is a growth, extending in many cases through centuries. This growth is to be traced in the main through a series of cases; and much the shortest and best, if not the only way of mastering the doctrine effectually is by studying the cases in which it is embodied. But the cases which are useful and necessary for this purpose at the present day bear an exceedingly small proportion to all that have been reported. The vast majority are useless and worse than useless for any purpose of systematic study. Moreover, the number of fundamental legal doctrines is much less than is commonly supposed; the many different guises in which the same doctrine is constantly making its appearance, and the great extent to which legal treatises are a repetition of each other, being the cause of much misapprehension. If these doctrines could be so classified and arranged that each should be found in its proper place, and nowhere else, they would cease to be formidable from their number."

"These books of cases," Mr. Brandeis goes on to say, "are the tools with which the student supplies himself as he enters upon his work. Take, for instance, the subject of 'Mutual Assent' in contracts. A score of cases covering a century, contained in about one hundred and fifty pages and selected from the English reports, the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the highest courts of New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, arranged in chronological order, show the development of its leading principles. Before coming to the lecture-room, the student, by way of preparation, has studied — he does not merely read — say from two to six cases. In the selection of cases used as a text-book,

the head notes appearing in the regular reports are omitted, and the student, besides mastering the facts, has endeavoured for himself to deduce from the decision the principle involved. In the class-room some student is called upon by the Professor to state the case, and then follows an examination of the opinion of the court, an analysis of the arguments of counsel, a criticism of the reasoning on which the decision is based, a careful discrimination between what was decided and what is a *dictum* merely. To use the expression of one of the Professors, the case is "eviscerated." Other students are either called upon for their opinions or volunteer them,—the Professor throughout acting largely as moderator. When the second case is taken up, material for comparison is furnished; and with each additional authority that is examined, the opportunity for comparison and for generalization grows. When the end of the chapter of cases is reached, the student stands possessed of the principles in their full development."¹

Mr. Brandeis describes "the ardour of the students. Professor Ames, writing of the School ten years ago, said: 'Indeed, one speaks far within bounds in saying that the spirit of work and enthusiasm which now prevails is without parallel in the history of any department of the University.' What was true then is at least equally true now. The students live in an atmosphere of legal thought. Their interest is at fever heat." One of the Professors informed me that nine out of ten of his pupils study hard. If they had had a period of idleness at the University, it was in their Arts course. The entrance into the Law School they looked upon as the entrance into the real work of life. The idlers are weeded out each year by an examination; but of these there are always very few.

There is the freest access to a noble Law Library of thirty-three thousand volumes. On it in each year between 1870 and 1890 about three thousand dollars (£613) were spent. Great as this annual expenditure was, it has not been found sufficient. In the last three years it has been nearly doubled.² In 1892

¹ *The Green Bag*, January, 1889, p. 19.

² *Catalogue*, p. 351.

it was thought needful to add "another copy of every set of English and American reports which is used to any considerable extent." In the summer vacation of that year the Librarian took a trip to England and purchased nearly fourteen hundred volumes of English reports. Before long "the Library will have three copies of all the more important sets of English and American reports, and of several sets it will have four copies."¹ "We have constantly inculcated the idea," said Professor Langdell, "that the Library is the proper workshop of Professors and students alike; that it is to us all that the Laboratories of the University are to the chemists and physicists, all that the Museum of Natural History is to the zoölogists, all that the Botanical Garden is to the botanists."²

In two different courts the students are trained both in law and in arguing,—in Moot Courts held by the Professors, and in Club Courts conducted entirely by the students. "The Club Courts have generally two sets of members—the Junior Court consisting of eight members selected from the first-year Class, and the Senior Court consisting of nine members selected from the second-year Class. At each sitting a case is argued by two of the members as counsel, the rest sitting as judges. In the Junior Court a member of the Senior Court sits as Chief Justice. The cases are regularly presented upon the pleadings; briefs are prepared, arguments made, and opinions—sometimes in writing—delivered by each of the judges. The cases are prepared with quite as much thoroughness as any work that is done at the School."³

Nothing better shows the excellence of the teaching than the

¹ *Annual Reports*, 1892-93, p. 143.

² *Harvard University, 250th Anniversary*, p. 86.

³ *The Green Bag*, p. 23.

position held by the *Harvard Law Review*. It is managed wholly by the students ; their notes on legal topics are, I am told, some of its best features. Among its contributors it reckons not a few of the foremost legal thinkers both of England and America. It is about to enter on its eighth volume ; it has accumulated a reserve fund, and is in a perfectly sound financial condition.

The Faculty is composed of six Professors, two Assistant-Professors, two Lecturers and one Instructor, by whom forty-eight lectures are delivered every week. They are not men engaged in other occupations, who dwell at a distance, and hurry down from time to time to give one or two hasty lectures. They all live close to the College, and "they almost without exception devote their entire time to the work of the School, and the personal needs of the students." "I have seen," said President Eliot, "four Professors added to the Faculty of Law since Professor Langdell's accession ; if genius be a remarkable capacity for work, they are all men of genius."¹

It is the great desire, not only of the Governing Bodies in general, but also of the Faculty of the Law School, that all who study in it should first have graduated in Arts. In Oxford so strongly is it felt by some of the Law Professors that the School of Literæ Humaniores best disciplines the mind, that, if a man destined for the Bar has to choose between it and the Law School, they always advise him to follow the wider instead of the narrower course. He had better, they think, learn all his law in a barrister's chambers than miss the best part of a liberal training. Professor Goodwin, with all his admiration of the learning and the research of German universities, yet

¹ *Harvard University, 250th Anniversary*, p. 98.

sees how in regard to "a purely liberal education" they are surpassed by those of England and America. "A German," he writes, "passes by a single leap from the life of a school-boy to that of a man who is (or ought to be) beginning the serious work of life. He knows no period of transition such as is open to the English and American youth, when his ship is loosed from shore but is still in harbour, when he is in the world but not exactly of the world, when he has a right to spend his time in becoming acquainted with the great heritage which has been bequeathed him before he is called to administer it and improve it for his successors. To this habit of our English race of taking a period of rest combined with most active work, of active work free from the responsibilities of real life, between boyhood and manhood, we owe much that gives the English and American college-bred man his distinct character, which often makes him a more cultivated man than one of a different stamp with perhaps far greater learning."¹

True as this is, unless our students who are intended for the Bar or the Solicitor's Office stay on at our universities and study law as a science, their education will always be maimed and imperfect. We must follow in Professor Langdell's steps, and establish a School in which that natural impatience which comes over the best minds, by the end of their undergraduates' course, to enter on the real work of life, shall be satisfied. To do this, our short terms and frequent vacations must come to an end. The real work of life is not carried on in twenty-five weeks of each year divided into three periods, separated by vacations, the shortest of which lasts at least a month. There must be, as at Harvard, the long sweep of work from the end of September to the end of June, broken only by a few days'

¹ *The Present and Future of Harvard College*, p. 33.

rest at Christmas and Easter. The gain will be twofold — a gain in the steadiness of work and in its amount. By the end of his three years' course the student will have had, not seventy-two weeks of study broken up into nine periods, but one hundred and eleven weeks divided into three. When once we have a well-organized School and a large staff of Professors all inspired with that spirit which animates these New England teachers, and all gifted with that genius which consists in a remarkable capacity for work, we shall soon have a body of students equally inspired and equally gifted. The School will grow with the rapidity of which Harvard boasts; in the ten years between 1882 and 1892, it saw its students of law increase in number from one hundred and thirty-one to three hundred and ninety-four. Stricter measures which were taken two years ago to exclude incompetent men have, for a time, caused a slight check; in the present year there are but three hundred and fifty-three on the list. Of these rather more than seven in every ten have taken a degree in Arts. In 1891-92, for the first time, the Harvard graduates were outnumbered by the graduates of all the other universities combined. Yale sent twenty-one. The average age at entrance was a few weeks under twenty-three.¹ In America, as in England, youths at the present day make too long a stay at school, entering upon their university life at least a year too late.

Daniel Webster, in one of his speeches, looks forward to the time when America shall repay to Europe the great debt of learning which she owes her. The repayment to England has already begun; all that we have to do is to stretch out our hands and to gather in the fruits of Harvard's experience in the method of teaching law.

¹ *Harvard University*, by F. Bolles, p. 69.

CHAPTER XV.

The Lawrence Scientific School. — Special Students.

THE growth of the Scientific School has been more rapid even than that of the Law School. "It has to-day twenty times as many students as it had seven years ago." In 1886 they were but fourteen in number; now they are two hundred and eighty.¹ It was founded in 1847 by a noble gift of Mr. Abbott Lawrence, but it was long in taking root. It was in the department of Natural History that it made its first great start. "Nothing," says Professor Goodwin, "rouses a stronger opposition to any scheme for university reform than the charge that it is foreign."² Happily there is not apparently the same jealousy of foreigners; for it was the Swiss Agassiz, who had been trained in the best methods of the great German universities, who by his genius, his ardent love of knowledge and his persuasive eloquence, stirred up the citizens of Boston and the Legislature of the Commonwealth to found the University Museum. It would have been in itself a noble monument to his memory, but to render it still worthier his son, Professor Alexander Agassiz, has laid out on it at his own cost more than a quarter of a million of dollars. "There is," says President Eliot, "no institution in the world which offers richer and more varied opportunities for the study of Natural History

¹ *Annual Reports*, 1892-93, p. 7.

² *The Present and Future of Harvard College*, p. 21.



MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOÖLOGY.

than the Lawrence Scientific School.”¹ Nevertheless, owing apparently to defects in organization, the number of students had of late years fallen away. Up to 1890 it had been “as distinct a professional school as the Law School or the Medical School. Since its consolidation with the other two departments under the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, it has grown with great rapidity. Its students work side by side under one Faculty, play on the same teams, row in the same boats, and mingle freely in the same societies.”² Of the two hundred and eighty students, one hundred and forty-two entered with the intention of taking the degree of Bachelor of Science, while the rest either resorted to the School for the sake of pursuing some particular study, or did not propose to go through the four years’ course.³ The entrance examination is easier for the young students of Science than for one who intends to take his degree in Arts. On the other hand, when he is once in, more work is required of him, and more is freely done. “As a rule,” says the President, “there is more of the spirit of hard work in the Scientific Schools or Courses than in the Colleges or College Departments of Universities. The motive of earning a livelihood presses more constantly, and the students feel more distinctly that they are beginning their life work.”⁴ The candidates for a degree work at one of “seven compactly arranged groups of subjects.” All either at entrance or, if they prefer, at the end of their course must pass an examination in English. Those taking their degree this year have to satisfy the examiners that they have “read

¹ *History of Higher Education*, etc., by G. G. Bush, pp. 117-18.

² *Harvard University*, by F. Bolles, p. 59.

³ *Catalogue*, p. 246; *Annual Reports*, 1892-93, p. 104.

⁴ *Annual Reports*, 1891-92, p. 22; *Ib.* 1892-93, p. 11.

intelligently Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* and *Merchant of Venice*, Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum*, the "Sir Roger de Coverley Papers" in *The Spectator*, Macaulay's *Second Essay on the Earl of Chatham*, Emerson's *American Scholar*, Irving's *Sketch-Book*, Scott's *Abbot*, Dickens's *David Copperfield*."¹

This School is open to undergraduates in general; some of the courses counting for the degree, either of Bachelor of Arts or of Bachelor of Medicine. Dr. Goodale, Professor of Natural History, told me that last year two hundred students in all attended his classes on Botany. His lecture-room is admirably fitted up. In one part of the Museum he showed me long cases full of wonderful imitations of plants in glass, so perfect that they stand the test of the microscope. They are the productions of a father and son named Blaschka, who belong to a family long settled in Germany, which for many generations has produced skilful workers in glass. I was told that when the son paid a visit to America, and saw in the Harvard Museum these flowers thus displayed, and his name and his father's inscribed on the walls, the tears came into his eyes. One of the Professor's pupils had lately made a minute examination of the weeds on a small plot of ground. Scarcely a single one of nearly seventy varieties was of American origin. The European seeds get as great a mastery over the native seeds as the white men got over the red.

For the last twenty years, during six weeks of the Long Vacation, the College has been open to students, whether they are members of the University or outsiders. The Summer Courses, as they are called, include instruction in German, French, English, Anglo-Saxon, engineering, physics, chemistry,

¹ *Harvard University*, by F. Bolles, p. 58; *Catalogue*, p. 247.

botany, geology, mathematics, and physical training. In the Medical School, moreover, "courses in many branches of practical and scientific medicine are given." Last year three hundred and forty-six students in all attended, of whom a large proportion were teachers. The summer school vacation, it must be remembered, is much longer in the United States than in England. Of these three hundred and forty-six, two hundred and forty-three were men and one hundred and three were women.¹ I doubt whether at Oxford, in the Long Vacation Extension Lectures, the men form a tenth part of the whole number. The work done at Harvard spreads over a much longer time and is more serious. There is nothing of a literary picnic about these Summer Courses. The teaching is mainly done by "the younger instructors and assistants who have become familiar with the ground covered during their regular labours in term-time under the guidance of the older teachers in the same department. A few Assistant-Professors take part in the work ; but no Professors — except perhaps by giving a few lectures during the progress of some course in which they are interested." Some of the instruction given is of a high order. Thus in history this year one of the Courses "is open only to experienced teachers and students already well prepared in American History. They will do daily work in the Library on a special subject under the direction of the Instructor." The ordinary fee for each Course is twenty dollars (£4. 1. 8.), but for one or two of the subjects so much as thirty or even thirty-five dollars (£6. 2. 6. ; £7. 3. 0.) is charged.²

¹ Of the 354 names in the *Catalogue*, 249 are those of men and 105 of women. Eight are inserted in more than one list. I have assumed that of these eight six were men and two women. *Catalogue*, pp. 446, 538.

² *Annual Reports*, 1891-92, p. 39 ; *Catalogue*, pp. 118, 401, 445.

Harvard, in her eagerness to promote learning, freely receives students who for want of means or time cannot go through the ordinary four years' course, but who, nevertheless, wish to pursue some particular study at a university. These men are known as Special Students. Before admittance they must give proof that they have learning enough to profit by the teaching. In their work they are under the control of the Committee of Advisers, and in respect to discipline they are on the same footing as the ordinary undergraduates. A watchful eye has to be kept over this department lest it should be used by those who look upon a university as a great and glorious play-ground. Idlers are sent away. To those who do well Certificates of Proficiency are given on Commencement Day. This year there are one hundred and sixty-two of these students.¹ I hope that the day will shortly come when in our English Universities also we shall freely admit in every department the eager learner, however great may be his ignorance of certain subjects. When I consider the scores and scores of young men who throng the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, who are no more fit to be in a university than a cow is fit to be in a garden, I am amazed at the care which is taken to bar out many a promising student. This barrier is raised by those who have never looked upon a university but as a place where a degree is earned, and on a degree but as a distinction inseparably connected with some knowledge of Greek and Latin. In their eyes education is nothing but a narrow and well-beaten track which all men have followed or ought to have followed. Those who have travelled along it, whether freely or cudgelled at every step, are alone fit for the liberal studies of a university. They may be dull, gross, lazy, haters of knowledge, scorers of learned men; their chief

¹ *Catalogue*, pp. 187, 207; *Annual Reports*, 1891-92, p. 75.

delight may be in the strength of their own or of other men's legs ; they may, unless under compulsion, read nothing but the sporting newspapers ; they may be ever startling the studious cloisters by their boisterous ignorance ; " flown with insolence and wine," they may do shameful wrong to ancient seats of learning, nevertheless before them the barriers have been rightly lowered, because in the ten long years spent at school they have been birched into Greek and Latin enough to carry them, with the help of the " crammer," through their examinations. While such men not only disgrace the university but lower the general standard, others are shut out who would have brought to it new interests and modes of life and fresh thoughts. How often does it happen that a young man who, like Goldsmith, flowers late, suddenly wakens up to all the delight and hopefulness of knowledge ! Some one study above all he longs to pursue. He seeks such aid as he can get, and learns all that he can from books and chance instructors. The time comes when he feels the need of all the means of learning which a great university alone can give. He strives to enter, but he is coldly repulsed. He is told that if in his ignorance of Greek or Latin, or perchance of our English arithmetic with its ridiculous tables of weight and measures, he were let in, a blow would be struck at the whole system of public education, over which the University presumes to watch with all the conceit of a hen over a brood of ducklings. Surely it will be time enough to exclude those who only wish to learn something and not everything when all have been excluded who so far from wishing to learn everything learn nothing. Let every one who wishes to enter the University satisfy the Faculty of any single department that he has knowledge and capacity enough to profit by the teaching, the door should at once be flung open to him. If he shows him-

self unworthy of his great opportunities, let him be quickly sent packing. When once he is inside, mixing with men of great and varied knowledge, he will see his sky widening on all sides and will find fresh longings for knowledge springing up in him. He should be placed on the same footing as the other undergraduates — entitled to enjoy the same privileges and advantages, and subject to the same discipline. If the course of studies that he pursues is too narrow, let no degree be conferred upon him. Nevertheless, as at Harvard, he should receive a certificate of proficiency, which should testify, not only that he has acquired a certain amount of knowledge, but — which is of scarcely less importance — that he has acquired it during his residence in a learned society.

CHAPTER XVI.

Radcliffe College — The Harvard Annex.

ON April 23, 1820, Longfellow recorded in his Journal: "We have had at Faculty meeting an application from a young lady to enter College as a regular student."¹ Who she was, and what answer was sent to her request, we are not told. In some remote day the antiquary will search the archives of the College in the hope of discovering her application, and of making known to the world the name of the girl, who, a full half century in advance of her time, took this daring step. Even now, much as has been done, no woman can enter Harvard as a regular student. This young lady will be looked on as the Pilgrim Mother of Radcliffe College, or rather, perhaps, as one of the daring adventurers from Norway, who first tried to settle on the inhospitable shores of New England. Nearly thirty years later a second young lady came to Cambridge, and was fortunate enough to get instruction in Greek, Latin, and English from three sound scholars, Professors Goodwin, Greenough, and Child. "By her ability and enthusiasm for learning, she aroused in her teachers great interest in the whole subject of woman's education."² By Mr. Arthur Gilman, neither a teacher nor a graduate of Harvard, the sug-

¹ *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, II, 128.

² See an article on "Radcliffe College" in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for March, 1894, of which I have made much use in writing this chapter.

gestion was thereupon made "that instruction should be systematically and publicly, though unofficially, offered to women by the College teachers." He was supported in his proposal by the example which had been recently set in England by the foundation of Girton College. To the English Cambridge the New England Cambridge once more turned her eyes. "The proposition," we are told, "might well have seemed impracticable, but it was not without the countenance of foreign example." A second College for women was soon founded on the banks of the Cam, and Oxford quickly followed with her two Halls. Not to be left behind in the race, a few ladies of the New England Cambridge published a circular in which they unfolded their plan for the "Private Collegiate Instruction of Women." A sum of fifteen thousand dollars (£3066), far too small to found a College, but large enough to try a great experiment in education, was subscribed by a few friends. The instruction that was offered was not to be "of a lower grade than that given to the College," and the entrance examination was to be the same as that through which the undergraduates had to pass. The teaching of the two sexes was to be kept apart. "Thirty-seven Professors and Instructors offered courses, and among them many of the most distinguished teachers of the University." In September, 1879, twenty-seven students began their work in rooms hired in a dwelling-house on the Appian Way. "An extra room was provided where students could spend the intervals between recitations, and in that room some of the Instructors left books of reference for their use."

In the second year the number of students rose to forty-seven; by the third year the Managers felt that they were strong enough to form themselves into a Corporation under

the title of the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women. Mr. Gilman was appointed Secretary, and Mrs. Agassiz, the widow of the great naturalist, President. To their wise zeal, kept at the same even height from year to year, the success of this great cause is largely due. It was not by the long name which the Society had chosen for itself that the institution was to be known. A nickname sprang up, as nicknames always do spring up where brevity has been neglected. The Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women, and the building in which its work is done, have long been everywhere known as the Harvard Annex, or more briefly as the Annex. By the end of the first four years three of the students had finished the complete undergraduate course "parallel to that of the College, directed by the same teachers, and tested by identical examinations. They received, instead of degrees, the certificates of the Society, which stated that the holder 'has pursued a course of study equivalent in amount and quality to that for which the degree of Bachelor of Arts is conferred in Harvard College, and has passed in a satisfactory manner examinations on that course, corresponding to the College examinations.' The graduate certificate has ever since been in that form."

By this time the Society had successfully gone through its first period of probation, and could now appeal for support to the country at large. The appeal should have met with a liberal reply, for the need of a higher education of women ought to be more strongly felt in the United States than perhaps in any other country of the world. The great majority of American teachers are women; in the larger cities, in every hundred scarcely ten are men. It is, no doubt, not a little owing to this fact, and to the imperfect education which

women have hitherto received, that the American schoolboy is behind the schoolboys of England, France, and Germany in book-learning. In answer to the appeal, not more than sixty-seven thousand dollars (£13,700) was raised — a small sum compared with the splendid donations made year after year to Harvard for the education of men. Donors and bequeathers follow the general fashion and move in one long rut; giving and bequeathing where gifts and bequests have always been made. May some millionaire, for once, be touched with originality, and make his great gift to this College for Women.

The students soon became too numerous for the few hired rooms in which their work was done. In 1885 an old mansion was bought, facing the pleasant Common and close to the Washington Elm. Washington's Birthday had been the date of the first circular issued six years earlier by the Managers. In one of the rooms of this house the poet of the two hundredth anniversary of the College had written his *Fair Harvard*. Hitherto the students had had no life in common; they had come together to be taught, and had separated when once the lesson was over. In their new home, with the great additions which before long were made, they were to have an accommodation not unworthy of a small college. They were still, however, to lodge as before, scattered about in private families. Their number has grown in fifteen years from twenty-seven to two hundred and fifty; of whom one hundred are taking the full undergraduate course of four years. The Academic Board is composed of eight of the principal Professors of Harvard, together with the President and Secretary of the Society. The work of instruction is done by sixty-nine of the Harvard teachers, of whom twenty-one are full Professors and fifteen Assistant-Professors.

Much as the University has done, it is a pity that it has not had the courage to do still more. From all the lecture-rooms, from almost all the Laboratories, and from the Medical School the women are still excluded. The exclusion from the lecture-rooms tells not only against the pupil but against the teacher, who has felt the weariness of repeating before a class of young women the lecture which perhaps that same morning he had delivered before a class of young men. Harvard has not even the timid courage which the Managers of our Oxford Halls showed from the first. They allowed their girls to enter the lecture-rooms of the University Professors and of the College Tutors, so long as each set was accompanied by a chaperon. It was not the University of Oxford which made this regulation, though it is still sometimes enforced by nervous Professors. The University, as such, had no fear of its young men as the Corporation and Overseers of Harvard apparently have of theirs. It was the young women who were watched over, and watched mainly by the anxious Boards of their own Halls. To the Laboratories in the Oxford Museum they have gone unattended. This indulgence, I conjecture, was granted because no chaperon could be found for love or any reasonable sum of money, who would sit patiently in unbroken silence for three or four hours together by the side of a young enthusiast, while under a microscope she examined the leg of a frog. In the last two years there has been a relaxation in these rules, at all events in one of the Halls. Two girls or more can now attend a lecture without a chaperon. It is only for solitary students that a companion must be provided. The need of such companionship is far greater in Oxford where the lecture-room often opens out of the same staircase as the rooms of undergraduates. In University College, London, the girls go unchaperoned to the

ordinary classes. Three years ago I attended a few of the lectures in the University of Geneva, and found the young men and women studying together and sitting on the same benches. I did not notice the slightest indication of giddiness on the part of a single student. What is refused at Harvard with one hand is often given with the other. To the College Library the women have no admittance; nevertheless, they have brought to the Annex any book which they may need. From the work of the Graduate School they are too much cut off; in some departments, however, provision has been made for them. "The attitude of the students of Harvard College towards the Annex students, and of the latter towards the former, appears," we are told, "to be that of unconcern." Whatever unconcern there may be in the attitude of the young people, and however admirable this unconcern may be, I trust that the unconcern of the Overseers and Corporation and of every member of the Faculty will before long entirely disappear, and that the whole of the noble foundation will be thrown open to men and women alike. Above all, may the women be admitted to the Medical School, from which, by an illiberality unworthy of the age, they seem to be entirely shut out.

A great advance has this year been made—an advance which before long must sweep away all these idle distinctions. Hitherto the Annex has in no way been officially recognized by the University. No mention of it is made in the *Catalogue*; none even in those two pamphlets on life at Harvard by the late Secretary to the University, from which I have frequently quoted. The President and the Deans of the Faculties know nothing of it in their Reports. The good they do, they do by stealth and blush to have it fame. Henceforth the Annex is openly and avowedly to be attached to the University, though

by a bond somewhat loose in appearance, but which will most certainly gradually tighten and be made indissoluble. It will be a corporation in itself, thus holding the same position as one of our Oxford or Cambridge Colleges. It will have the entire control of its funds and of the discipline of its students. The instruction, the examinations, and the conferring of degrees will be in the hands of the President and Fellows of the University. They will be "the Visitors of the Corporation. No instructor or examiner will be appointed, employed, or retained without their approval." The diplomas of the degrees that are conferred will be the diplomas of the Corporation, approved of by the Corporation of Harvard, countersigned by the President with the seal of the University affixed. It is not avowedly the University degree that the Corporation and Overseers are yet prepared to offer. They have not been able to screw their courage up to that point; but they are much more than half-way across the stream, and onwards they must go. There is fear, we are told, that the full Harvard degree would attract so large a number of women that the new College would be overwhelmed. I am reminded how nearly sixty years ago our Postmaster-General opposed the scheme of penny postage because the number of letters would be so large that the walls of the Post-Office would burst. The letters, he seemed to think, should be kept down to the size of the building, and not the building enlarged to the number of the letters. In the present case where can the danger lie? These young women whom the fearful eye of authority sees flocking in from every State in the Union would have no power to force admittance. A moderate increase in the difficulty of the entrance examination would, as effectually even as a pestilence, thin their ranks. No more need be received each year than the buildings can conveniently

hold. A second objection is raised that "to make anything like an impartial sharing of the resources of the University would cripple the present work for men." The mere act of conferring the full Harvard degree would not cripple the resources, neither would they be crippled if the women were to attend the lectures. Whenever there is not room for them, in those few cases the lecture would have to be repeated, as indeed it is repeated for them now. Generally, however, they would only help to fill empty benches. In the Laboratories there might be greater difficulties, but in 1892, of which year I have the Report of the Society, there were but four students in Chemistry and three in Advanced Zoölogy. The third objection has far more force. "It is not clear that the opinion of the graduates and friends of the University is yet so settled as to justify this departure from the established constitution of the University." The Corporation and the Overseers cannot safely move much faster than is approved of by the general sense of that part of the community which is most highly educated. If the country is not yet ripe for the change, the sure course of events must be patiently awaited. At the same time, in hastening in the coming of this good time the University should take the lead. This hitherto she has not done. She is behind many of the leading American Universities. She is far behind almost all the countries of the Old World. Even Oxford and Cambridge, weighted as they are with the conservatism of six centuries, have outstripped her. Germany alone is surpassed by her in her unwillingness to let women enjoy the same opportunities as men, not only in the great race of life, but in the far nobler but uncontentious struggle to win that knowledge and those qualities of the mind which give life its fulness and perfection.

Who can wonder that this new constitution, when it was

promulgated, met with strong opposition? All those who will not allow that half a loaf is better than no bread, were in arms. Petitions were presented to the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts against the bill, by which the new powers were to be conferred. In the State House, on February 28 of this year, both parties appeared before the Committee on Education. Happily, in the interval, much had been done by discussion in the newspapers to show that, though not a little was left to do, a great advance had been made. The way to conciliation was opened. Some concession was made, and the opposition was withdrawn. Woman's reason triumphed over woman's rights; with time the rights will be granted to the last jot. Let those who are still doubtful and unsatisfied, take courage from the words spoken at the great Harvard Commemoration, nearly seven years ago, by a graceful writer, the late George William Curtis: "Whoever is happy enough to be here to-day, must acknowledge that to all other good fortunes must now be added, not only the felicity of coming here to salute the Mother upon her two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, but of finding her two hundred and fifty times fairer and stronger and more beloved than ever before. Still more, while he walks about this Zion, telling her towers, marking her bulwarks, and counting her palaces, if he catches a glimpse of the modest Annex, he is still happier in knowing that as his ever-young Mother starts to complete her third century, the spell of old tradition which commanded her to bring forth men-children only, is broken forever."¹

For the new College a name had to be sought. The full title was far too long and the Annex was without dignity. A friend of mine overheard an argument carried on in a train by

¹ *Harvard University, 250th Anniversary*, p. 309.

two girls about the merits of Wellesley College and the Annex. Wellesley College stands in a park of three hundred acres on the edge of a small lake. When it was opened, its generous founder, Mr. H. F. Durant, a New England lawyer, said that his three hundred women students should each one have an acre of ground to herself to dance on. So rapidly has the College grown, that with much less than half an acre they would now have to be content. With all its great superiority of grounds and buildings, it is at present behind the humble Annex in the instruction which it imparts. Its teachers, with scarcely an exception, are women, few of whom can have had the full advantages of a University education, while the students at Cambridge are taught by a body of University Professors, who, for ability, learning, and zeal, are unsurpassed by any in America. It was not, however, in these matters that the champion of Wellesley in the train tried to strike the balance. It was the name of the Annex, that by its lightness turned the scales as she held them up. She was not going to be "Nicomedused into nothing." She thought, no doubt, of the Wellesley "Yell." An Annex "Yell" would be an absurdity. It would die away in the throat and mock the young enthusiast who should try to raise it.

Some of the friends of the infant College that was awaiting its christening would have called it Martha Washington, after the great Washington's wife. But to a "Yell," Martha Washington is not easily harmonized. Moreover, the very name *Martha* does not come with the right association of ideas. It does not awaken the right thoughts and recall the right memories. It raises before the mind the picture of a College of Housewifery; it tells nothing of that good part which the real student chooses, which shall never be taken away. What

had Martha Washington to do with learning? Her skill in making a goose-pie was, I dare say, as indisputable as the skill of the wife of the Vicar of Wakefield; but education, like argument, she left to others. While all the "gossips" were ransacking their heads for a suitable name, it fortunately happened that an antiquary, Mr. A. M. Davis, in his researches into the beginnings of Harvard, discovered that one of the earliest benefactors of the infant College was Lady Mowlson, the widow of Sir Thomas Mowlson, Lord Mayor of London in 1634. Her maiden name was Ann Radcliffe. About the year 1643, "out of Christian desire to advance good learning, she gave one hundred pounds to be improved in New England, in the best way for the help of some poor scholar or scholars in the College, and to be settled for that use."¹ How staunch a Puritan she was, is shown by her subscribing in May of the following year no less than six hundred pounds towards the sum of twenty thousand pounds sent to the Scottish army which had marched into England in support of the Parliamentary forces.² It is after this woman, animated as she was by a love of liberty and of learning, that the College for Women is to be called. Like the names of Harvard and Cambridge, it binds the great New England University to the old country by a fresh link. To the Oxonian it comes with a peculiarly pleasant sound, recalling, as it does, his own Radcliffe Library.

Radcliffe College is far from being even now on a perfect equality with Harvard. She is not as yet one of the members of the great University. She no longer indeed gathers up the

¹ Quoted from a letter by the Rev. Thomas Weld, dated Gates Head, Jan. 2, 1649, given in *Ann Radcliffe — Lady Mowlson*, by A. M. Davis. Reprinted from the *New England Magazine*, February, 1894, p. 773.

² *Ib.* p. 780.

crumbs that are thrown to her. She has her seat at the well-furnished table, but it is below the salt. She has time on her side. Her full day will come when she is ripe for it. Meanwhile she must turn to the old foundation, as Portia turned to her Lord Bassanio, and with her say that she

“Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Governor, her King.”

64. — Gore Hall. —
J. L. Sibley. — Dr.

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on, p. 435; Gibbon's

and to die an unfeigned hater of all the base opinions of the Anabaptists and Antinomians, and of all other frantic dotages of the times that spring from them." In the same solemn document he "protested against the general disguisement of long, ruffian-like hair."¹ The age of the Restoration and of Queen Anne came and went by without affecting the Library. In 1723 "it contained no volume from Addison, or his fellows, nothing of Locke, Dryden, South, or Tillotson; Shakespeare and Milton had been recently acquired."² In the same year Cotton Mather recorded that "the scholars' studies are filled with books which may truly be called Satan's library."³ Perhaps among them were some of Dryden's Plays and Tillotson's Sermons, — equally detestable in the eyes of a rigid Puritan. Seventy years later, when Channing entered College, "the young men," we are told, "were passionately given up to the study of Shakespeare."⁴ What an outcry must Mather have raised if he saw the letter which one of the greatest of Harvard's early benefactors, Thomas Hollis, sent with a parcel of books from England. "If," he wrote, "there happen to be some books not quite orthodox, in search after truth with an honest design don't be afraid of them. A public library ought to be furnished, if it can, with *con* as well as *pro*, that students may read, try, judge. 'Thus saith Aristotle,' 'Thus saith Calvin,' will not now pass for proof in our London disputations."⁵ Bishop Berkeley sent books — Berkeley, to whom belonged "every virtue under Heaven"; Bishop Sherlock, "whose style," said Johnson, "is very elegant, though he has not made

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, I. 426.

² *The Harvard University Library*, by C. K. Bolton, p. 436.

³ Quincy's *Harvard*, I. 341.

⁴ *Life of W. E. Channing*, I. 66.

⁵ Quincy's *Harvard*, I. 433.

it his principal study," and the physician, Dr. Mead, "who lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man."

In January, 1764, the Library was destroyed by fire. During the vacation the small-pox had broken out in Boston, and the General Court of the Colony had fled to Cambridge, just as in earlier years in England the Parliament had fled to St. Albans and Oxford. The Governor and Council met in the Library, while the House of Representatives sat in the room beneath. The weather was very cold, and too large a fire, it seems likely, was kept up. "In the middle of a very tempestuous night," writes an eye-witness, "a severe cold storm of snow, attended with high wind, we were awaked by the alarm of fire. Harvard Hall, the only one of our ancient buildings which still remained, was seen in flames. In a very short time this venerable monument of the piety of our ancestors was turned into a heap of ruins."¹ Of five thousand volumes only a hundred were saved, and of John Harvard's books but a single one. It bears the title of *The Christian Warfare against the Devill, World, and Flesh*. It was printed in London in 1634.² There was grief in the Colony but no despair. Two days after the fire the House of Representatives "resolved unanimously that Harvard Hall be built at the expense of the Province, and granted two thousand pounds to begin the new edifice." Subscriptions were made both in America and England. "The Archbishops of Canterbury and York subscribed and used their influence in favour of the College." From the King and Court there came nothing. Benjamin Franklin gave "valuable instruments for the apparatus; also a bust of Lord Chatham"; Langhorne's *Plutarch* was sent by Boswell's

¹ Quincy's *Harvard*, II. 112, 480.

² *The Harvard University Library*, pp. 433, 437.

“worthy booksellers and friends,” the Messrs. Dilly, at whose house Johnson “owned that he always found a good dinner.” From Barlow Trecothick, the London Alderman, about whom, despising him as a Whig, he asked, “where did he learn English?” came books and thirty pounds in money. Whitefield did not forget the day when he had preached beneath the elm on the Common, for by his own gifts and those of his friends he was a large benefactor. Dr. Heberden sent three guineas¹ — Cowper’s “virtuous and faithful Heberden,” “*ultimus Romanorum*, the last of the learned physicians.”

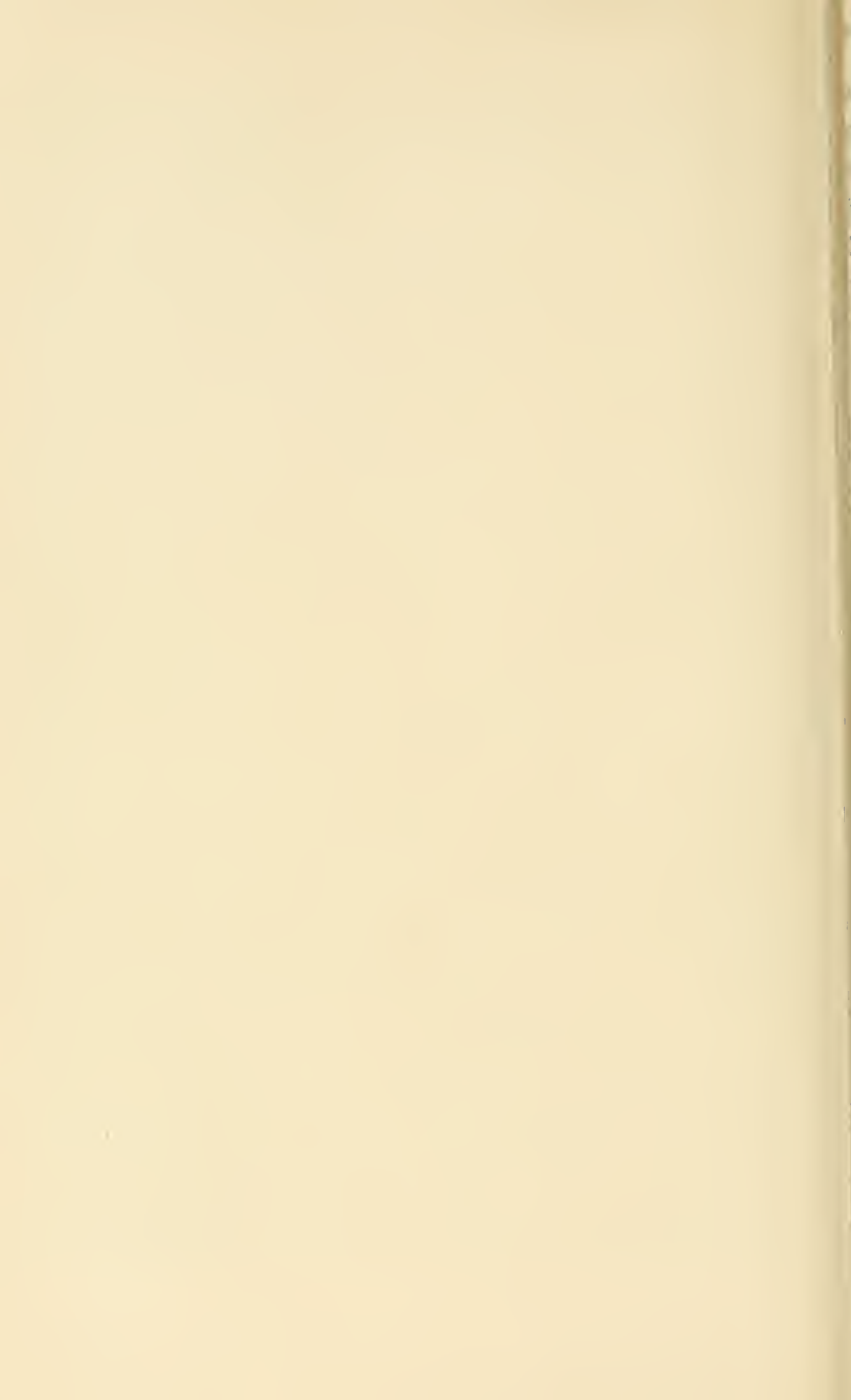
The Library grew rapidly, and by 1790 could boast of twelve thousand volumes. During the Revolutionary War, by a gift of the Legislature, it had received four hundred volumes confiscated from Tory refugees.² Most of these unfortunate men, it is to be hoped, had had time to carry off their books with them; otherwise the King’s friends would seem to have been but an illiterate set. Eighty years after the great fire, in August, 1834, an alarm was raised of a second conflagration. A Protestant mob had burnt down a Roman Catholic Chapel in a suburb of Boston; in checking their lawlessness the Government had shown almost as much laxness as if it had been an Anti-Slavery Hall that was attacked. Rumours of retaliation spread, for Papists have never been so meek under wrong as Abolitionists. On a certain night a bonfire, it was said, was to be made of the Library of the College. A body of students and graduates was secretly brought together to defend it. “At dusk sentinels were stationed at the windows, muskets in hand, ready to renew the sounds of war which had not been heard within its peaceful walls since the days of 1775. They sent

¹ Quincy’s *Harvard*, II. 113, 491.

² *Ib.* II. 399; *Higher Education*, etc., by G. G. Bush, p. 63.



THE LIBRARY, CORE HALL.



out a waiter to reconnoitre towards Charlestown. He returned, saying that he could hear nothing but frogs. At another time a horseman came at full speed to announce that one thousand Irishmen were on their way to Cambridge."¹ The thousand Irishmen were as insubstantial as the four hundred Jesuits who, at the time of the Popish Plot, crossed the Straits of Dover on dromedaries and exercised every night on Hampstead Heath.

The bequest of one hundred thousand dollars (£20,450) made to his old College by an eminent Boston lawyer, Christopher Gore, came at a time when the collection of books had outgrown the building in which it was lodged. In 1838 the foundation was laid of Gore Hall, the present home of the Library. Frequent gifts in money, books, and autographs have greatly enriched it of late years, while the Corporation of the University has given it the most liberal support. On it and on its branches in the different Schools little less than fifty thousand dollars (£10,225) is spent every year,² two thousand pounds more than was spent on the Bodleian in 1893.³ American scholars have not been unmindful of the debt they owe to their *Alma Mater*. Prescott bequeathed to the Library his books and manuscripts relating to the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Sumner sent it more than fifteen thousand pamphlets. "He used to say that he preferred having them at the Library rather than at his residence, because at the Library he could find at once any particular pamphlet he wished to see."

¹ *The Harvard University Library*, by C. K. Bolton, p. 441.

² *Higher Education*, etc., by G. G. Bush, p. 106.

³ Under the Copyright Act the Bodleian can claim a copy of every new book free of charge. Nearly forty thousand volumes were thus received last year.

On his death he left it many rare books ; among them an Album in which Milton had inscribed at Geneva : —

“ — if Vertue feeble were,
Heaven it selfe would stoope to her.

Coelum non animū muto dū trans mare
Curro

Joannes Miltonius

Anglus

Junij 10^o 1639.”¹

Lowell, when he was American Minister to Spain, wrote from Madrid: “I buy books mainly with a view to the College Library, whither they will go when I am in Mount Auburn, with so much undone that I might have done.”²

Nay, even from our side of the Atlantic there came a scholarly bequest. Carlyle left it a part of his “poor and indeed almost pathetic collection of books,” to quote the words of his will. He adds: —

“Having with good reason, ever since my first appearance in Literature, a variety of kind feelings, obligations, and regards towards New England, and indeed long before that a hearty good will, real and steady, which still continues, to America at large, and recognizing with gratitude how much of friendliness, of actually credible human love, I have had from that country, and what immensities of worth and capability I believe and partly know to be lodged, especially in the silent classes there, I have now, after due consultation as to the feasibilities, the excusabilities of it, decided to fulfil a fond notion that has been hovering in my mind these many years; and I do therefore hereby bequeath the books (whatever of them I could not borrow, but had to buy and gather, that is, in general whatever of them are still here) which I used in writing on Cromwell and Friedrich and which shall be accurately searched for, and parted from my other books, to the President and Fellows of Harvard College, City of Cambridge, State of Massachusetts, as a poor testimony of my respect for that *Alma Mater* of so many of my transatlantic friends, and a token of the feelings above indicated towards the Great Country of which Harvard is the Chief School.”

¹ *The Harvard University Library*, by C. K. Bolton, pp. 441-43.

² *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, II. 242.

As a marginal note "to Walker's *Anarchia anglicana* (Vol. II. p. 139), where mention is made of the *Eikon basilike* of Charles I., Carlyle has written in pencil: 'Shewing him (had it been *he*, which palpably it was not) to have been the most perfect Pharisee, inane Canter, and shovel-hatted Quack that ever went about in clear-starched surplice and formula!—Do but read it.'"¹

One remarkable gift has lately been made by Longfellow's heirs — five hundred and eighty-six volumes of American Poetry, mainly presentation copies.² Who is so hard-hearted as not to be touched with pity when he reflects on the five hundred and odd letters which the unhappy recipient had to write in acknowledgment of these cruel presents from his brother bards? Compared with such toil as this the Village Blacksmith's was a mere trifle.

Mr. J. L. Sibley, who was Librarian from 1856 to 1877, by his constant importunities, added greatly to the collection which he loved so well. "He begged from his friends the old books and pamphlets which lay unused in their garrets. At last, he says, 'I acquired the name of being a sturdy beggar, and received a gentle hint from the College Treasurer to desist from begging, which I *as gently* disregarded.'"³ Some twenty years ago he published a book entitled *Harvard Graduates*. His researches ended with the men who took their degrees in 1689. "There are," wrote Lowell, "ninety-seven of them by tale, and as he fishes them out of those dismal *oubliettes* they come up dripping with the ooze of Lethe, like Curll from his dive in the Thames, like him also gallant competitors for the

¹ *Bibliographical Contributions*, ed. Justin Winsor, No. 26, p. 6.

² *Reports*, 1892-93, p. 174.

³ *The Harvard University Library*, p. 443.

crown of Dulness.¹ It is the very balm of authorship. No matter how far you may be gone under, if you are a graduate of Harvard College you are sure of being dredged up again and handsomely buried, with a catalogue of your works to keep you down. I do not know when the provincialism of New England has been thrust upon me with so ineradicable a barb. Not one of their works which stands in any appreciable relation with the controlling currents of human thought or history, not one of them that has now the smallest interest for any living soul! And yet, somehow, I make myself a picture of the past out of this arid waste, just as the mirage rises out of the dry desert. Dear old Sibley! I would read even a sermon of his writing, so really noble and beautiful is the soul under that commonplace hull!"² In his last Report the old Librarian wrote: "The Library has been during more than half of a long life the chief object of my interest, and I have given to it the best of my ability and attainments, and now my eyes have become so dimmed that I am unable to read this Report."³

Under this good old scholar's successor, Dr. Justin Winsor, the Library has grown with extraordinary rapidity. In the last fourteen years the number of books has increased by one hundred and fifty-nine thousand, and of pamphlets by one hundred and eleven thousand.⁴ He is a born Librarian. To extensive learning, a love of books, and the scholar's kindly gentle nature, he adds common sense and enthusiasm — a rare combination — and great powers of organization. "I try never to forget," he wrote, "that the prime purpose of a book

¹ Lowell quoted from memory. It was into Fleet Ditch that the dives were made, and Curll was not one of the divers.

² *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, II. 147.

³ *The Harvard University Library*, p. 443.

⁴ *Harvard University*, by F. Bolles, p. 12.

is to be much read ; though it is equally true that we are under obligations to posterity to preserve books whose loss might be irrecoverable.”¹ In this view of the Librarian’s duties he has the President on his side, who says in his last report : “ However troublesome and costly it may be to teach thousands of students the abundant use of books, it is the most important lesson that can be given them during their student life.”² In the Harvard Statutes it is written : “ The Library is for the use of the whole University.”³ It is open for readers even on Sunday afternoons during term-time. On only six week-days in the whole year is it closed — Christmas Day and the five great holidays of the Commonwealth, the Twenty-second of February (Washington’s Birthday), Fast Day (no longer kept as a fast), Memorial Day (the Commemoration of the soldiers who fell in the war between the North and the South), the Fourth of July (Declaration of Independence), and Thanksgiving Day (the general thanksgiving for the blessings of the year at the end of November). “ Twenty years ago only fifty-seven per cent of the students in College used it, now over ninety per cent of the upper classmen are borrowers. The elective system deserves a part of the credit for this increased use of original authorities. The mere note-taking or text-book studying student is now the exception where he used to be the rule.”⁴ Undergraduates not only are allowed to read in the Library, but those “ who have given bonds may take out books, three volumes at a time, and may keep them one month.”⁵ To outsiders these privileges are extended.

¹ *The Harvard University Library*, p. 446.

² *Reports*, 1892-93, p. 36.

³ *Catalogue*, p. 33.

⁴ *Harvard University*, by F. Bolles, p. 87.

⁵ *Catalogue*, p. 483.

Last year nearly two thousand five hundred persons in all were registered as borrowers, of whom three hundred and sixty-two did not belong to the University.¹ "Books have been sent to scholars as far south as New Orleans, and as far west as Wisconsin and New Mexico. A very general use is made of the Library by scholars in all parts of New England."² It is surprising, with such an extensive circulation as this, how small is the loss. In his last Report the Librarian says: "Of books reported missing since 1883 there are still four hundred and fifty-nine unaccounted for"—not fifty volumes a year. Almost all of these have disappeared from the shelves containing works of reference and certain other collections to which all readers have free access.

While the Library is thus turned into a great school where the young student is taught the use of books, learning and scholarship are well cared for. From Professor Child I learnt of the readiness of the University to provide even at a great cost all the works which a scholar needs. For one rare book, which he himself required for his *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, no less than a thousand dollars (£204) was given. The Professor of the newly-founded Chair of Economic History, visiting England before he entered on his post, was directed to order for the Library many rare and costly works and documents which he needed. Every quarter the *Harvard University Bulletin* is issued by the Librarian, in which is given a classified list of the principal accessions. Under his direction, moreover, is published from time to time a scholarly series entitled *Bibliographical Contributions*. Fifty numbers have been already issued, among them *Principal Books relating to the*

¹ *Reports*, 1892-93, p. 173.

² *The Harvard University Library*, p. 447.

Life and Works of Michaelangelo, with Notes, by C. E. Norton ; *The Bibliography of Ptolemy's Geography*, by Justin Winsor ; *The Dante Collections in the Harvard College and Boston Public Libraries*, by W. C. Lane ; *A Bibliography of Persius*, by M. H. Morgan. How good a thing it would be if at Oxford some of the money, too often wasted so far as learning is concerned on scholarships and prize fellowships, were spent in training young scholars in an exact knowledge of literature ! What excellent work might be done by them in the Bodleian in preparing, under the guidance of learned men, a series of bibliographies such as these ; or in gathering and arranging material for the use of the editor of our great English Dictionary !

In the course of fifty years the collection of books has again outgrown the building in which it is lodged, in spite of the addition of a wing and of the creation of several Departmental Libraries. The number of readers, moreover, has so largely increased, that sitting room can scarcely be found for the undergraduates, while for men of learning a quiet place of study is greatly needed. He who has been used to work in one of the alcoves in Bodley, where he was never crowded and where his tired eyes could get rested as they looked down on the pleasant lawn of Exeter College far below, would study with reluctance in Gore Hall. However, with the abundant liberty which is given to a scholar of borrowing books, almost all the learned work is done outside the building in private houses. The Librarian, in a Report written in November, 1892, spoke strongly of the need of enlargement. "I have in earlier Reports," he said, "exhausted the language of warning and anxiety in representing the totally inadequate accommodations for books and readers which Gore Hall affords. Each twelve

months brings us nearer to a chaotic condition.”¹ These warnings, I conjecture, were addressed not to the Corporation, but to the rich citizens of the Commonwealth in general. It was for them to add to the permanent foundations of Harvard. The warnings this time did not fall on deaf ears, and for a brief space the brightest prospect was opened. In Frederick Lothrop Ames, one of the Fellows of the College, the generous benefactor presented himself. Taking into his counsels the Librarian and an architect, he planned a noble addition to the building. When I was at Harvard Dr. Winsor was full of happiness at the glorious prospect which opened before him and his beloved Library. “In a moment it was night.” The warm heart was chilled and the generous hand closed by the sudden stroke of death. Out of the ample fortune which he left may his heirs soon raise to him that monument which, had his life been lengthened by a few brief months, he would have raised to himself.

¹ *Reports*, 1891-92, p. 161.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Government of Harvard. — The Charter. — The Overseers. — The Corporation, Church, and State. — The Faculty. — The President. — The Professors. — Oxford and Harvard.

“THE management of Harvard College is in the hands of three separate bodies ; the first of these being the Faculty, or immediate government, having the entire discipline of the students in its hands ; the second being the Corporation, having the management of the funds and revenues of the College, and the appointment of instructors, with other duties exercised under the supervision of the third body, the Overseers, representing the interests of the graduates and of the public at large.”¹ Of these three bodies the oldest is the Board of Overseers and the youngest the Faculty. The President of the College is *ex officio* an Overseer, and President of the Corporation and of the Faculty. It was in 1642, six years after the resolution was passed to found the College, that the General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay placed its government under a Board composed of “the Governor and Deputy-Governor, and all the magistrates of this jurisdiction, together with the teaching elders of the six next adjoining towns.” These towns were Boston and four places which are now reckoned as its suburbs, together with Cambridge. The “teaching elders” were the ministers of the Church. To them was given the entire control of the College property and full powers “to establish all such

¹ *Life of George Ticknor*, I. 355.

orders, statutes, and constitutions " as should promote " piety, morality, and learning."

This Body must have been found too large and too much scattered " to have the immediate direction of the College," for in 1650 the General Court by a Charter " enacted that the College shall be a Corporation consisting of a President, five Fellows, and a Treasurer or Bursar, who shall have perpetual succession, and shall be called by the name of President and Fellows of Harvard College." In this they followed the model of an English College, where, whenever a Fellowship becomes vacant, it is filled up by the votes of the surviving members of the Corporate Body, and where, with very few exceptions, the President, under whatever title he is known, is elected by the Fellows. The Harvard President and Fellows have never had that freehold right in their posts which was enjoyed by their brethren in England; neither had they the absolute power of appointment, for they had in each case " to procure the presence of the Overseers and by their counsel and consent to elect." They were entitled to appoint and dismiss the officers and servants of the College, and to make orders and by-laws, provided the said orders and by-laws were allowed by the Overseers. By an Appendix to the Charter in 1657 their powers were increased. The orders and by-laws which they should henceforth make were at once to come into effect, though they " were alterable by the Overseers."

"The Charter of Harvard College," said President Eliot at the Commemoration of 1886, " granted in 1650 is in force to-day in every line, having survived in perfect integrity the prodigious political, social, and commercial changes of more than two centuries." ¹ It is preserved in the Library of the College

¹ *Harvard University, 250th Anniversary*, p. 262.

— surely one of the most venerable of documents on the face of the earth ; for it is the Charter of the first University founded by the money of the people voted in their popular Assembly.

The first President was Henry Dunster, a graduate of Magdalen College, Cambridge, and a clergyman of the Church of England, “ one of the greatest masters of the Oriental languages that hath been known in these ends of the earth.” Of the five Fellows two were Masters of Arts and three Bachelors. Their Christian names — there were three Samuels, one Jonathan, and one Comfort — seem to indicate that they were Puritans, not only by conviction but by birth.

No important change was made in the government of the University till the Rebellion of the Colonies. In 1780, four years after the Declaration of Independence, by the Constitution which was framed by the new Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Council and Senate of the Commonwealth were made successors to the Governor, Deputy-Governor, and Magistrates on the Board of Overseers, the President and the ministers of the six churches still retaining their seats. By an Act passed in 1810 and modified in 1814 there were added to the Board fifteen laymen ; while, instead of six ministers there were to be fifteen, no longer confined to particular parishes, but chosen from among the Congregational churches of the district generally. Both laymen and ministers were elected by the Overseers. In 1843 the clerical seats were thrown open to ministers of all denominations. By the Act of 1851 the Senators ceased to be *ex officio* members of the Board, and seats were no longer reserved for the clergy. Thirty members were to be elected by the Senators and Representatives assembled in one room. They were divided into three classes, one of which was to go out of office every

year. Party politics soon cast a taint over the election and through it over the University. In 1865 a great measure of reform was carried. Henceforth the President and Treasurer were to be the sole *ex officio* members, while the thirty Overseers were no longer to be elected by the Legislature but by the Bachelors of Arts of five years standing, the Masters of Arts, and the holders of honorary degrees. By a provision in the Act, the wisdom of which seems more than doubtful, "no officer of government or instruction in the College is entitled to vote." The men, that is to say, who have the interests of the University most at heart, and who know best how to promote them, have no voice in the election of this important Board. The poll is taken at Cambridge on Commencement Day. Every voter must attend in person ; there is no voting by proxy papers, as in the election of Members of Parliament in our Universities.¹ The thirty Overseers are divided into six equal classes, one of which goes out of office every year. By a final reform carried in 1880, "persons not inhabitants of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts were made eligible." In the present year six Overseers are citizens of outside States. Thus in the course of two centuries and a half the fetters of Church and State have been first gradually loosened and at last wholly cast away. Not a single member of the Corporation or of the Board of Overseers holds a theological degree. "A few years ago five of the Overseers were clergymen ; of these, three were Unitarians, one Episcopalian, and one Orthodox Congregationalist."² At the

¹ The Universities of England, Scotland, and Ireland return nine representatives to Parliament, who, as might be expected from the nature of Universities, all vote with the Tory party.

² *History of Higher Education*, etc., by G. G. Bush, p. 92. Bishop Lawrence, as I am informed while I am correcting the proofs, was elected to the Board of Overseers last Commencement (1894).

present time fifteen are graduates in Arts, twelve in Law, and three in Medicine.¹ The President is a layman, and on the Corporation not a single minister has a seat. In both lists are conspicuous the names of the great New England families. There is an Endicott to take us back to the very foundation of the College, to the days of the first Governor of the Colony, that stern Puritan who cut the red cross of St. George out of the royal colours; and a Saltonstall whose two ancestors, Sir Richard Saltonstall and his son, in the beginning of the Commonwealth stood boldly for civil and religious liberty. In John Quincy Adams and Charles Francis Adams we have brought back to our memory the second and sixth Presidents of the United States, and the accomplished Minister to England during the War between the North and the South. In Samuel Hoar we have the representative of "that true New England Roman," of whom Emerson so finely said: —

"With beams December planets dart
His cold eye truth and conduct scanned;
July was in his sunny heart,
October in his liberal hand."²

In Bancroft the name of the historian, and in Peabody the name of the philanthropist live again. There is one man who figures strangely on this list. Among the descendants of the men who crossed the seas to escape the tyranny of the Stuarts is found a Bonaparte!³

The Overseers appoint forty committees, formed partly from their own body, partly from outsiders. Of some of these Com-

¹ Eight of the twelve who have degrees in Law and the three who have degrees in Medicine graduated also in Arts.

² *R. W. Emerson*, by O. W. Holmes, p. 214.

³ He is a grand-nephew of the first Napoleon.

mittees the duties are "to visit" the different Departments of the University; others report on the Courses of Instruction. I cannot learn that these "visitations" ever take place. There is a tradition, I am told, that an Overseer would now and then drop in at a lecture, but at the present day the professional mind is never thus rudely agitated. The Board has five "stated meetings" every year, besides one "annual meeting." The Corporation meets on the second and on the last Monday of every month.

The Fellows, even in the early days of Harvard, were not necessarily tutors, neither were the tutors necessarily Fellows; in this respect also the founders had modelled their institution on the English Colleges. It rarely happened indeed in the American Cambridge that the majority of the Fellows were engaged in tuition. Whether they were at first required to be resident is not clear. At all events, before the end of the seventeenth century the obligation had ceased. Thus there shortly grew up side by side two rival authorities, the Corporation and the tutors. The President presided over both bodies, siding, it would seem probable, sometimes with one and sometimes with the other. "Not until after 1725 did the President and tutors assume the authority of an independent Board on all subjects of discipline." Even so late as 1785 "the Professors were required to exhibit to the Corporation the text-books used in the College and give an account of their method of instruction." At the beginning of the present century on the Corporation for the first time there was not a single resident Fellow. In 1824 eleven of the tutors, in a memorial, maintained that by the Charter, "the Fellows are necessarily resident instructors." Their claim was not allowed by either the Corporation or the Overseers; but to meet the difficulties

which had arisen, "the immediate government" was authorized to assume the name of the Faculty of the University.¹ The powers which they had gradually acquired they not only retained but extended. By the increase in their number and in their dignity through the rapid foundation of Professorships in the early part of this century, they had become too strong a body to be slighted. At the present time there are six Faculties over the eight Schools which constitute the University; the College proper, the Scientific School, and the Graduate School being all placed under the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. "Each Faculty is composed of all the Professors, Assistant-Professors, and Tutors, and of all the Instructors appointed for a term longer than one year, who teach in the department or departments under the charge of that Faculty." It has full power of discipline, and by a vote of two-thirds of its members can punish a student not only with rustication but with expulsion. The President is a member of each Faculty, but its chief executive officer is its Dean, "who is appointed by the Corporation, with the consent of the Overseers. He is responsible for the proper preparation and conduct of its business, and makes an annual Report to the President." These Reports are published every year, together with one by the President, in which he deals with the information and recommendations contained in them and with the general condition of the University. "Each Faculty may delegate any of its powers relating to ordinary matters of administration and discipline to Administrative Boards, nominated from among its members by the President, and appointed by the Corporation with the consent of the Overseers." Three such Boards have been established, all under the Faculty of Arts and

¹ *Higher Education*, etc., pp. 42, 73, 89.

Sciences, one for the College, the second for the Scientific School, and the third for the Graduate School. This Faculty is also divided into twelve Divisions; and of these Divisions some are sub-divided into Departments. For each Division and for each Department there is a separate Committee. Thus the Division of Ancient Languages, of which the Professor of Greek Literature is Chairman, is composed of the Departments of Indo-Iranian Languages, presided over by the Professor of Sanskrit; and of the Department of The Classics (Greek and Latin), presided over by the Professor of Latin. "Each of these Committees practically decides all questions of instruction and honours in its province."¹ There are, moreover, in the same Faculty fourteen Standing Committees, which deal with such subjects as Admission Examinations, Admission from other Colleges, and Fellowships and other Aids for Graduates. The discipline of the College outside the Lecture Rooms is maintained by the Parietal Board, composed of "the Proctors and the Officers of Instruction who reside in University buildings, or in buildings to which the superintendence of the University extends." On it there are forty-six members. They are under the direction of a Regent, "a University officer who exercises a general supervision over the conduct and welfare of the students." "It is a tradition of the College that no teacher is commanded to do anything; his work is only suggested to him by his superior officers. The controlling Boards, the Faculties, the Corporation, and the Board of Overseers never assume a mandatory relation to each other, or to the individuals who compose them."²

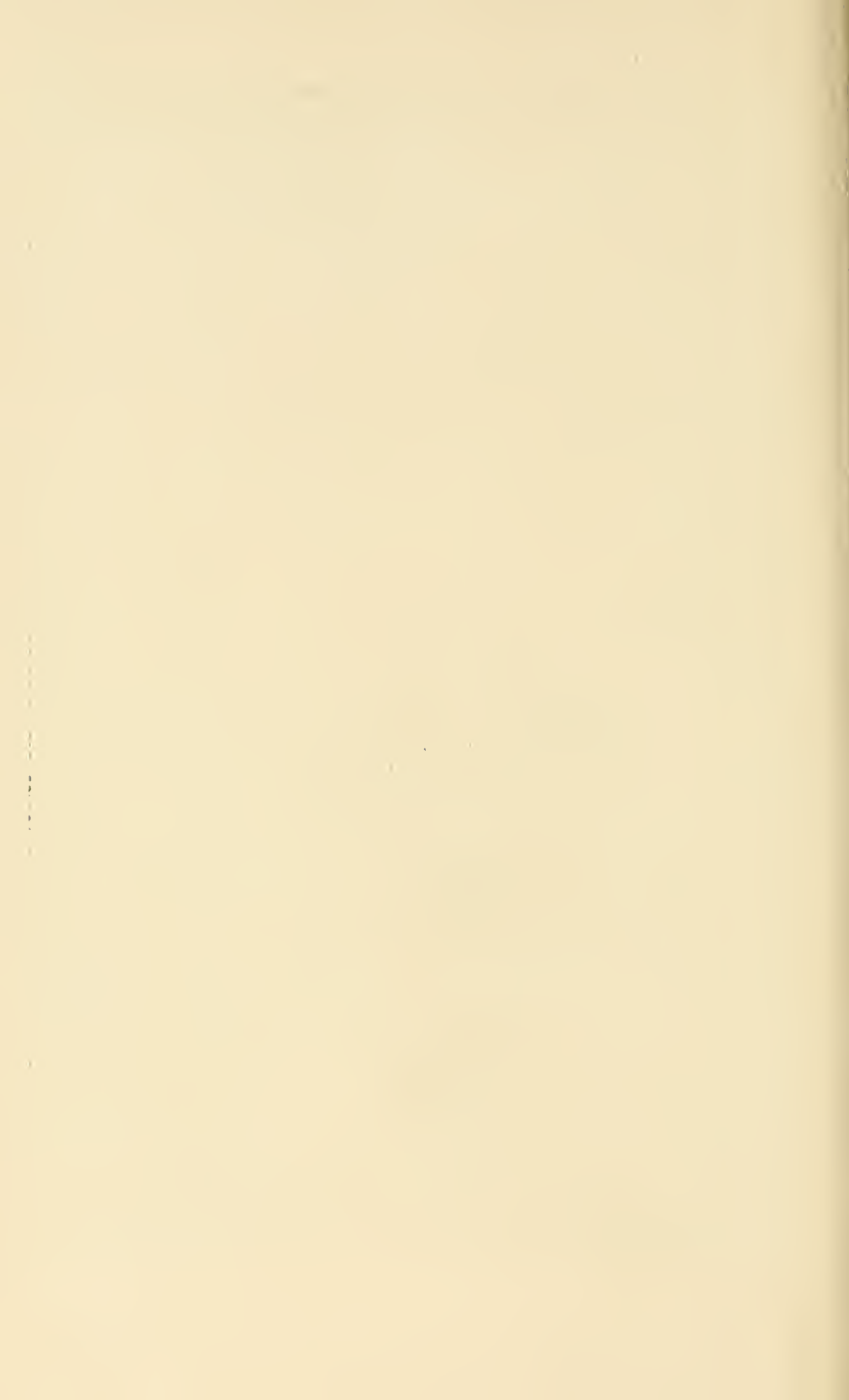
The Governing Bodies of all the Schools are united in a

¹ *Catalogue*, pp. 31, 60; *Educational Review*, April, 1894, p. 315.

² *Catalogue*, pp. 32, 62; *Higher Education*, etc., by G. G. Bush, p. 92.



SEVER HALL.



University Council, whose function is "to consider questions which concern more than one Faculty and questions of University policy."

"In all Departments of the University, Professorships are held without express limitation of time. All officers of instruction and government are subject to removal for inadequate performance of duty, or for misconduct." It seems nevertheless to have been "generally assumed" till the beginning of the present year, that "the tenure of office of Professors was a life-tenure."¹ Happily, the course recently taken by the Corporation in requesting the resignation of two Professors has scattered this assumption to the winds. Our great Universities have surely suffered enough from these life-tenure men to be a warning to the younger countries. At Harvard, so long as there is zealous discharge of duty, the Professor's tenure is as sure as any tenure can be in this world. Should there be a failure through old age, an ample pension will before long, it is hoped, be provided. "An alumnus," said the President at the Commencement Day Dinner in June, 1889, "has recently offered a gift of peculiar acceptability of two hundred thousand dollars (£40,899) towards the retiring allowance fund, than which no other purpose could be happier."² "Assistant-Professorships are held for five years, and tutorships for not more than three years. At the end of the term of an Assistant-Professor or Tutor his connection with the University ceases, unless he be reappointed. Lecturers are appointed for not

¹ *Catalogue*, p. 30; *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, March, 1894, p. 443.

² *Higher Education*, etc., p. 104. Dr. George M. Lane, Pope Professor of Latin, who resigned his office last spring, has received "a retiring allowance of three thousand dollars (£613) a year." *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, March, 1894, p. 530.

more than one year. Instructors are appointed for such terms as convenience may require." There is great merit in this system. In any case where incompetency is shown, far less moral courage is required in the Governing Body to let an appointment lapse by course of time than to bring it to an end by dismissal.

"A visitor from Europe," writes Mr. Bryce, "is struck by the prominence of the President in an American University or College, and the almost monarchical position which he sometimes occupies towards the Professors as well as towards the students. Far more authority seems to be vested in him, far more to turn upon his individual talents and character, than in the Universities of Europe. Neither the German Pro-Rector, nor the Vice-Chancellor in Oxford and Cambridge, nor the Principal in a Scottish University, nor the Provost of Trinity College in Dublin, nor the head in one of the Colleges in Oxford or Cambridge is anything like so important a personage in respect of his office, whatever influence his individual gifts may give him, as an American College President. In this, as in not a few other respects, America is less republican than England. . . . No University dignitaries in Great Britain are so well known to the public, or have their opinions quoted with so much respect, as the heads of the seven or eight leading Universities of the United States."¹ Among the seven or eight heads President Eliot undoubtedly holds the first place. He holds it, not only as the President of the first University on the American continent, but also by reason of his own great qualities. He is a born ruler of men. A distinguished American historian, speaking to me of the powers which he has shown during his five and twenty years of office, both in

¹ *The American Commonwealth*, 2d ed., II. 548-49.

governing and in organizing, said : " He would have made an admirable President of a great Railway Company or of the United States." Six months after he was appointed Lowell wrote of him : " Our new President of the College is winning praise of everybody, I take the inmost satisfaction in him, and think him just the best man that could have been chosen. We have a real Captain at last."¹ His father for eleven years had been Treasurer of the College. His grandfather had founded the Chair of Greek Literature. His uncle, on his mother's side, the father of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, that graceful and accomplished scholar, the editor of *Lowell's Letters*, had held the Chair of Sacred Literature. He himself graduated at Harvard, and was for some time Assistant-Professor of Mathematics and Chemistry. Later on he was placed at the head of the Department of Chemistry in the Scientific School. Resigning this post, ten years after graduation he went to Europe, where " he spent two years in the study of Chemistry, and in acquainting himself with the organization of public institutions in France, Germany, and England."² He returned to America to fill the Chair of Chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Not having yet had his fill of learning, he once more returned as a student to Europe. In September, 1868, the President of Harvard retired, and Mr. Eliot, who was in his thirty-fifth year, was appointed his successor by the Corporation. Among the Fellows there was, I was told, one man of great insight and great influence, who had discovered the young Professor's extraordinary powers, and who convinced his colleagues of his pre-eminent fitness for the post. The Overseers apparently wished to follow in the old course, and to have the choice fall

¹ *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, II. 58.

² *Higher Education*, etc., p. 220.

on some elderly man, distinguished rather by his learning than by his strength of character and all the high and rare qualities of a ruler. At all events they refused their "consent." The Corporation elected him a second time, and a second time the Overseers vetoed the election. After an interregnum lasting more than seven months they at last yielded. On May 19, 1869, Mr. Eliot became President of Harvard College, and the College was at once launched on its great and rapid course of the most glorious prosperity.

How different is his position from that held seventy years ago by his predecessor, Dr. Kirkland, whose office, according to Lowell, "combined, with its purely scholastic functions, those of accountant and chief of police! For keeping books he was incompetent (unless it were those he borrowed), and the only discipline he exercised was by the unobtrusive pressure of a gentlemanliness which rendered insubordination to *him* impossible."¹ The President of our days is a great power; he surveys the whole machine of the rapidly growing University, and adjusts it to the needs and changes of the times and to the advances of scholarship and science. "He has to preside at the meetings of the Corporation and to act as the ordinary medium of communication between the Corporation and the Overseers, and between the Corporation and the Faculties. He has to make an annual report to the Overseers on the general condition of the University. He has to preside on public academic days; to preside over the several Faculties; to direct the official correspondence of the University; to acquaint himself with the state, interests, and wants of the whole institution; and to exercise a general superintendence over all its concerns."² How admirably President

¹ *Literary Essays*, 1890, I. 84.

² *Catalogue*, p. 29.

Eliot has done his work is shown by the extraordinary growth of Harvard in the last twenty-five years. Part of this growth is due to that great reform which, three years before he entered on office, established a government of the University, by the University, for the University. Part is due to the sound scholars and ardent workers among the senior Professors, who, even longer than he, have been steadily advancing the highest interests of Harvard. Much is due to the younger men whom he helped to choose, and who have so well supported him in all his great measures. But when all is deducted there still remains a noble balance. Much will be forgotten; but in far distant years Harvard men will still talk of the Age of the Great President. In the quarter of a century in which he has held office, the number of students under the Faculty of Arts and Science has increased from six hundred and thirty-four to two thousand one hundred and eighty-eight, and of students in the whole University from eleven hundred and twelve to three thousand one hundred and fifty-six.¹

The revenue, which at the beginning of the period was two hundred and seventy thousand dollars (£55,213) is now one million and forty-seven thousand (£214,108); while the aid given every year in money to poor students has grown from twenty-five thousand dollars (£5111) to eighty-nine thousand (£18,199). Twenty-four new buildings have been erected at a cost of two million two hundred and fourteen thousand dollars (£452,757), and as I am writing fresh piles are rapidly rising.² *Romam lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit.*

¹ I do not include the three hundred and forty-six students who attend the Summer School — a school which has been called into existence in this period.

² *Harvard University*, by F. Bolles, pp. 12, 98-101; *Catalogue*, p. 536.

Such a constitution as this where, according to the strict letter, the Overseers in so many matters have an absolute veto over the votes of the Corporation, where the Corporation has an unlimited control over the Faculty, and where the power of the President is so small would seem unworkable in a great University. Like the English constitution, it moves easily by the combined forces of wise custom and common sense. The Overseers, who are the stronghold of academic conservatism, never push their rights to the point of obstinacy, and the Corporation has long worked in harmony with the Faculty. It is only in matters of general policy that the Overseers make their power felt; and even in these they never long oppose the Corporation and a united Faculty. When the Faculty is divided, then they have been known to side with the minority. A few years ago, for instance, a proposal to institute a "Three Years' Course," which was supported by a considerable majority of the Faculty, was vetoed by the Overseers, mainly, I believe, under the influence of a few of the ablest Professors. They have been described at Harvard as "our House of Lords, whose main business it is to act as a drag on progress." They are perhaps chiefly useful as a means of getting money. They are generally chosen from among the most influential and wealthy New England families. Their official position increases the interest in the University which they would naturally feel as graduates, and they not only themselves often make splendid donations, but they stir up the liberality of their friends. They everywhere preach the gospel of endowment. Though the appointment of the Professors and other teachers nominally belongs to the Corporation, under the approval of the Overseers, it is by the Faculty in each branch and the President acting together that every vacancy is filled up. The name that

he in concurrence with them submits to the Corporation, and through them to the Overseers, is always accepted. No better mode of appointment could be devised. With the men most competent to judge of a teacher's merits and who have most at heart the welfare of their own School, acting with the President, the choice lies. Jobbing and favouritism seem unknown. Not a breath of suspicion ever reached me.

By the side, therefore, of the two powers recognized by the Charter, two others have gradually grown into great importance—the President and the Faculty. The President, it is true, from the first belonged to both the original Governing Bodies, being a member of the Overseers and presiding over the Corporation; but he has, as it were, two persons, one in which he is a member of these bodies, and one in which he is an independent power. In this second position he has no absolute authority, but he rules like a wise constitutional monarch of the earlier type, who, keeping within the lines of the constitution, nevertheless was a real and strong governor. In every measure theoretically the President can be overruled first by the Corporation and next by the Overseers, but practically in almost every measure connected with discipline and instruction he has his own way, so long as he is supported by the Faculty. If he may justly be compared to a King or a President of a Republic, it is to a King like William III., or to a President like Lincoln, each of whom was his own Prime Minister. The Faculty exists by the vote of the Corporation and the Overseers, and by their vote could theoretically be abolished. Nevertheless, as I have shown, it has gained a position of great authority and stability. With the management of the property of the University, the Faculty has nothing directly to do, that falling within the province of the Corporation. They leave it mainly

to the Treasurer, who by virtue of his office is a member of the Board.

In nothing does Harvard differ more thoroughly from Oxford than in the perfect organization which exists in her army of teachers. In Oxford the teachers are divided into two main bodies, entirely independent of each other and under no central government — the University Professors and the College Tutors. Over the Professors scarcely any control exists ; they rival the Cyclopes in their independence. The tutors are governed each by the Corporation of his own College. Of this Corporation he is commonly a member. The Colleges are twenty in number.¹ To the Professors and Tutors must be added the University Readers,² who are under a special Board ; the Assistants and the Demonstrators in the Museum who are under the control of their Professors ; and the teachers of the Unattached Students — the students, that is to say, who are undergraduates of the University, but are not members of any College. In all the confusion of such a system as this, if system it can be called, there is a great waste of labour and of money, and an unfair inequality of payment. There are, or there have been till lately, Professors of great learning who have lectured to empty benches — I might say to empty chairs ; for, unable to face the forlorn look of the lecture-rooms, they have given their instruction in their own studies. Even there there has been an appearance of vacancy. On the other hand, there are Tutors who, never failing to draw together a large number of students, are never-

¹ I exclude Keble, for it is not a College in the sense in which the word has always been used at Oxford. It is governed by a Board of outsiders. Neither do I reckon the two Halls.

² They, roughly speaking, answer to the Assistant-Professors, but they are independent of the Professors. In some departments indeed there is only a Reader and no Professor.

theless miserably paid for their work, and see no sure opening before them of advancement. In our army of learning there is no Field-Marshal's baton in every soldier's knapsack. There is no clear and well-marked path of promotion, on which a young man can with confidence set his foot, sure that high merit will in time bring him to a high position. However able he may be, he has chance fighting heavily against him. The learned author who is at present throwing a stream of light on the reign of the first two Stuarts and of the Commonwealth, skilled though he is as a teacher, has never been made a Tutor in the College, or a Professor in the University, which he so greatly adorns. From the College at the beginning of his career he was shut out by religious intolerance, just as from the same College another distinguished student and teacher, many years later, was thrust forth. From a University Chair he has been excluded mainly through the absence of organization in the staff of teachers. He is by no means a solitary example. Mr. Freeman was not made Professor of History until he was too old to learn the teacher's art; Mr. Froude, when he succeeded him, had passed the Psalmist's limit of three-score years and ten. The two distinguished scholars who have recently been raised to the Chairs of Greek and Latin, in a wealthy and properly organized University would have been made Professors twenty years earlier. So often does it happen in Oxford that men are not promoted till they are past their prime, that not uncommonly a Professor's salary is looked upon, not as wages, but a reward. Little surprise is caused by the nomination of a man from whom fresh work can hardly be expected. That he has done good work is, with many, a full justification of his appointment. It is his claims, and not the claims of the students, that are examined. His well-earned pension as a hard and successful

worker in the field of learning is to be provided at their expense. Through the whole of the University far too much is spent in rewards and far too little in wages. Were the wealth of the foundations more wisely used, teachers would be more fairly remunerated, and learned men and students of nature, who may have no gift for teaching, would be able to count on a decent maintenance whilst they laboriously advanced the boundaries of knowledge. In Harvard, provision for such men as these is as yet but very imperfectly made. The millionaire who shall endow research has not as yet appeared on the stage of the New England Cambridge. Perhaps he is within the prompter's call.

It is in the organization of the great body of teachers that Harvard excels. An undergraduate who greatly distinguishes himself, after taking his degree, with the help of a scholarship, if he is a poor man, will continue his studies in the Graduate School or in some foreign university. In due time he joins the staff of teachers as a Lecturer, Demonstrator, or Assistant. His appointment is but for one year. In all likelihood it will be continued if he shows his fitness for the post. If he does not, he is weeded out while he is still young enough to seek his living elsewhere. The University is not saddled with an incompetent teacher, who, as sometimes happens in our Oxford Colleges, is kept on through pity, to the great injury of the students. He, however, who successfully passes through this period of probation may hope before long to become an Instructor or a Tutor with a longer engagement ; and, later on, an Assistant-Professor with much higher pay and an engagement for five years. At last he arrives at the full Professorship. He can rise no higher, unless he is made President ; but with length of service and with merit his salary increases up to a certain limit. The average

age at which a man becomes full Professor is thirty-five years. If in any of these grades of advancement there is no vacancy in Harvard, an able teacher may count on receiving a "call" from some other University. Should he there greatly distinguish himself, he is scarcely less sure, when a vacancy does occur, to be recalled to his old College. The chance of promotion has greatly increased of late years, not only by the foundation of other seats of learning, for each of which a whole staff of Professors is needed, but moreover by the rapid growth in all the chief departments of the University. This has indeed gone on by leaps and by bounds. In the last twenty-five years the number of students, as I have said, has increased by more than two thousand. Instead of forty-eight Professors and Assistant-Professors there are now one hundred and eighteen, and instead of thirty-three Tutors, Instructors, Demonstrators, and Assistants there are now two hundred and four. Twenty-five years ago there were in all eighty-one teachers; they now number three hundred and twenty-two. This augmentation is still going on. This year there are eighteen more Professors and Assistant-Professors than there were two years ago, while the lower ranks of teachers have in the same short time been increased by fifty-one.¹

In the method which is followed when a vacant Chair has to be filled up or a new Chair is created, Harvard, in common, I believe, with American universities in general, sets us an excellent example. No application is made for the post by a crowd of eager candidates; no testimonials are sent in — testimonials in which one side of the shield only is shown, in which truth so often is divided from falsehood by the thinnest of partitions.

¹ *Harvard University*, by F. Bolles, p. 12; *Catalogue*, 1891-92, p. 454; *Ib.* 1893-94, p. 536.

The members of each Faculty have made themselves acquainted with the merits of the most eminent teachers in other seats of learning ; should Harvard herself not furnish the right man, they know where he is to be found. He is offered the post ; he is not exposed to the loss of dignity which invests a suitor. One man is honoured by the selection which is made of him ; none are wounded in their feelings by being passed over. The selection is not confined to citizens of the United States. Two years ago two new Chairs were founded at Harvard, one of Economic History, the other of Experimental Psychology. To fill them an invitation was sent across the Canadian border to an Oxford Master of Arts, a Professor in the University of Toronto, and across the Atlantic to a German Doctor of Philosophy, a teacher in the University of Freiburg.

How happy would a University be where, with a perfect system of subordination by which merit is sure of recognition, should be combined the social life and the friendly intercourse and all the opportunities for the interchange of thought and knowledge which are found in every one of our Oxford Colleges. Each one of them is the gathering-place, the home, of a small knot of learned men. Each of the Common-Rooms is a centre of kindly feeling and hospitality. Of these we have twenty ; Harvard has not one. It will be easier for Oxford to take to herself all the good that there is in the Harvard system, than for Harvard to add to her vigorous and admirable organization all that charm and pleasantness of life which make an Oxford man's College scarcely less dear to him than Oxford herself. By an Act of Parliament the one reform can be in great part effected ; the other could only come about by the slow changes of long years.

CHAPTER XIX.

Graduate Schools in Oxford and Cambridge. — *Respublica Literatorum*. —
American Students in English Universities. — The Old Home.

THE Senate of our English Cambridge, I read, has issued a report in favour of graduate study. It is proposed "to establish two new degrees, those of Bachelor of Letters and Bachelor of Science, open to graduates either of Cambridge or of other 'recognized' universities, who shall have given evidence that they have pursued at Cambridge, for at least one year, a course of advanced study or research, and shall also have presented an original dissertation for approval by the board of studies." I hope that this scheme will be not only adopted but greatly enlarged, and that in an amended form it will be transferred to Oxford. The Schools of Arts, Natural Science, History, Law, Medicine, and Theology, in fact, of all that is taught, should be equally opened to these graduates, and the higher degrees in each Faculty should be conferred on those who deserve them. The day perhaps is far distant when at Oxford and Cambridge the Master's degree shall no longer be given as a matter of course, after a certain lapse of time, and on the payment of a certain sum of money. In Oxford a beginning has been made with the degrees in Law. I have the satisfaction of knowing that no one possessed of an ignorance equal in amount to that which I had when I took the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor would have the least chance of gaining these distinctions now. With these graduate

students the first step in reforming the Master's degree might very properly be made. Their fitness for it should be tested either by examination, or — which is far better — by some piece of original work. The residence which is proposed of one year — of five and twenty weeks, that is to say — seems much too short. Among the “recognized universities” all should be recognized which are worthy of recognition, whether they belong to one of our colonies, or to a foreign land. That *Respublica Literatorum*, that great Commonwealth of Scholars to which Bodley dedicated his noble Library, should not be bounded and divided by seas, rivers, and mountains, and all the limits which part nation from nation. For its citizens no passports should be needed, and no letters of naturalization should be required. In every university the scholar should find his home; in every seat of learning he should have his right of domicile. Like the Roman State, this commonwealth should extend over the whole civilized world, and its citizenship should be obtained, not by birth, but with a great sum — the toil of years. Wherever the standard of learning is on a level with ours, the graduates of that university, when they come to study with us, should hold the same rank as they had held at home. The Bachelor of Arts from Harvard or Yale should at Oxford or Cambridge wear the Bachelor's gown. If he disgraced it by idleness or misconduct, he should at once have it stripped from his shoulders. He should wear it on sufferance, but on a noble and generous sufferance. The graduates who came from the inferior seats of learning, whether English or foreign, might very properly be placed in an inferior position till they had gone through a certain amount of study. This is done at Harvard. I was told of a young Bachelor of Arts from one of the Canadian universities who would have

had to enter as a Senior had he not appealed to the high honours which he had taken in his final examination. Even the undergraduates, who, at the rate of about fifty a year, flock in there from other universities, do not, by any means, altogether lose whatever standing they had already acquired. They go before the Committee on Admission, who, measuring the work which they had hitherto done and the position which they had held "by Harvard standards," determine in which of the four Classes they shall each be placed.¹ Almost all of them, I was told, would be admitted "a year short." A Senior, that is to say, would be reckoned as a Junior, a Junior as a Sophomore, and a Sophomore as a Freshman. Those, however, who come from Yale, and perhaps from one or two other Universities, are not thus degraded.

I hope that the day is not far distant when the never-failing stream of American students which, like the Gulf Stream, sets eastwards, shall be diverted from Germany and flow towards England; when the graduate of Harvard and Yale and of many another University shall wear the gown in the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and tread the cloisters which were trodden by their forefathers. Towards England, the mother-country, the Old Home, the land of the Pilgrim Fathers, whose towns, streets, rivers, fields, hedge-rows, lanes have by poetry, history, biography and fiction been made scarcely less dear and scarcely less familiar to the gentle reader than his own New England, this stream would surely naturally set. How these scholars have loved "this little world, this precious stone set in the silver sea," "this dear, dear land," in spite of our coldness, in spite of our unkindness, in spite of our arrogance, in spite of all the sufferings of the War of Independence, in spite of the insolence

¹ *Harvard University*, by F. Bolles, p. 53.

which brought on the War of 1812, in spite of the loud applause given by the classes, though not by the people, to the Southern slaveholders in their cruel struggle against liberty and the Union, in spite of the insults offered to the Northern patriots, to a man like Lowell with his warm and generous heart, as if the army in which fell his three nephews ("the hope of our race") and his three cousins were "an army officered by tailors' apprentices and butcher boys."¹ The wrong, I know, has not been all on one side; arrogance has of old been met with arrogance, insolence with insolence, and wrong-doing with wrong-doing. The blundering selfishness of the American nation has brought, and is still bringing, misery to many a poor English home, by destroying that twice-blessed freedom of trade which blesseth him that gives and him that takes; that freedom which everywhere alike gives the poor man his bread, not only in greater abundance but all "the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of injustice." The ungenerous treatment of our authors, men who have spread knowledge and happiness broadcast through their land and have been robbed of their reward, though not so bad as it had so long been, still goes on. Nevertheless the balance of wrong-doing—if the balance of the last hundred and twenty years should now be struck—lies heavily against us. Yet in spite of all this, how dear England is to many and many an American! Though they never seem to forget that they are with foreigners when in our company, while we so easily forget that we are with foreigners when in theirs, nevertheless in New England, among people of any education, there is a far more friendly feeling towards England and the English than there exists among us towards America and the Americans. How can they

¹ *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, II. 11, 159.

help loving the land not only of their forefathers, but of their own day-dreams and their imagination ; the land peopled for them by Chaucer, Shakespeare, Clarendon, Pepys, Addison, Goldsmith, Boswell, Jane Austen, Scott, Macaulay, Dickens, and by many another famous writer with that strange host, some the children of fancy, others once real men and women, but now, having passed through a great author's hands, little more than the children of fancy ; some so odd, some so full of humour, some so tender and pitiful, some so rough and masterful, some so wise and lovable, some so foolish and no less lovable ? This is the land of the Temple Garden, where Somerset and Richard Plantagenet plucked the red rose and the white, and of Brick Court hard by where, bewailed by the poor and the outcast, Oliver Goldsmith died ; of Clement's Inn, where Falstaff and Shallow heard the chimes at midnight ; of Westminster Abbey, where the Spectator looking upon the tombs of the great felt every motion of envy die in him ; of Westminster Bridge, where Wordsworth saw "a sight so touching in its majesty" ; of the little Chapel in the Tower ; of Fleet Street, "the most delightful scene in the world," more delightful, Johnson and Boswell thought, than Tempe, and of Charing Cross "with its full tide of human existence." It is the land of the cathedrals and castles ; of the old-fashioned inns which still help to form "the felicity of England" ; of Addison's Walk and the Bodleian ; of the silver Thames and the sedgy Severn ; of the beautiful country life, the parks, the lawns, the ivy-mantled towers each with its peal of bells, the green fields, the winding lanes. "The country," wrote Ticknor, "is much more beautiful than I thought any country could be."¹ A New England minister has recorded how eighty years ago he was

¹ *Life of George Ticknor*, I. 56.

gazing at a print-shop, when two men who were passing along stopped to look at a picture in the window. “‘Do you not recognize it?’ said one of them to his companion. ‘Oh yes,’ was the reply; ‘it is Guildhall.’ I had some feeling akin to sublimity in the thought that I was standing so near two gentlemen at once who had travelled to London and seen Guildhall.”¹ “What shall I say of London,” wrote Longfellow; “of my pilgrimage to Temple Bar, Eastcheap, and Little Britain? Indeed, I know not what to say.”² “My heart bounded when I caught the first sight of England,” an ancient dame said to me. “I love every inch of it,” said another lady. I asked a distinguished scholar, a man sprung of the best New England stock, whether an American was touched by Shakespeare’s glorious praise of England. “Your forefathers,” I said, “would have felt it as Englishmen.” With his gentle and thoughtful smile, he replied that there were roots in him which went down deeper in England than even in his own country. An old country lawyer who had never crossed the Atlantic despised all mankind but the English stock. We were talking one day of the Southern States. “It was not unlikely,” I said, “that in some of them the negroes by enduring the climate better might in the end supplant the descendants of the English.” He scornfully replied: “I don’t know anything but God Almighty that can kill an Anglo-Saxon.” The great-grandfathers of these New Englanders before the fatal shot was fired at Concord Bridge would have felt the proud boast,—

“That Chatham’s language was their mother tongue,
And Wolfe’s great name compatriot with their own.”

¹ *Life of Benjamin Silliman*, II. 150.

² *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, I. 170.

Their children now say with Wordsworth : —

“We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. — In everything we are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.”

“They are islanders,” wrote Prescott of us, with all the generous enthusiasm of a scholar and, I would fain believe, with all the pride of kinship, “they are islanders cut off from the great world. But their island is indeed a world of its own. With all their faults, never has the sun shone — if one may use the expression in reference to England — on a more noble race; or one that has done more for the great interests of humanity.”¹ “They have the proudest history in the world,” wrote Emerson. “Would to God,” said Judge Story, “that I could see Westminster Hall, and the Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament. A cluster of recollections belongs to them, almost unexampled in the history of the world.”² Lowell, in all “the bitterness (half resentment and half regret)” which he felt towards England at the close of the Slaveholders' War, could still say: “I know what the land we sprung from, and which we have not disgraced, is worth to freedom and civilization.”³ He added: “We have not a thought nor a hope that is not American.” But here in his anger he deceived himself. He was never one of those who held that “the felicity of the American colonists consisted in their escape from the past.”⁴ The past was too much for him; except, indeed, in the very heat of the great war it was always with him. Even

¹ *Life of W. H. Prescott*, p. 320.

² *Life of Joseph Story*, II. 445.

³ *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, I. 402.

⁴ *Works of Daniel Webster*, I. 101.

American spelling he would not tolerate. "Why do you give in to these absurdities?" he wrote to a brother-author who had spelt *mouldered* *moldered*. "Why abscond into this petty creek from the great English main of orthography?"¹ Except in his own pleasant home in Cambridge, nowhere in his old age was he so happy as in England. He returned to it again and again. "This is my ninth year at Whitby," he wrote, "and the place loses none of its charm for me."² "There is not a corner of England that has not its special charm," he had written three years earlier.³ But in earlier days, long before his fame, his great position, and his beautiful character and scholarly mind had won for him a place among us so high that it would have softened even the surliest Yankee and made him fond of England, he loved the island for itself. To a friend he wrote nearly forty years ago: "I will envy you a little your delightful two months in England—and a picture rises before me of long slopes washed with a cool lustre of watery sunshine—a swan-silenced reach of sallow-fringed river—great humps of foliage contrasting taper spires—cathedral domes, gray Gothic fronts elbowed by red-brick deaneries—broad downs clouded with cumulous sheep."⁴ "Hereditary instincts," he told Mr. Leslie Stephen, "enabled him to appreciate our English scenery."⁵ He was meditating one more visit to us when the illness came upon him, from which he never recovered. Had he died among us, surely his last resting-place would have been in Westminster Abbey.

What a hold should we get on men of the noblest minds in the United States, and through them on their countrymen, did we open wide our universities! What's Germany to them or

¹ *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, II. 294.

² *Ib.* II. 421.

³ *Ib.* II. 356.

⁴ *Ib.* I. 300.

⁵ *Ib.* II. 501.

they to Germany? To England the young students could not help coming if a welcome were given them, and if in every one of the Arts and Sciences, teaching and opportunities for original work were provided worthy of a great university. When Oxford and Cambridge have each their great Graduate School, a School of men indifferent to honours and unworried by examinations, then that blessed time will not be far distant. If once we get hold of these young Americans, we will defy them to pass through Balliol or Magdalen or New College, and not love Oxford and England. Prescott, the evening before his death, said of us to a friend: "What a hearty and noble people they are, and how an American's heart warms towards them after he has been in England once, and found them out in their hospitable homes!"¹ "Each traveller makes his own England," writes Dr. Holmes.² Not altogether so, most gentle of Autocrats. We Englishmen can do something towards making it for him. We can make him feel that it is not among a strange people that he has come; that it is by no waters of Babylon that he sitteth himself down. Few men can anywhere feel more strongly the sense of loneliness than the American scholar who knowing nobody wanders through England. Those who

"At the purple dawn of day
Tadmor's marble waste survey"

are scarcely more solitary than the young New Englander without a friend in the land of his forefathers, and in the land of his books. The very words *Old Home*, which had so pleasant a sound far off, add to his desolation. He is like a man

¹ *Life of W. H. Prescott*, p. 442.

² *R. W. Emerson*, p. 218.

who after the lapse of years comes back to his old College and finds nobody who knows him. He sees the new names above the doors. Many a New Englander visits the English village in which his forefathers lived two centuries and a half ago. He wanders about it, thinking how once to those of his name there was not a house that would not have been open ; he goes into the old church and sits where his ancestors sat ; in his old home he is utterly a stranger. He passes through England, seeing all its beauties, visiting like a pilgrim many a spot of which he had dreamt since the day when books first took hold of him, but living in inns and knowing nobody but landlords and waiters. Those friends, once so real and still so dear, with whom so often in his New England parlour he had laughed and wept, in their own homes are for the first time found to be shadows. They all "are melted into air, into thin air." Where he could love so much he finds no one even to give him a hand. "England," said an American to me, "is a country where a foreigner meets with the greatest hospitality and the greatest neglect. There is no people so hospitable as the English, if you have an introduction to them. If there is the tiniest little tag on which to hang hospitality, no one can be more hospitable than an Englishman ; but if there is no introduction, no one can stand more aloof." Our ancient universities could so easily provide a noble "tag" indeed. What ever-widening circles of friendship would in them be formed—circles which would in time include hundreds and thousands of gentle spirits and cordial hearts on both sides of the wide Atlantic ! In Boston, on the walls of the Massachusetts Historical Society, hang two swords crossed. They once hung above the books in Prescott's library. One of them had been worn by his father's father on Bunker Hill, the other by his

mother's father on an English sloop-of-war which, from the river below, cannonaded the patriots. For fifty years and more they have been crossed in peace in the gentle seats of learning—a symbol, I trust, of that unruffled harmony, that perfect good-will, which some day by the help of books, scholars, and universities, shall be established between the great and kindred nations.

Before many years have passed by, Harvard in every one of her Schools will supply her students with that higher learning in search of which they have so long resorted to Europe. "Our day of dependence," said Emerson nearly sixty years ago, "our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close."¹ Nevertheless, her young scholars will still cross the Atlantic in the same noble quest. It is not only the Libraries, the Museums, the Art Collections, the ancient sites and monuments of the Old World which will bring them. More than for all these, they will come to live for a while in the midst of those great floating traditions of learning and mental refinement, that priceless possession handed down from far distant centuries, and ever growing as it passed from one generation to another. These traditions well-nigh perished in the severity of the Puritans' character and in the prolonged struggle with a barren soil and a stern climate. In later years their growth has been checked by the swift and victorious march westward over a country so rich and fruitful that by the restless ambition which it exerted it destroyed that repose in which learning and refinement are best nurtured.

While their students must spend some time in Europe, I trust that before long many a scholar fresh from Oxford and Cambridge will cross the Atlantic to finish his studies in Har-

¹ *Works*, 1884, I. 65.

vard. More than one hundred years ago that generous benefactor of the College, the old London merchant, Thomas Hollis, seeing Oxford and Cambridge closed to the Nonconformists, turned his eyes towards Harvard as the place where English ministers might be educated. "To train them up in arts and sciences," he wrote, "would be a method to correct mean and ignorant explications and applications of Scripture, attended with a little enthusiasm¹ too often, which narrows that catholic charity among all Christians, recommended by the apostles of our Lord Jesus. I should rejoice to hear your College was well furnished with Professors in every science that young students might be completely instructed in the ministry, and our ministers at London might encourage the sending such like youth to Harvard College, instead of Leyden and Utrecht, our present practice."² Happily one part of Hollis's wish has at last been fulfilled. In every science the University is well furnished with Professors, while there are departments in the Graduate School where our best men might study with profit. But the greatest profit of all would be the residence among a people so like and yet so unlike. Here the student of history, political science, and political economy might study, as it were, in a great Life-School. Nowhere could a man get more quickly or more thoroughly cured of what Lowell calls "the English genius for thinking all the rest of mankind unreasonable." "There is one thing," he adds, "Englishmen always take for granted, namely, that an American *must* see the superiority of England."³ At Harvard

¹ *Enthusiasm* he uses in the sense which it commonly bore through the greater part of last century: "a vain belief of private revelation."

² Quincy's *Harvard*, I. 434.

³ *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, II. 405.

“the freshening western blast ” would sweep away that and a few other insular prejudices besides. Here, too, the young student of Oxford or Cambridge would see a great university greatly ruled. He would return home loving his own College and his own University more than ever, but resolved that so far as it in him lay, they shall be still worthier of the love and reverence felt for them by their children.

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